ARGONAUT LETTERS

JEROME HART

MANFRED H. HEYNEMANN.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

M. S. H. Heynemann
33 & 35 Battery St
San Francisco
Calif

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Argonaut Letters

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"Turin's Monument to the Alpine Engineers."

ARGONAUT LETTERS

BY

JEROME HART

SAN FRANCISCO
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1901

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TO

MY AMANUENSIS

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PREFATORY

No one better than the writer knows how ephemeral are these pages. No one better than he knows that they are not literature because they are bound in boards. They are merely newspaper jottings of travel during some pleasant months abroad. Their only right to be is the desire which many readers have expressed to obtain them in permanent form. To that desire the writer has yielded.

A word of explanation and apology may not be amiss here. These sketches were written in the little leisure that travel affords — sometimes on a steamer, often on a train. Therefore profound and matured thought may scarcely be looked for in them. They were orally dictated, hence their familiar and colloquial tone. They were written with no library at hand, and if the writer's memory has failed him at times, pray let the reader pardon him. He has thought it best to leave the sketches much as they were written, with the exception

of some unimportant excisions. Their only merit is that they are vivid impressions. If they were too much revised they would lose that, and with it their only reason for existence.

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Argonaut Letters

CROSSING THE POND

TRIFLES make up travel. A bad ocean passage sometimes spoils a European tour. Dismal, long-continued rain often gives the wayfarer distorted ideas of a charming city. One may pass by magnificent headlands land-locking beautiful harbors, and yet not see them by reason of a dense fog. On a previous voyage I had sailed by the Azores, but we passed most of the islands in the night, and saw only one, and it the least beautiful, by day. Ship-captains usually avoid the inter-island channels, whose short, choppy seas make most of their passengers deathly seasick.

But on this cruise we passed the Azores by day, under a bright sunlight, with a clear atmosphere, and with a sea so smooth that the captain took his ship through the inter-island course. Rarely has a ship's company been so favored. The peak of Pico was visible forty miles away. For two years the ship's officers had not seen it

on account of thick weather, but here to-day it was visible far ahead of us by noon, and toward sunset it was still visible far astern.

The first sight of these islands is not unlike that of the Hawaiian Islands. Like them they rise abruptly out of the sea in mid-ocean. Like them, too, they are of volcanic origin, and the first view of Fayal reminds one of Maui, which is usually the first island you pick up in sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu. But there the resemblance ceases. The Azores are densely populated. The island of San Miguel alone supports one hundred thousand human beings—about as many as there are in the whole Hawaiian group. And all of the Azores show signs of human occupancy, unlike the desolate cliffs of leper-ridden Maui. Along the shore for miles we saw villages, towns, and cities, with numerous monasteries and cathedrals plainly visible, for we steamed not far off shore. In the large cities like Horta and Ponta Delgada, the white-walled, red-tiled buildings rose like steps from the seashore far up the slopes behind. A long breakwater made a fine artificial harbor out here in mid-Atlantic, behind which ships reposed as safely as behind the reef at Honolulu. A gun boomed from a fortification in answer to our fluttering signals. I learned

that there are thirteen newspapers published in this prosperous mid-Atlantic city of Ponta Delgada and that it has twenty thousand inhabitants. And yet, to my shame be it spoken, I never before had heard its name. Have you?

Outside of the cities and towns, the islands are checkerboarded with farms and vineyards up to the barren zone. Beyond this comes the snow-line. Looking from the steamer's deck, these vineyards and farms are sharply defined, much as such boundaries appear when viewed from a captive balloon. In places, the mountain ranges run right into the sea, and perpendicular cliffs frown down on the Atlantic, over whose rocky rims feathery waterfalls descend to the ocean. Some of them seem to be several hundred feet high.

As we passed between the islands of Fayal and Pico, between Pico and San Jorge, then by Terceira and on toward Santa Maria and San Miguel, the day had declined until the sun was slowly sinking. Clouds were gathering around the islands—low-lying clouds. These lofty volcanic peaks serve as cloud-arresters and probably cloud-condensers also; on the open ocean I have never seen such brilliant sunsets as near land. There was every kind of cloud. School-book recollec-

tions of stratus, cumulus, nimbus, and cirrus rose before me as I gazed upon them. And over all the gorgeous cloud-masses heaped in and upon and around the islands rose the lofty peak of Pico — snow-capped, cloud-encircled, piercing the blue vault above the clouds, like Gautier's

"Clocher silencieux montrant du doigt le ciel."

And the sun winked at us solemnly, said good-night, and bobbed below the horizon. And dusk and darkness began to draw over the ocean like a pall. And a Mittelmeer steward appeared upon deck and performed a solemn fantasia on a bugle — an *invitation à la sauerkraut*. And we all went below and ate beer-and-herring soup, eels in jelly, ge-boiled schinken with ge-baked potatoes, fried veal with raisin sauce, baked hen stuffed with liver-sausage and prunes, and pigeon-wings served with green beans and stewed pears auf der same plate mit. For lo you now, it was on the Mittelmeer line.

And some of us lay awake that night and dreamed dreams. And perhaps it was the gorgeous sunset. And perhaps it was the baked hen.

A very common remark is, "What interesting people one meets in traveling!" One may perhaps be pardoned for differing from this belief.

The interesting people one meets in traveling are extremely apt to keep to themselves. They do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Therefore, if they are interesting, that trait is kept for their friends. On the other hand, the fools, bores, and boors obtrude themselves upon you. The only way to escape being bored to death is to avoid their acquaintance. Then if you yourself are interesting—and of course the reader is—the fact remains concealed.

But, seriously, why should one expect to meet "interesting people while traveling"? Look over your list of friends and acquaintances. Say you have a thousand. They are made by a process of selection. Your friends meet their friends and their friends' friends, and by a process of winnowing you are made acquainted with people who presumably will be congenial by reason of nationality, social interest, age, and sex. Yet out of a thousand people you know, how many are "interesting"? If you are critical, you will find the number very small. Yet the list from which you draw your chosen names will be a selected list.

On the other hand, the people you meet in traveling are thrown together purely by accident. There is no selection, no winnowing. They are a hodge-podge—a human hash. They represent

many nations and religions, all sorts of callings, the three sexes—men, women, and clergymen—every degree of health from rude hobbledehoyhood to valetudinarianism. In such a mass it is not the interesting but the disagreeable traits of humanity that are most in evidence. Selfishness is so universal that it is not at all conspicuous. It takes aggressive boorishness to make the traveler remarkable. Such little tricks as eating with table-knives, picking the teeth with forks, and combing the whiskers at table with a pocket-comb are so common as not to excite remark.

In these days of cheap-trippers, when Mr. Cook ships cockneys through Italy and back at ten guineas per cockney, one meets continually the London 'Arry. The English 'Arry off his native 'eath attempts to delude the simple foreigner into the belief that he is an English gentleman, so he wears a single eye-glass, knickers, a deer-stalker cap, and gives to his breezy East-End manner a tinge of what Daudet calls "La Stupide Morgue Anglo-Saxonne." He also imitates some of the more objectionable traits of the traveling English gentleman, such as smoking malodorous briar pipes before breakfast in the faces of semi-seasick people, and wearing pajamas at unseemly hours. For be it known that on the P. & O. boats

between England and India—where 'Arry rarely goes—a rule had to be posted forbidding the wearing of pajamas on deck between 8 A.M. and 8 P.M.

As for smoking in the faces of seasick people, that habit does not seem to be peculiar to the London 'Arry. The average man who is not seasick is so proud of the fact that he usually eats himself into a torpor and smokes himself into a coma to advertise the fact. I have seen a man sit down on deck beside his seasick wife, blow clouds from a strong cigar into her face, and chuckle gleefully as the poor creature gagged and fled to the rail. I never was seasick, but the sight of those who are has always excited my sympathy—particularly for the ladies. For when lovely woman ceases to care how she looks, she is pretty sick. And I do not mean "ill"—I mean *sick*. This remark is due to hearing a super-æsthetic young woman on deck say that her father "had just got up off his *ill* bed."

Among the curios at sea are the seasick men who wear yachting-caps. Why is it that they do this thing? If a man is intent upon being seasick, let him be seasick in landsman's garb. On this ship, the first day out, the smoking-room was fairly filled with the presence of an efflorescent

German tar. He wore a double-breasted, navy-blue reefer jacket, yachting trousers with stripes, and a gorgeous brass-bound R. Y. S. pattern yachting-cap. He walked with a sea-roll, he smoked many cigars, he shut one eye when he looked off to windward. Many passengers took him for the captain. Even old travelers believed that he was at least somebody's courier.

But it came on to blow that night, and the sea got rough. When we were leaving the smoking-room to go below and turn in, some one heard a queer sound from under one of the sofas. The steward was ordered to investigate, and from under the seat he rolled forth, disheveled, groaning, and seasick, the gorgeous brass-bound German tar.

The stewards know the weaknesses of these seasick swells, and doubtless bleed them heavily for their shamming. The stewards get to be good judges of human nature. They ought to. Their functions are multifarious. For example, on this Mittelmeer line there is a band of ten pieces which discourses tunes full sweetly during luncheon and dinner, on entering and leaving port, and at various other times and hours. Some of them untimely hours, for on Sundays they play lugubrious hymn-tunes early in the morning. This

may be intended to put passengers into a pious frame of mind, but I fear that it may have an effect directly the reverse. For a man who is wakened from a sound sleep at 7 A. M. by the strains of "Luther's Hymn" is generally inclined toward profanity rather than prayer.

The protean duties of the stewards at times startle one. As the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," you recognize with surprise in the countenance of the uniformed leader the face of your male chambermaid. And the next day, at the call which summons the band "to quarters," you see a humble servitor in the smoking-room suddenly drop a half-cleaned spittoon and disappear, presently to emerge from the companion-way covered with brass buttons and bearing triangles, cymbals, and a large bass-drum.

Apropos of these musicians, the little German band is in some respects a nuisance. The poor devils are hired by the North-German Lloyd Company at starvation wages as stewards, and are warned that they must look to the passengers for remuneration for their music. As it is, all of the servants on these German ships get very meagre pay, but the band thus does double duty. The steamship company practically compels its passengers to pay its poorly paid servants' wages.

The time-honored tip of ten marks ($2.40) to table steward, state-room steward, stewardess, and almost half a score of servants, is practically obligatory. But at the end of the voyage the musicians start a subscription-list for their music, with which they pertinaciously pursue the passengers.

Most of the passengers subscribe. They ought not to do so. They have already paid the insufficiently paid musicians their tips as stewards. Their functions as musicians take them away from their duties as stewards. A passenger whose male chambermaid is playing the trombone on deck may fruitlessly ring his bell for half an hour. Thus he is forced to pay a steward for producing music for which he may not care, during a time when he needs him for other duties for which he does care, and for which he also has to pay. Thus he has to pay the North-German Company for passage and service; he has to pay the North-German Company's servants over again for their service; then he has to pay the North-German Company's servants a third time for a musical service which he may not want. This last strikes me as a petty swindle.

The North-German Lloyd Company advertises boastfully that it is the only steamship company

carrying a band of musicians. Since it makes a feature of this fact, I advise that skinflint corporation to stop mulcting its passengers for the stipends of these poor musicians, and to pay its musical scullions itself.

GIBRALTAR

HE would be a bold man who would attempt to describe Gibraltar. Probably no place has been so written to death. Seminary girls on the long vacation, clergymen traveling to the Holy Land for homiletic raw material, syndicate correspondents for the Sunday newspapers—have not all these described Gibraltar *ad nauseam?* The derivation of the name, the invasion by the Moors, Gibel-Tarik, British nickname "Gib," the "rock-scorpions," the history of its sieges, British valor and Spanish courage, the heroic garrisons, the final British occupancy—who has not read of and shied at these things? The experienced reader when he sees the very name GIBRALTAR makes a giant skip over the giant rock and turns the page in terror.

I am not going to describe Gibraltar. I am too considerate. The fact that once before I visited it, examined it conscientiously, looked at the big guns, went into some of the rock-hewn

"The giant rock, Gibraltar."

galleries, wandered over the Gardens of the Alameda, sauntered through the queer and crooked streets, tried to drive bargains in bad Spanish with boatmen and cigar-dealers—in short, did the conventional Gibraltar act and ever after held my peace, shows that I have a regard for my readers. They will bear witness that never have I babbled of Gibraltar.

But on a recent visit there I saw the rock by moonlight. The effect was so picturesque and so striking that I feel impelled to jot down a few of my impressions, and I pray that I may be pardoned.

But, before speaking of the Rock itself, let me tell of the tide of traffic which pours through the great gateway which it guards. During the *Valkyrie* race-year, a party of us sailed from Hell Gate around Long Island in a yacht, and as we came in from the ocean by Sandy Hook we met a line of ocean steamers outward-bound. It was Saturday, hence the number was large. They were feeling their way for the channel, as the tide was low. I never knew before what a number of ocean steamers sailed out of the port of New York. Not only the big European liners, but numbers of steamers for Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Galveston, Tampa, Key West,

Havana, Santiago, Puerto Rico, Nassau, and Central and South America passed us, all named to us by our veteran sailing-master. This marine procession surprised me. I knew that the ocean commerce of our greatest city was vast. That is, I knew it printed on paper. But until I saw it written on the ocean by the prows of the great steel steamers, I did not know how vast it was.

Correspondingly I knew that from the Rock at Gibraltar, Great Britain pointed warning guns across the pathway of the world's commerce. But how great that commerce was I did not know until I had sailed through the straits. The first time I sailed there the weather was thick, and I could see nothing. This time the day was clear and the water was dotted with steamships. I make no mention of the innumerable brigs, brigantines, barkentines, schooners, feluccas, and other sailing-craft we saw, but I give the signal officer's list of the steamers that we met between three o'clock and evening gun-fire at Gibraltar:

Norwegian steamer Leif,
Swedish steamer Norge,
Danish steamer Perwie,
British steamer Bolderaa,
British steamer Fifeshire,
British steamer Aleppo,
British steamer St. Jerome,
Norwegian steamer Unique,
British steamer Morna,
U. S. training-ship Dixie,
Norwegian steamer Ino,
French steamer Meurthe,

British steamer Kate B. Jones,
British steamer Garnet,
British steamer Diamond,
British steamer Valencia,
German steamer Kronos,
British steamer Starlight,
Spanish steamer Cecilia,
British steamer Cadiz,
German steamer Trave,
R. Y. S. steam-yacht Vagus,
British steamer Gibel-Tarik.

The list is interesting for more reasons than one: the preponderance of British steamers, the utter absence of American merchant steamers, and the fact that only one Spanish steamer sailed through this sometime Spanish strait.

But I was talking of Gibraltar Rock by moonlight and not of Gibraltar Straits by day. Naturally we drove, for in the winding, shadowy lanes we would otherwise infallibly have lost our way. Among the queer street-names some smack of ecclesiasticism, like "Cloister Ramp," or the "Convent Square" on which stands the governor's residence, which is "The Convent." But most of the names smell of villainous saltpetre, such as "Casemate Square," "Cannon Lane," "Gunner's Lane," "Engineer's Lane," "Cornwall's Parade," and "Governor's Parade," while others have personal or historical associations, such as "Prince Edward's Road," "Roger's Ramp," and "Turnbull's Lane." There is a faint trace of the Moorish *régime* in "Ben Zim-

bra's Lane" and "Abecasis Passage," but the Spanish names have disappeared. None the less, the Spanish population have names of their own for the streets, and "King's Yard Lane" by them is called "Callejon de la Paloma," "The Little Street of the Dove."

Through the Little Street of the Dove, then, through Gunner's Lanes and Devil's Gaps and Casemate Squares we whirled along over the winding roads, of which roadway, gutter, and parapet were all cut out of the solid rock. On through the beautiful gardens over which the black shadow of the Rock hung, projected by the early-risen moon. Through this black shadow there shot at times long, luminous tunnels. They were flashes from the search-light of a British battle-ship on the bay below. Around her were moored scores of vessels with their riding-lights—many of them only coal-hulks, it is true, but even a coal-hulk is silvered by the moonlight. Through the white lights of the black hulks there threaded their winding way the red and green sidelights of tenders and tow-boats. To the left gleamed the lights of the Spanish town of Algeciras across the bay. Along the narrow neck of land that links the Rock with Spain there twinkled lights here and there up to and beyond the point where

English and Spanish sentries pace up and down on either side of the neutral zone.

Back from the moonlit Alameda Gardens, under the ancient stone gates, out of the black shadow of the Rock to the brilliantly lighted town below, we rattled along. Through the narrow streets, crowded with British red-coats and blue-jackets, soldiers and sailors, Highlanders and fusiliers, our charioteer threaded his way. Soon we were crossing a parade-ground, and toward us there came a strange procession. Borne by four stalwart comrades in arms, two at his head and two at his feet, came the body of a British soldier. On his broad chest reposed his little "swagger-stick" and his jaunty cap. The four body-bearers stepped out with long, swinging stride, while another soldier walked by their side, half-dragging, half-bearing a weeping woman. What could it be? Was it a drill in care of the wounded? But if so, why the weeping woman? As they neared us the mystery was cleared. The horizontal Thomas Atkins was in a condition of torpid intoxication, while the perpendicular Thomases were carrying him home—perhaps to avoid the guard-house, perhaps to put him there.

I am afraid that in my recollections of Gibraltar by moonlight I shall always think of

poor Tommy and his bedraggled Dulcinea del Toboso.

Rounding the Rock into the straits again the moonlight fell on its black face, if that be face which looks toward the sea. From the face of the Rock there has fallen in the course of ages vast masses of *débris*—geologists call it "talus," I believe—heaped up to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. Visitors to the Yosemite Valley will recall similar masses heaped up at the base of cliffs like El Capitan. A lady stood beside us on the steamer's deck gazing silently at the mighty Rock bathed in the moonlight. She had withdrawn from the ordinary mob of passengers who were cracking side-splitting jokes over the absence of insurance advertisements on Gibraltar. The wit of one young gentleman, who kept saying "Insure your life here," was much admired. I mentally approved of her withdrawal from this mob of vacuous globe-trotters, whose loud laughter bespoke their vacant minds, when she suddenly turned and spoke:

"What an awful lot of work it must have been to cart that rubbish up there!"

I politely inquired her meaning. When I discovered it, I was amazed. She believed that the town of Gibraltar used the Rock as a dump,

and that the city's rubbish was thence shot into the sea.

I gazed at her in wonder. Here was an intelligent human being who believed that other intelligent human beings would haul rubbish from sea-level to the top of a rock fourteen hundred feet in the air, in order to dump it into the sea.

Verily, the mystery of the human mind passeth understanding.

AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN

ON the map the distance from Gibraltar to Genoa seems but a trifle, yet it is a thousand miles as the crow flies. After leaving Gibraltar we steamed all night along the Spanish coast, past Malaga, Carthagena, and Alicante, and by noon had only breasted the Balearic Islands. We passed Majorca, the island where General Weyler, of Cuban infamy, has his estate. And it was while sailing between the Balearic Islands and Barcelona that most of the passengers lost faith in the placid Mediterranean.

Though the voyage across the Atlantic had not been rough, still many were seasick. But every one had great expectations of the Mediterranean. You heard much of "placid summer seas," "cloudless summer skies," and "ideal Mediterranean sailing." But these optimists were doomed to disappointment. Somewhere off Barcelona we picked up a stiff northeaster. From

there on, all the way across the Gulf of Lyons, the ship labored heavily against a head wind and sea. She pitched, tossed, and rolled, all three. This combination of motions proved too much for many whose stomachs had defied the Atlantic Ocean. The dining-saloon was almost empty at luncheon and dinner, and the smoking-room was deserted. The short, choppy seas of the Mediterranean upset many a hardened smoker. Probably three-fourths of the passengers were seasick while crossing the Gulf of Lyons. The placid Mediterranean is by no means always a summer sea. Old travelers testify that they have experienced some very nasty weather on this "tideless, dolorous, midland sea."

Yet, although I heard my fellow-passengers speak of this experience more than once as "an awful storm," it was only what sailors term "half a gale of wind."

It was the morning after we crossed the turbulent Gulf of Lyons that we first sighted the Riviera. I use the term as it is ordinarily applied —for *riviera* means nothing but "coast." The Italians divide their Riviera into two parts— for the French Riviera was once Italian. The stretch of coast extending from Genoa to Leghorn they call the "Riviera di Levante," or

Eastern Riviera. That from Genoa to Nice, the "Riviera di Ponente," or Western Riviera. Nice is still so Italian that you more frequently hear it called Nizza than Nice, except by foreigners.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning that we sighted Nice, and from there on, all the way to Genoa, a magnificent panorama unrolled itself before our eyes. The steamer sailed quite close inshore, and the buildings could be plainly discerned with the naked eye. With a good glass, of course, much more could be seen. The Italian Riviera is one of the most beautiful spots upon the earth, and to be viewed to the best advantage it should be seen from the sea. I had already been along the Riviera, stopping at various points from Pisa to Nice, but I had never seen it in all its beauty until now. Then I traveled by rail. The railway runs around the rocky shore, piercing the headlands with many tunnels. Between Genoa and Nice, for example, there are something like a hundred tunnels, and the ride has been not inaptly likened to traveling through a flute and looking out of the stops. Then it must be confessed that many of the Riviera villages—and villagers—are very dirty. Most people who stop at the small villages carry insect

powder. But seen from a steamer's deck, sailing offshore, you do not see the dirty villagers nor the dirt. You see only the white buildings, with their red-tiled roofs rising in terraces from the water's edge, set in a background of green foliage. You see innumerable rocky headlands jutting out into the sea, sometimes covered with villas and gardens, and sometimes crowned with old Roman ruins. You see watch-turrets and signal-towers, significant of the days when Moorish pirates harassed the Christians' coasts. You see little toy railway trains winding around the cliffs, now and then disappearing into tunnels, to reappear further on, heralded by white puffs of steam. You see little villages clinging like birds'-nests to cliffs far up on the mountain side, where in the old days they were more secure from the pirates' forays. You see the Ligurian Alps running abruptly down to the water's edge, as if striving to push the dwellers into the sea. And behind them you see the higher Alps, at this season still covered with snow.

For hours this enchanting panorama floated by. It began with Nice. Then came the city of Monaco and the rock of Monte Carlo, named after that Monegasque prince, Charles, of the ancient House of Grimaldi, who first sold his

royal birthright to a gang of gamblers. Is it not a bitter sarcasm on royalty that the House of Grimaldi is to-day Europe's oldest reigning dynasty, and that it is getting its board and clothes from the dirty money of a gambling-hell?

Everybody on deck had heard of Monte Carlo. Succeeding names, like Villafranca and Ventimiglia, fell unfamiliarly upon their ears. But they all knew of the gambling-den.

When we were passing San Remo a semi-seasick woman in the green and blue stages of recovery was brought up on deck by an enthusiastic husband to gaze at the beautiful shore-line. Her first question was:

"Where is Monte Carlo?"

Her husband's countenance fell, and he was forced to admit that it was many miles astern.

"Then why did n't you tell me when we were passing it?" demanded the lady, rather tartly.

"You were asleep, my dear, and I did not want to wake you so early," replied the husband, in a propitiatory tone.

"And did you wake me up to see *this?*" demanded the lady in withering tones, waving her hand at the prospect before her—a bird's-eye view of blue sea and rugged coast-line, with a line of snow-white breakers at its base, with cliffs

crowned with castles and villas and gardens, and behind them Alps rising on Alps to the snow-line. "Did you bring me on deck to see *this?* I wanted to see Monte Carlo." And she went below.

A clear, calm, logical frame of mind is not to be looked for in a semi-seasick lady, but I think that this one should be sentenced to hard living for life at Kankakee.

During the few hours' run from Nice to Genoa we passed over two-score towns, cities, and villages. One of them, Villafranca, is the Mediterranean station of the United States navy, and there you may always see our beautiful flag, whose appearance is so infrequent in European waters that it does your heart good to see it there. You pass, too, Ventimiglia, the frontier station between France and Italy. Next come Bordighera and San Remo. It was here that Queen Victoria had intended to spend the spring of 1900. But the Italian ministers were regretfully obliged to warn her that so strong was the anarchistic spirit in Italy that they could not be responsible for her safety. The attempted assassination of the Prince of Wales and the murder of King Humbert showed the prudence of the Italian ministers.

From this point the towns on the Italian Riviera are not so well known to tourists, but they are just as beautiful, seen from the steamer's deck. Past Porto Maurizio, Oneglia, and Savona we sailed, and at last we swept around the Pharos at the end of Genoa's "Molo Nuovo," the new breakwater which was a little twenty-million present given to her city by the generous Duchess of Galliera. And at the end of our Riviera panorama there lay before us on her semicircling hills, crowned with her many palaces of red and white and black marbles, "Genoa la Superba."

The Latin races have always been notable for their outward veneration of the dead. Any one who has ever been in a Latin country on the "Day of the Dead"—it is All Saint's Day, I believe—must have been struck by this Latin trait. It is not so distinguishing a feature of the Anglo-Saxon race. Every now and again there is an outcry in our journals over some neglected grave. Some years ago, in New York, a little down-town cemetery, in the center of a block surrounded by buildings, was about to be built upon. Many of the tombs were handsome ones, and the more recent of them were only thirty years old. The

owners of the ground advertised for surviving relatives to claim the remains if they so desired. Not a human being came forward, and the remains were buried in the potter's field. I do not think this could happen in a Latin country.

Italy is particularly famous for its burial-grounds. "Campo Santo" is the term usually applied to the cemetery. Compare our Saxon phrase "God's Acre." Each of the large Italian cities possesses an interesting Campo Santo, but that of Genoa is the largest and most interesting. Perhaps the most curious is the potter's field at Naples, where there are three hundred and sixty-six pits, one for each day in the year and one for leap year. Into these dated pits dead paupers' bodies are daily dumped. Quicklime is then thrown into the pit, and it remains sealed up for another year, when it is used again.

But the quadrangle in Genoa's Campo Santo is the last abode of Dives rather than of Lazarus. A poor man could not afford to be buried there. From an inspection of the tombs, I judge that either there must be no poor people in Genoa, or that when poor people die they migrate to some cheaper place to be buried. For a dead man in Genoa who does not possess a costly marble mausoleum is nobody at all. He is socially

impossible in the Realm of Shades. No self-respecting ghost could afford to know him.

The Campo Santo is situated on the range of hills encircling Genoa—a spur of the Apennines. About half-way up the hill-slope is an enormous building, with marble terraces and a succession of marble staircases running to the foot of the hill. This building is constructed entirely of marble—walls, floors, columns, terraces, and staircases. It is a massive structure, of a gloomy order of architecture, and its many long corridors are filled with the remains of the Genoese, filed away in niches like pigeon-holes. Some have only marble tablets let into the walls and floor, on which are emblazoned the name and virtues of the occupant. Others have elaborate basso and alto-relievos and groups.

At the foot of this hill is another enormous structure with a funereal façade and peristyle, which precede a vast oblong quadrangle, the inner side of which is a cloister, or colonnade, many hundreds of feet in length. Around both sides of this colonnade are tombs. There are marble memorials on the inner aspect of each pillar of the colonnade. On the opposing face the tombs are continuous. It is a solid wall of marble tombs, several thousand yards in length.

Without seeing them, one could scarcely credit the existence of such strange devices as are here visible. The collection is not notable from an art standpoint, but merely as a curiosity. Most of the work seems to have been done by clever marble-cutters rather than by artists. Their principal aim has been to carry out the wishes of the sorrowing family, and the result is sometimes grewsome, sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes grotesque. For example, you will see a life-size portrait bust of a dead Genoese attorney, with a magniloquent inscription setting forth his many merits as husband, father, and advocate. The deceased gentleman is so carefully portrayed by the faithful stone-cutter that certain unornamental warts on the edge of his whiskers can be discerned. At the base of the monument is a portrait group of Mrs. Attorney and all the little Attorneys weeping at the tomb.

A tomb of a different type represents a man upon his death-bed—again evidently a portrait. The wasted, emaciated face, with glazing eyes and protruding tongue, is turned to the spectator as the head lolls over the shoulder, supported by a nurse—possibly his wife. This is so realistic as to be repulsive; it is fairly photographic, this death-bed scene in marble.

Another tomb is that of a philanthropist who, according to the inscription, founded an asylum for the blind. This also has a portrait bust, and the mourners at this tomb are a blind boy and girl. Again the faithful stone-cutter has surpassed himself in verisimilitude. The boy holds a marble Derby hat in his hand. His garments, of course, are of marble, and he wears a pair of marble congress gaiters, with side-elastics of marble. The little girl carries a straw hat of marble and wears a pair of marble pantalets. Marble tears are falling from her sightless marble eyes.

In another tomb there is a single figure—that of a weeping fat lady. The dead husband here appears merely as an inscription, and upon this background of his virtues is projected the plump figure of his sorrowing spouse. The lady is kneeling, her hands clasped, and her eyes look yearningly upward toward the place where the dear departed is supposed to be. The pose was evidently copied by the stone-cutter from one of the many weeping angels of the masters. Its angelic appearance, however, is somewhat detracted from by the fact that the lady is fat; that the stone-cutter has faithfully depicted her fatness; that the marble buttons on her marble bodice seem bursting from their marble button-holes;

and that she is attired in a modish gown of the fashion of some ten or twelve years ago. This gown has at the bottom of the skirt a marble *balayeuse*, and also has, at what I may call the dome of the skirt, a large marble bustle.

But other fabrics and textures besides this lady's fashionable gown are reproduced with equal fidelity. Another tomb has the figure of a widow —evidently a portrait again—and a magnificent lace veil is thrown over the head and shoulders. This is reproduced with such fidelity that it is easy to recognize the lace as Venetian. Fancy *point de Venise* in marble!

Not only women's but men's fashions are perpetuated here. In one tomb a sorrowing widower, full length, stands mourning at his wife's grave. He holds in one hand a plug-hat made of marble, in the other a pair of marble gloves. He wears a marble four-in-hand tie, a cutaway coat, and trousers, all naturally of marble. They are, however, a little out of date. From this it would appear that in heaven now they are wearing cutaways with one button, which ceased to be a terrestrial fashion several years ago. It was much affected by fat men, as the falling away of the cutaway from the single button made their abdominal globulousness less noticeable. The deceased

gentleman also wore his marble trousers about nineteen inches over the instep, which is wider than they are worn now.

Of course, amid so many of these marble memorials all could not be grotesque, though it must be admitted that most of them are extremely commonplace. Occasionally a striking one would be seen, although a certain weakness of grasp would almost invariably betray that it was copied from the work of a master by the feeble hand of a workman. There were many angels in striking poses, but these were often rendered ridiculous by slight modifications of the conventional angelic smile, which the stone-cutter would sometimes turn into a simper, and sometimes into a smirk. Then, again, there were angels whose light, diaphanous apparel revealed a great deal of their figures, and these figures were not modeled with the clarity and the purity of the antique, but with an attention to muscular articulation and a wealth of adipose detail which showed that the stone-cutter had modeled them from the life, and very lively life at that, and not at all angelic.

A not uncommon design was that of a white-robed figure entering a door where all was black beyond. This, in white and black marble, was quite effective. But from its repetition it was

evident, as already noted, that these stone-cutters simply borrow other men's ideas. Or it may be that the sorrowing family borrows them, and the stone-cutter carries out their wishes.

Altogether the Genoese Campo Santo is one of the curiosities of Southern Europe. Modern art in Italy is at a low ebb. France and Germany far surpass her. But it is remarkable that in a country which, if no longer mistress of the art-world, is at least art-loving, such crimes against art should be permitted. If the Genoese Campo Santo serves no other purpose, it will at least show to after ages how debased was the Italian art of 1900, in contrast with the Italian art of the Renaissance. And it will also show to posterity exactly how nineteenth-century men and women dressed, and will perpetuate our women's fashions in bonnets, bodices, skirts, and high-heeled shoes, and our men's fashions in swallow-tail, frock, and cutaway coats, four-in-hand and Ascot ties, spring-bottomed trousers and elastic-side gaiters—all in imperishable marble.

From Genoa southward we sailed between the two islands of Corsica and Elba, both reminiscent of Napoleon. It was in Corsica that he was born,

and it was in the little island to the westward that he held his mimic court and reigned as "Emperor of Elba." And it was across these waters where we are sailing that he took his flight for France, again to terrify Europe with the meteoric splendor of the short-lived Hundred Days. As we sailed by Elba there came into my mind the language of the Paris *Moniteur*, official journal of the restored Bourbon king, in chronicling Napoleon's progress from day to day. It ran somewhat on this wise:

I. "The Corsican scoundrel has escaped from Elba!"
II. "The tyrant has landed on the shores of France!"
III. "Bonaparte is attempting to raise a rebellious army."
IV. "General Bonaparte and his army are as far north as Avignon."
V. "The ex-Emperor Napoleon is at Grenoble."
VI. "Napoleon is at Lyons with a large army."
VII. "The emperor has reached Dijon."
VIII. "His imperial majesty entered his capital of Paris yesterday, amid the rejoicing of his faithful subjects."

Southward from Elba we passed the island of Monte Cristo. But not the one which Dumas made famous—that islet lies off the port of

Marseilles. Leaving Sardinia far to starboard, we hugged the Italian coast toward the Straits of Messina.

Not far from the harbor of Naples we sighted a rocky islet, apparently a couple of miles offshore. An elderly man approached me on deck, and said, politely:

"Do you know whether this is Mount Vesuvius or not?"

I replied with equal politeness: "I don't know what it is, but I know that it is not Vesuvius."

"But," said he, with an air of triumph, "if you don't know what it is, how do you know that it ain't Vesuvius?"

"Because," I replied, pinning him with my glittering eye—"because Vesuvius is inland, and this is outland; because this rock is about three miles around, and Vesuvius is about thirty miles around; because this is an island, and Vesuvius is not; and because Vesuvius is a volcano, and this is not."

The elderly man sniffed and withdrew.

Vesuvius was but dimly visible when we were off the harbor of Naples, being shrouded in mist, but we clearly saw two other volcanoes—Stromboli, before entering the Straits of Messina, and Ætna, after passing through them. Leaving the

Tyrrhenian Sea, we entered the Straits. Here again we had beautiful panoramas on the Calabrian and Sicilian shores, for both sides of the straits are lined with cities, towns, and villages. The city of Messina we could see plainly with the naked eye, and could follow the detail of its streets, squares, and buildings with a good glass. Its size so surprised me that I looked the matter up, and found that with its suburbs it has over a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Still it is by no means the largest city in Sicily. Palermo, the capital, has nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Through the straits we sailed, and soon were headed for the Ionian Sea. Still we hugged the Sicilian shore, and presently the giant Mount Ætna reared its hoary head before us, snow-capped, cloud-circled, and smoke-crowned. Next we passed Catania and Syracuse, and finally Cape Passero was the southernmost land we saw which was Italian.

From there across the Ionian Sea to Alexandria we saw no land until we sighted the island of Crete. For miles we ran along the shore, scanning it closely with our glasses, but discerned no signs of human habitation. It was very different from the swarming shores of the Italian Rivieras.

Two lofty snow-covered peaks arose from the mass of mountains which compose the southern half of the island. The easternmost is Mount Ida.

The low land-line of Alexandria is difficult to discover from the sea. Unlike the rocky headlands of Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and Crete, you are almost upon the shores of Egypt before you see them. The knots logged by the ship tell that you are only a few miles away, yet nothing is visible before the big ship's prow but the blue Levantine sky and the bluer Mediterranean. Suddenly you see a silver streak start out of the sea. It is the sandy shore of the great delta of the Nile.

The silver melts into ashen-gray, the gray into brown. Soon you begin to distinguish flecks upon the brown here and there, and you see that they are buildings upon a background of sand. Then there starts up out of the waste of sand and sea a lofty column, which the traveled ones recognize as Pompey's Pillar. And as the eyes of all are glued to the curious sight of this flat, sea-level city, apparently rising out of the sea, there suddenly hails us a queer, piratical-looking craft.

She is, in a way, yawl-rigged—that is, she has two masts, but is not of the schooner tribe. Instead of that, she has two enormous lateen sails, and is one of the great felucca family, found all through the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Joppa. The crew are even more piratical-looking than the craft. They are clad in white, long-skirted tunics, black blouses, baggy blue breeches, and crimson fezes, some of them white-wound, turban-wise. Later, we find, on going ashore, that there is great significance in head-gear.

As the big steamer slows down they bring their felucca smartly alongside, and one of their number grasps the dangling rope-ladder and swiftly climbs the side. It is the pilot. As he comes aboard of us the entire ship's company, officers and crew, as well as passengers, line up at the rail to stare at him. For officers and crew are all alike strangers in this Oriental port. The ship had never been here before. So we certainly "manned the side" in this Oriental's honor.

After some elaborate salutations the pilot nonchalantly mounted the bridge and took charge of the ship. I observed that the captain, the first, second, third, and fourth officers, and the quartermaster all remained on the bridge too. On their North-German faces there was a look

of bewilderment not untinged with apprehension. To hand over their fine ship to this outlandish Oriental seemed to them foolhardy. Perhaps he did not know that the ship came from Deutschland, and that she was named after the great Deutschen Kaiser; he might never have heard the phrase "Gott mitt uns." So, praying that the Kaiser and God—in that order—might guard them in this moment of peril, the captain and his officers breathed hard, watched the Oriental, and prepared to throttle him if the ship struck.

But nothing untoward took place. The Egyptian pilot took the ship in past the breakwater's end, and brought her to her anchorage as skillfully as any Bremerhaven pilot could have done. And presently we were boarded by quarantine and other boats bearing the white-and-crimson crescent and the star—badge of Egypt's suzerain, the Sultan. It struck me that the Khedive's flag should also have been quartered with England's crimson cross, symbol of his other suzerain, the Queen. For at times the much-counseled Khedive must wonder whether he owns himself, and, if not, to whom he belongs.

When the quarantine flag fluttered down the halyards we were invaded by clouds of boats and hordes of boatmen. Bedlam broke loose. All

the languages of Babel seemed to be ringing in our ears. Boatmen bearing the badges of Cairene and Alexandrian hotels, boatmen wearing jerseys branded with the names of tourist agencies, and boatmen engaged in individual rather than corporate extortion endeavored to divorce the luckless passengers from their luggage. On one hand might be seen a New York dude, pale but firm, seated upon a pyramid whose base was a trunk, the superstructure made up of steamer trunk and valises, and the apex a hat-box, striving to defend himself from the assaults of a gang of bawling boatmen, while a one-eyed pirate was pulling out the trunk at the pyramid's base preparatory to lugging it off to his boat. Elsewhere might be seen an old lady, an octogenarian, bound for the Holy Land—I mean the terrestrial one—shrieking with alarm as these swarthy red-capped fellows tried to tear her from her bonnet-box. In the midst of this pandemonium the German ship's officers remained as motionless and impassive as Pompey's Pillar. Great thing, German phlegm —*hein?*

But all things have an end. After an hour or so the last passenger, the last trunk, the last valise, and the last hat-box had been bundled into the boats and were on their way ashore. The ordeal

of the Alexandrian boatmen—for years renowned as the worst on the Mediterranean—had been safely passed, and it is only fair to admit that the devil is not so black as he is painted.

On board with the hotel boatmen were some favored dragomans. These indefatigable gentry earwigged the passengers for employment, and urged them to have nothing to do with the dragomans ashore. "Me Number One dragoman," was their favorite remark; "all others very bad." Some of these fellows were not unamusing, although it must be admitted that their wit was of the cheap, machine kind to be heard in steamship smoking-saloons, on the variety stage, and in the conversation of smart "co-eds." The incongruity of "Let her go, Gallagher," and "That's all-right-all-right," coming from the lips of Orientals, was amusing.

Some of these dragomans were white-skinned Osmanlies, some were evidently of Bedouin-Arab blood, and some were Sudanese negroes, black as coal. Yet all had picked up some American and English slang. They probably began as Cairene donkey-boys and grew up into dragomans. The many-tongued head-porters in European hotels are said to grow up from the little pages who have broken out into a rash of buttons, who open

the door for you, touch their caps ceaselessly, and learn to say "thank you" in twenty-seven tongues.

While the dragoman wit is not of a high order, it was sufficiently so to cover with confusion several of our steamship dudes who attempted to "take a rise" out of them. It is the usual fate of him who ventures chaff with a New York newsboy, a London crossing-sweeper, or an Egyptian donkey-boy or dragoman.

So amid a hurricane of American slang and cockney chaff we landed on the pier at Alexandria.

It is odd, but during all of this loud noise and vacant laughter there rose continually before my mind's eye a series of pictures of the ancient Alexandria—of Hypatia, the beautiful pagan lecturess; of the rapt audiences listening to her discourses on the elder creed; of how she thus aroused the jealousy of Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria; of the rabble of monks who, incited by Cyril, dragged her into a church and murdered her before the high altar; of the historian Draper's fiery picture of the scene; of the very words with which he tells how she "fell beneath the club of Peter the Reader"; and how her white body was first defiled and then torn to pieces by the monks.

These were the pictures that rose before me on that starlight night, as we drove through the swarming streets of the ancient city where Hypatia lived and died.

A GLIMPSE OF EGYPT

PROBABLY the average dweller in Western America looks upon Africa as a Dark Continent in everything, even in railways. He would smile on hearing that the Egyptian railways are better run than many American ones. Yet the fact is indisputable. The railway that runs from Alexandria to Upper Egypt is one after which many American railways might pattern. It is a double-track road. It has heavy steel rails. The track is well ballasted. It has an elaborate system of signal-towers and pneumatic switches. Much of its roadway is lined with heavy cut-stone masonry parapets. Its station platforms are also built of cut-stone masonry. Its station buildings are of stone. Its bridges and other viaducts are of steel. Its trains run smoothly and swiftly, averaging thirty-five miles an hour. There are many crossings in which the railway is carried over the roadway on steel viaducts; the few grade-crossings are guarded by gates, with gate-

"Laboriously lifting water."

keepers. Signal-men with flags stand at all switches, stations, and crossings. Altogether, the equipment and operation of the road are admirable.

For hundreds of miles this modern railway goes through the fertile fields of Egypt — most incongruous amid the primitive methods of husbandry to be noted there. For, as the express trains whirl and shriek past the toiling *fellaheen* in the fields, you see that they are using the same primitive implements that their forefathers used when Pharaoh reigned. They still plow with a simple wooden implement, dragged by patient buffalo oxen. They still laboriously lift water with a sweep to the head-level of irrigating ditches. They still use the sickle, as they did in the days when Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz. And they still carry their bundles of fodder upon the backs of patient asses, or, in default of asses' backs, upon their own.

Of course, all agriculture in Egypt is not on such rudimentary lines. Rich men and corporations own land, as well as *fellaheen* peasants, and many tall chimneys testify to the existence of pumping-works. Then, too, the Egyptian government has dammed the Nile at an enormous cost, and is engaged in other water-storage schemes

that will widen the narrow strip of irrigated land on either bank of the great river, and thereby enlarge the resources of this wonderful country.

For it is a wonderful country. To talk of its temples, its pyramids, its ruins, and its dead cities would be telling twice-told tales. But no man can gaze on this flat and fertile river valley without being amazed at its productiveness. I have been shown in Virginia worthless lands which the wasteful Anglo-Saxon had exhausted by two centuries of tobacco-raising. But here in Egypt I see fields still as fertile as when the first dynasty began, although they have been tilled for four thousand years.

Some historians believe that Egypt was the cradle of our Aryan civilization. Here, they say, nomadic man paused at the great river when wandering from Arabia-Felix into Africa. Gradually those tired of wandering settled upon the fat and juicy banks of the Nile River and began a fitful husbandry of the soil. Tickled with a stick it laughed with a harvest, as the old saying goes. Gradually villages grew up, and thrift brought peace and prosperity. The rich lands were divided among the villagers: this was the beginning of Real Property. The property boundaries were annually obliterated by the rise of the

"On the great river Nile."

Nile; regulations were made to settle disputes concerning them: this was the beginning of Law. Wise men among the villagers observed that the sun, moon, and stars had much to do with the volume of the Nile flood: this was the beginning of Astronomy. The simpler villagers looked with awe upon these wise men who spent their time communing with the stars: this was the beginning of the Priesthood. The priests soon claimed supernatural knowledge of the celestial bodies; they imposed rules regarding the manners and conduct of men; they ordered the villagers to follow them and to erect temples wherein these rules should be expounded: this was the beginning of Religion. But the fierce nomads of the desert found profit in harrying and plundering the weaker villagers by the riverside. Therefore the priests chose from among the villagers those who were not only brave but crafty, cunning, and leaders of men. These bold and cunning villagers succeeded in defeating the fiercer nomads by ambuscade and stratagem: this was the beginning of the Science of War. To protect their cities they erected mighty walls and fortresses: thus grew up Engineering and Architecture. And, at last, a bolder leader among the bold parleyed with the priesthood, terrified the mass of

common men, and made himself lord over all, priests and commons. And thus grew up Monarchy, and thus there resulted Church, State, and King.

These long-forgotten scraps of reading came to my mind as from a luxurious compartment in an express train between Alexandria and Cairo I looked out upon the Valley of the Nile.

It was toward evening, and the peasants were returning from the fields to their homes. Picturesquely clad, they reminded one irresistibly of old Bible pictures. You would see what was evidently a family — father, mother, grown children, and little ones — some mounted, some on foot, and with most nondescript collections of animals — all burden-bearing. In one group I noted a camel, several asses, a buffalo bull, and a flock of sheep, all placidly pursuing their homeward way, carrying the fodder for their supper on their backs — except the sheep. And the mild-eyed *fellaheen* looked up with much the same gaze as did their animals as the express train whirled by. For the express train was nineteen hundred years after Christ, and they were nineteen hundred before.

"Mena House, at the foot of the Pyramids."

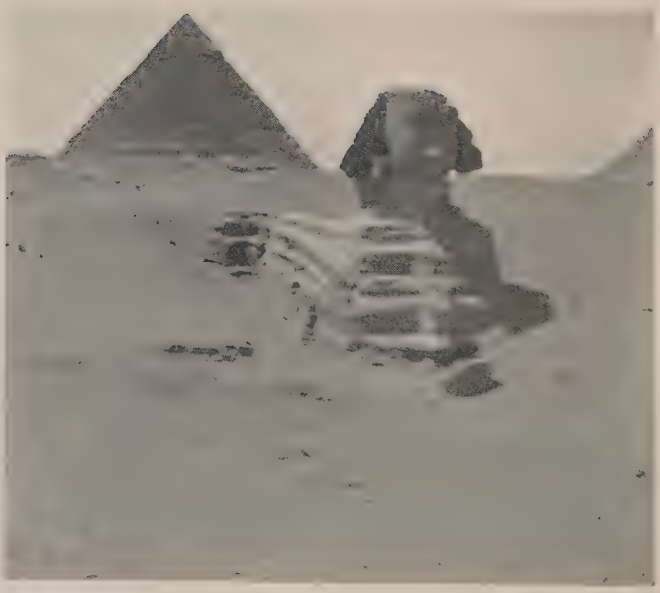
One of the most unique of the Egyptian hotels is Mena House, at the foot of the Pyramids. Its name comes from Menes, who, tradition says, was the earliest king of Egypt. An invalid Englishman built a house near the Pyramids, some seven years ago. He found that the climate benefited him so much that a syndicate imitated him, and erected there a large hotel. It is possible that the climate is suited for invalids, as the air has the extreme dryness characteristic of the desert, but, like all desert climates, the utter absence of humidity causes a sharp fall in temperature about sunset. This is notable in the towns on the edge of the desert in Southern California. I should imagine that the sudden fall would be bad for weak lungs.

However that may be, pleasure-lovers rather than invalids have invaded Mena House. When we were there a majority of the guests seemed to be English army officers, Anglo-Egyptian officials, and English women of the "smart set." They devote themselves to riding, driving, quail-shooting, and golf. Most of the men and many of the women are always in riding togs, and their conversation is decidedly horsey. There is some coaching done, too, and the hotel people regularly run a coach to Cairo. The hotel is comfortable,

well furnished, and well kept. It is surrounded with wide verandas looking out upon prim gardens — necessarily very small, owing to the surroundings, for all vegetation stops with the inclosing wall, and beyond is the desert.

A few hundred yards from Mena House is the great Pyramid of Cheops. Its base is surrounded by hordes of tourists and gangs of greedy Arabs. Up the Pyramid are other toiling tourists, pulled and propelled by other Arabs. In a tent sits the old Sheik of the Pyramids, who collects toll from the tourists for the labors of his Bedouins at the rate of twenty piastres (or one dollar) per tourist. Then the Bedouins themselves wheedle and extort as much more from the hapless tourists when they get them up on the Pyramid. The climb is fatiguing, but with the aid of the Arabs is not difficult. These barefooted fellows offer to race up and down the great Pyramid in ten minutes for two shillings. If you remain obdurate they will do it for one.

When we were going on camels from the Pyramids to the Sphinx we were beset by numerous unattached Arabs, despite the protests of the camel-drivers, to whom we had been farmed out by the Sheik. These gentry exhausted every possible means of raising *backsheesh*. If one was



"An Arab nimbly climbed up to the Sphinx's face."

mounting or dismounting, they would place a hand upon the camel's saddle and demand *backsheesh.* If a photograph were being taken, they would stick themselves into the landscape and demand *backsheesh.* One nimbly climbed up to the Sphinx's face, and when he descended sternly demanded *backsheesh* from every one within view of his feat. One particularly persistent Arab demanded *backsheesh* of me because he stood behind me while a man was taking a photograph of the scene. The camera man being a total stranger to me, I told the Arab to go to him for *backsheesh;* the Arab blandly replied that he had already collected from him, and that it was my turn now. I gathered that a partial table of *backsheesh* would run about as follows:

To walking by your camel's side . . . . 1 piastre
To stroking your camel's rump . . . . . 1 piastre
To forming background for photograph . 2 piastres
To smiling in same . . . . . 1 piastre
To asking after your health . . . . . 1 piastre

Some of these fellows speak English fairly well. One of them said to me, "How do you do?" I replied that I was fair to middling, and asked him how he was. He admitted that he was able to be about. "Now," said I, "how

much do you charge for asking about my health?" He replied that he thought one piastre would about settle it. "But," said I, "I asked you about your health, and I always charge two piastres for that. So you owe me one piastre. See?" He grinned and remarked: "Ah, you not Ingleese; you Amareek."

I wonder how he knew my nationality? I think my American accent must have betrayed me.

Cairo has been so much written about during the last decade that it would be idle to attempt here to describe its sights. Every visitor to the Midway at the Chicago Fair knows his Cairo—or thinks he does. Hence I shall spare the reader any description of sights and sounds and smells or any guide-book lore.

But there is one place in Cairo which the average tourist does not visit. It is the famous university in the Mosque of El-Azhar. Most tourists know nothing of it; those who hear of it are told that they will not be welcome there. Furthermore, they are warned against loud talk, noisy laughter, attempting to use cameras, or even staring intently at the students, who, oddly enough, do not seem to like it. They are very

"queer"—these Mohammedans—are they not? If a troupe of Cook's tourists from Cairo, personally conducted by Dragoman Saïd Mohammed, should visit Palo Alto, go into the classrooms, peer over the students' shoulders at their note-books, examine them with lorgnettes, chatter loudly in Arabic, laugh noisily and incessantly, and take kodak snap-shots of them, it would doubtless be considered not at all rude, and the Stanford students would not resent it. But the Mohammedan students are very queer, and they do. To the average tourist and the traveling girly-girl life without loud talk and vacant laughter would be intolerable; so they keep away from El-Azhar, thereby preventing what dwellers in Cairo call "possible outbreaks of fanaticism"—and it is very much better for all concerned.

This seat of learning is in an ancient mosque. A mosque, it may be well to say, is not necessarily a single building, like a church. It is a sacred or consecrated inclosure, but it may be devoted to other than strictly religious uses. For example, one of the most beautiful buildings in Cairo is a modern mosque, which is practically a mausoleum wherein lie the remains of Khedive Tewfik, and in which the other members of the

Khedivial family are to repose. It is so gorgeously decorated that the interior of the little mosque looks like a jewel-box, aflame as it is with stained-glass windows, beautiful rugs and carpets, and tapestries from Ormuz and from Ind —which is not an exaggeration, for there hang upon its walls beautiful rugs and prayer-carpets sent from Further Islam. For example, every year Mecca sends from the looms of her most cunning weavers a rug emblazoned with texts from the Koran—sends it to the Khedive, not in token of fealty, not as a vassal to a suzerain, but in greeting and gratitude for aid extended yearly by the Khedivial family to hungry and footsore pilgrims in Mecca.

On the other hand, the ancient Mosque of El-Azhar is devoted to education. It is a vast pile of buildings, quadrangles, courts, offices, and shrines. It is still a sacred place. True believers cross its threshold barefoot, and Christians must don sandals before they can enter it. Before the shrines, facing eastward toward Mecca, you see at all hours pious Mohammedans engaged in their devotions. Last Friday we read in the French daily, *Le Journal du Caire :* "His Highness the Khedive goes to-day to El-Azhar for his Sabbath-day's prayers." So while it is

"Students seated in groups in the Mosque of El-Azhar."

still a mosque, a place of prayer, it is primarily an institution of learning.

On entering the great quadrangle, the sight which presents itself is most extraordinary. Many hundreds of students are seated in groups upon the stone floor. By the way, the number of students at present is said to be about eight thousand. Most of these groups are engaged in study. They are poring over books, swaying the body to and fro (which they believe to be an aid to memorizing), and muttering the words which they are transferring to their brains. From the vocal chords of these thousands of throats there arises a loud humming noise not unlike the buzzing of insects' wings in a meadow on a summer day. Other groups are gathered around their teachers. The students vary greatly in age. Some are as old as their instructors, but the majority seem to be about eighteen or twenty.

There are younger students in other mosques —classes of fifty or sixty boys and girls learning to read and write. The discipline in these primary schools is sharp and stern. While we were in one mosque an offending school-boy was seized by the master, flogged with a bamboo rod with all the strength of a sinewy arm, and then his wrists twisted until he shrieked with pain.

In El-Azhar, court after court succeeded the great quadrangle, all filled with students, seated cross-legged upon the marble floor. In the further quadrangles were the older students and the more advanced "classes"—if they may be called so—for the teachings are almost entirely religious and almost the only text-book is the Koran. Mohammedans believe that everything worth learning is in the Koran, that all learning outside of it is pernicious, and that all who disbelieve in it are dogs and blasphemers. Under the latter polite terms they include us Christians.

If dwellers in the Occident believe the curriculum does not interest the students, they are mistaken. I never saw such concentration of mind on the part of both teacher and student. Take one of many groups: At the base of a pillar, on a low stool, is seated a swarthy man of some forty years, his turban with its distinctive mark indicating that he has been to Mecca. At his feet, seated in a circle, are some two-score students, most of them bearded men. In his left hand he holds a copy of the Koran, from which he reads—not with the measured tones of one of our clergymen or college professors, but with fiery eyes, with sweat rolling down from his swart brow, with right hand in his excitement fiercely

beating the book, with a voice which at times rises into a shrill scream, while around him the dark circle of students listen with almost equal excitement, indicating approval at times by sudden gestures, and so wrapped up in their master (at whose feet they sit, literally, as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel) that they do not even see the hated Christians, who stand by the circle looking down at them curiously.

"Hated Christians"? Yes. For they do hate us. They are taught to hate us. This fiery-eyed fanatic tutor is teaching them to hate us. This book which he is now construing breathes hatred to Christians in nearly every line. The blind beggar at the door, clad in caked dirt and filthy rags, who asked for alms as we entered, secretly despises us because we are Christians, and despises us none the less for our piastre.

Yet, if its curriculum and its methods are mediæval, this institution is a great one in point of numbers and influence, for its students are numbered by the thousands, and they come from all Islam, from the Straits of Sunda to the Pillars of Hercules. There are students here from Java, and there are students from Morocco. There are teachers expounding the Koran in all the tongues of the sons of Mahound. You see groups with

their instructors from India, from Persia, from Syria, from Algiers, from Tripoli; white-skinned Osmanlis from European Turkey, brown-skinned Bedouins from Arabia, and black-skinned Ethiopians from the Sudan; and on the faces of all there is the same intentness, the same concentration, the same fanaticism.

As we left this remarkable institution I could not help contrasting its devotees with some of our *dilettante* college professors and dissipated college students of the Occident. It seems to be the rule in the Occident that the college professor should be interested in things foreign to his teaching, and that the college student should look upon study as a huge joke. Contrasting these Occidental ideas with the Mohammedan ones, I wondered whether Occidentalism could ever make any breach in Mohammedanism. Looking at Mohammedans performing their devotions regardless of the presence of amused or sneering strangers, I wondered how many boys in a college dormitory would have the courage to kneel down and say their prayers before their mates. I wondered what would happen to them if they did. I wondered how soon our boards of foreign missions would succeed in evangelizing the Mohammedans. I wondered how long it

would take our Government to civilize and Christianize our fierce Mohammedan citizens in the Philippines. If they are one one-hundredth as fanatical as those we saw in the University of El-Azhar, I think it will take some time—probably five or ten years.

I have often heard women rail bitterly at their skirts, and declare it to be impossible for them even to ride a bicycle as well as a man on account of their petticoats. This I have always secretly doubted. I once saw a female acrobat appear in "full evening-dress"—that is, to all appearances. She wore a low-cut bodice, long skirt, gloves, stockings, and slippers, and looked as most women do in their evening garb, except that her slippers were heelless. Yet she went through an elaborate series of flip-flaps, turned forward, backward, and twisting somersaults, "skinned the cat" on the bar, and finally went through the dashing trapeze act technically known in circus circles as "zampillerostation." After that, when I saw young women adopt tight-fitting knickerbockers, visible silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes for bicycle wear, because they "could not ride a wheel in skirts," I opined that it was not the exigencies of

the bicycle but the possession of curvilinear advantages which made these young women eschew skirts.

Egypt confirms my belief. Nearly all the men wear petticoats. High up in the air on unfinished buildings you see bricklayers and stonemasons hard at work, with the wind blowing their petticoats about their shanks. You see railway "navvies," or "section-men," digging along the line in petticoats. You see ships' pilots clambering up the lofty sides of ocean steamers, over dangling hempen ladders, in petticoats. You see the plowman plodding his weary way across the lea in petticoats. You see, astride of donkeys, grave and gray-bearded Mohammedans in petticoats. You see Arabs running up and down the pyramids in petticoats. And in a school-yard near the Mosque of Omar you see boys playing football in petticoats. Football is a sort of breeches apotheosis in the minds of young persons, both male and female. If ever a girly-girl sighs to be breeched it is when she gazes on the gridiron. Therefore, after noting the petticoated Oriental, I shall no longer heed the plaint of the American girl against the "tyranny of skirts."

But if the Egyptian clings to his petticoats, it is not so with other articles of his apparel. They

"A petticoated Oriental."

seem to incline to wearing slop-shop Occidental coats and waistcoats with their Oriental petticoats. They are like Gilbert's comic-opera hero who was a man from his waist up and a fairy from his waist down.

It is this variety of Oriental that you find principally at the Cairo *cafés*. There are said to be over one thousand *cafés* there, and I can easily believe it. At almost any hour of the day you see the tables in front of these places thronged with dreamy Orientals, sipping mild beverages like lemonade and sugared water, and smoking cigarettes—for the *hookah*, or hubble-bubble pipe, you rarely see, and it is principally used to sell at exorbitant prices to ingenuous tourists. It is remarkable how all these idle *café* frequenters make a living, although doubtless their method of living costs but little here. Yet the amount of idleness is really astounding, side by side as it is with the hard, grinding, unending labor from dawn to dark of the field-laboring *fellaheen*. In Cairo one sees idle men by the scores of thousands. They have not the apologetic air of the idle workmen in Occidental countries. On the contrary, they seem to be idle and glad that they are, and they pass their time gazing with idle curiosity at the other idlers. The more active idler at times

makes some sudden movement, such as to light a cigarette, and then the idlers around him follow his movements with idle curiosity. If a new idler arrives and goes to sleep, the earlier idlers gaze upon him with interest until he begins to snore. It is a common sight in Cairo to see one man doing nothing with five men watching him do it.

As to slumbering idlers, I do not think there can be any word for "insomnia" in the Arabic tongue. I have seen men asleep here in every conceivable posture and in every imaginable place — on the top of a wall, leaning against a camel, astride of a donkey, on top of a fodder-heap, on an ambulant cart, in the shade by the bank of the Nile, on the parapet of a bridge across that river, and on the scorching stones of a mosque quadrangle at mid-day with the babble of thousands going on around the sleeper. And I even saw a man asleep seated on the lever of a Nile water-wheel — one of those primitive contrivances for raising water from the river into irrigating ditches, worked by a buffalo plodding in a circle, mercifully blindfolded lest the creature see whither it was going and grow weary of its monotonous task.

Elsewhere I speak of lifting water for irrigating by sweeps. If the lifting of water by such

"The crooked stick for a plow."

primitive means seems odd in this day and generation, what do you think of lifting it by hand? Yet even that primitive operation is to be seen from the Nile bridge near Cairo. The patient peasant, with bent back, stooping to the river level, and hour after hour lifting jars of water into a higher-level irrigating ditch, is a not uncommon sight. So, too, is the crooked stick for a plow, of which we have all heard so much. The American who is used to our elaborate agricultural implements and modern methods of farming is amazed. His first thought is to sell out his own business and at once bring over here a stock of American agricultural implements. But he would be doomed to bankruptcy. The people here prefer the crooked stick. Very absurd of them, doubtless, but they do. It is the case in other primitive countries besides Egypt. They decline the ingenious reapers, binders, and headers, and gigantic gang-plows of America, and cling to the crooked stick, the sickle, and the scythe. Their excuse is calculated to fill any "hustling" American with disgust. They say that if they buy a machine by which one man can do the work of twenty men, the other nineteen would have no work to do. This puerile argument makes them contented with their degraded condition.

On the other hand, if Egypt's peasants cling to primitive agricultural methods, Egypt is certainly up to date in other things, such as methods of transportation, railway bridges, handsome buildings, and modern hotels. From the bent-backed peasant raising water by hand, you may lift your eyes to the fine steel bridge spanning the Nile, and over it you will see pouring at all hours a motley throng—English ladies and gentlemen in the nattiest of riding togs, mounted on fine satin-skinned horses; veiled harem ladies looking out from the windows of elegant closed carriages, with gorgeously arrayed *saises*, or running footmen, in advance; hordes of tourists in hackney carriages; strings of camels and camel-drivers; dashing young Egyptians in fezes, tooling swift automobiles; a four-in-hand coach with a gay party, bound from Cairo to the Pyramids; lofty loads of green fodder, depending from one end of which may be seen the switching tail of a minute donkey; Cairo clerks, mounted on bicycles; and, through the mass, a stream of peasants on foot, borne on asses, borne on camels, and themselves bearing burdens like the beasts of burden. Thus you may see the new and the old Egypt on the Nile bridge.

"A young Mohammedan at prayer in the famous alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali."

In the citadel at Cairo stands the famous alabaster mosque of Mohammed Ali, founder of the Khedivial dynasty. I am not going to describe it. Suffice to say that it is a large and beautiful building, within it a magnificent mausoleum to the first Khedive. What leads me to speak of it is the long life of a lie. For it is from the eastern terrace of this mosque that Emin Bey is said to have made his wild leap to the rocky depths below.

You remember the old story—the massacre of the Mameluke Beys. Mohammed Ali scented a conspiracy, and invited them to parade in the court of the citadel. They entered through the Bab-el-Azab gateway, mounted on their Arabian horses and wearing their brilliant uniforms, the finest cavalry in the world. But when the portcullis fell behind them they found the dark walls spitting fire. From behind the battlements came volleys of musketry. They were ruthlessly shot down, and soon the brilliant Mamelukes were a bloody and writhing mass of men and horses.

All except Emin Bey. He spurred his charger over a heap of bodies to the battlements, and leaped from the dizzy height to the rocks below.

This is the story the dragomans tell. They

luxuriate in it. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. They used to point out on the old wall the hoof-marks of Emin Bey's charger. But when Mohammed Ali built his beautiful alabaster mosque, the old wall was torn down and a new one took its place. It is scarcely credible, but hoof-marks have been cut in it, in order that the guides may tell their old story about the new wall!

It may be interesting to add that Emin Bey was not there at all. Being warned of the massacre he fled into Syria and there died of old age.

But the story of his leap will never die of old age. There is nothing like the life of a lie. To most minds nothing appeals so strongly as that which is incredible. Still it is remarkable that such foolish lies as this should endure. That they do is shown by the grave way in which the guides show you "Joseph's Well" in Old Cairo; "Mohammed's foot-print" on a stone in the mosque of Kait Bey; and in the ancient Coptic church in Old Cairo, "the place where Mary and Joseph rested."

At this Coptic church, by the way, the Christian beggars are worse than the Mohammedans. They kept assuring us "Me Christian—give me *backsheesh!*" One particularly persistent girl

"Sugar-cane venders near Cairo."

actually had a cross tattooed on her wrist, at which she pointed incessantly to prove that she was indeed a Christian — blown in the bottle, as it were.

Another long-lived lie is that about the Caliph Omar and the Alexandrian library. When asked about the books — so the story runs — he replied briefly:

"If the books contain matter against the Koran, they are heretical. If they contain matter that is in the Koran, they are superfluous. Burn them." Which was done.

There is a curious volume by Edouard Fournier, entitled "L'Esprit dans l'Histoire." It attacks a great many traditions, among them this Alexandrian story. Fournier says that Caliph Omar burned no library at all, and that he did not destroy the great library at Alexandria, because it was accidentally burned before he was born.

But the season in Cairo is short. The time came when we must quit Egypt. It was rapidly growing too hot for non-Orientals. The so-called winter was giving way to summer — for there is no spring. Already the fields were dotted with

wild-flowers. Regretfully we prepared to take our leave.

Ever since we journeyed southward from Alexandria, there have been running in my head some lines from Victor Hugo. I think they are in "Les Orientales." The lines run like this:

"L'Egypte! — elle étalait, toute blonde d'épis,
Ses champs, bariolés comme un riche tapis,
Plaines que des plaines prolongent;
L'eau vaste et froide au nord, au sud le sable ardent
Se disputent l'Egypte: elle rit cependant
Entre ces deux mers qui la rongent."

Before I had ever seen Egypt the lines had always impressed me as of exceeding beauty. The metaphors are striking—they might be paraphrased thus:

Egypt unrolls her vast fields extending to the horizon, plain upon plain, all flower-bespangled, upon the North the cold waves of the Mighty Midland Sea—upon the South the hot waves of the ardent Sea of Sand—fight for the fair one. But Egypt, flower-crowned and blonde with wheat, laughs at the two seas gnawing at her sides.

Now that I have had a glimpse of Egypt, Hugo's lines will always have for me an added beauty.

The subtle charm of the ancient land was upon us. We were loath to go. But from "the ardent Sea of Sand" there came the Khamseen—the hot wind—the evil wind. It is a warning to the wise traveler. So there began a great hegira. And wafted forth on the wings of the Khamseen, wandering wind from the Sea of Sand, we sailed out on the Mighty Midland Sea, and bade farewell to Egypt.

ALEXANDRIA TO NAPLES

THE steamships from Alexandria to Europe carry a much more polyglot passenger-list than those from New York. The Americans are a well-dressed, well-to-do, well-behaved lot, but they seem monotonously similar. From Egypt, however, the passengers come from every quarter of the globe, and they form a curious array. There are Egyptians wearing fezes, young Englishmen wearing knickerbockers, and youthful German brides and grooms proudly wearing their trousseaux.

You see some queer costumes among the passengers. One young man was attired in sage-green knickerbockers, a short jacket with a sealskin collar, tartan stockings, patent-leather slippers, and a velvet tam-o'shanter cap. This, to me, was a new sea-rig—he looked for all the world like Bunthorne. Another type was a fat and elderly Englishman who wore white kid gloves on deck, leaned on his valet's arm, and

had his face painted. He might have been Thackeray's model for Joseph Sedley in "Vanity Fair."

The German brides and grooms were a never-ending source of interest. As the lofty snow-capped mountains of the island of Crete were sighted there appeared on deck a little German bride who had been absent from her dearest for at least a quarter of an hour. With lover-like alacrity he springs forward to meet her, crying, "Ach, du!— Hast du Crete gesehen?" and they repair to the rail and try to look at the island through one glass at the same time—and fail. Alas! even love has its limits.

In addition to fez-wearers and other polyglot freaks, we have some harem ladies and many titles on board. The passenger-list says briefly and discreetly: "*Harem (quatre personnes).*" In another place: "*Trois dames du Harem du Prince Chawkar.*" And there is a "*Monsieur Pappadopoulis, sa dame Mme. Pappadopoulis,*" and four little Pappadopoulises, together with other Greeks. Then we have a Russian prince and princess, look you; also a Baron von Blank and a Baronin von Blank; likewise a baronin without a baron, but with a famous name; we have an Italian count and countess, another baron and baronin without

any Von, a French vicomte and vicomtess, and an Honorable Mrs. and an Honorable Mister—of different ilks. Then we have an Oberst and a Frau Oberst, and also a Geheimrath. Of these last we would possibly have been proud under other circumstances. But not with a Russian prince and princess aboard—even if they speak to nobody except the stewards.

The prince and princess are not only Russian, but they bear a famous Russian name. There are names and names, and there are princes and princes. Italian princes count for little, Russian princes for more. There is a story told of one Anatole Demidoff, a Franco-Russian, rich but low-born, who purchased a little estate in Tuscany, which carried with it the title of "Prince of San Donato." At first M. Demidoff was discreet, but he rang the changes on his name like plebeian Paul Granier, whose father was deputy from (de) Cassagnac, but who dropped the plebeian Granier, and who now uses the noble-sounding "Paul de Cassagnac." M. Demidoff's changes ran thus:

"M. Anatole Demidoff, de San Donato."
"M. Demidoff, Prince de San Donato."
"M. le Prince de San Donato."
"M. le Prince Anatole Demidoff."

Under this name and style he came up for membership in the Jockey Club of Paris. After the Royal Yacht Squadron, this is the most exclusive club in the world. When his name was placed in the candidates' book, the secretary of the Russian legation entered one day, walked to the book, and through the line "*le Prince Anatole Demidoff*" deliberately drew a heavy pen. Under it he wrote, "*There is no Prince Anatole Demidoff*," and signed his name.

All Paris waited feverishly for Demidoff's seconds to be sent to him. But none came. So M. le Prince Anatole Demidoff was unanimously blackballed, and all Paris breathed again.

To return to our traveling nobiliary menagerie. Probably the flower of our titles is an English marchioness and her two daughters. I know she is a genuine marchioness, because she has her name and title painted on her steamer-chair in large black letters about an inch long.

Experts in heraldry do not wax enthusiastic over Continental titles. English titles are quoted higher in the American matrimonial market. Among Continental ones, probably the Austrian rate the highest and the Papal the lowest. Even when the Pope ruled the States of the Church his marquisates and dukedoms did not count for

much. Now that he is merely a spiritual sovereign, his titles go for naught.

If titles count for little, orders count for less. Papal and Turkish orders particularly go a-begging. The Legion of Honor at one time stood high in France, but it has made Paquin a chevalier. Fancy a knight trimming bonnets! When a man-milliner is made an officer of the Legion of Honor, it remains a legion, but is it a legion of honor?

This recalls an anecdote of Napoleon the Third. That luckless monarch was much worried by "politicians with pulls" making demands for French election-workers. In addition to his famous plebiscite, Napoleon the Third had many queer elections to "fix." One of the valued government gifts in France is a license to sell tobacco, a *bureau de tabac*. Tobacco is a government monopoly, and such a license means a small but comfortable living for life. Hence these bureaus are greatly in demand. To Napoleon came one day an importunate statesman demanding one of these places for a henchman. The emperor looked over his list, but was unable to comply. The statesman talked warningly of dissatisfied political workers. Napoleon's corrugated brow cleared. "I have it," said he;

"I can not give your man a tobacco-shop, but I will give him the cross of the Legion of Honor."

The Italians have a habit of saying "The April of life," for to them April is the equivalent of May in colder climes. But this year the Italian April was so raw, so rainy, and so cold that one required heavy clothing continually. Ladies driving were muffled in furs, and gentlemen wore heavy overcoats. Vesuvius was covered with snow. So were the mountains between Naples and Rome. Icy winds whistled over the Campagna from the Alban Mountains. The curious spectacle was presented toward the Paschal festival of ladies wearing furs with their new Easter bonnets.

I felt a little doubtful about putting on the heaviest clothes I had, for it was springtime and we were in sunny Italy. But I met two shivering Canadians gazing with chattering teeth over the Bay of Naples from Capodimonte, and both swore it was colder than at Montreal in February. Then I became convinced that it was Naples that was cold, and not myself. For if the climate of sunny Italy can strike into the marrow of

Canadian Bluenoses, a Californian is justified in feeling a little chilly.

The weather during this Italian winter has been execrable. Over most of Europe the weather reports show that it rained almost incessantly during January and February—except when it was snowing. There has been much snow, even in southern Europe. During the first week of April a man was found frozen stiff in a Viennese street, and the Easter races at Vienna were an utter failure, partly owing to the villainous weather, and partly because the horses had not been able to exercise on the frozen ground. During the first week of April snow was still lying in Vienna's streets.

The climate of sunny Italy leaves much to be desired. After a raw and bitter winter there has been apparently no spring. The winter lingered. Yet even in the midst of a bitterly cold April, there came a sudden change. The snow on the mountains melted. The raw north winds ceased. For a day or two fitful eddying breezes blew. Then the wind was "up and down the mast," as sailors say. A sudden rise in temperature followed. And then came a sirocco.

This hot and evil wind comes straight from the great Sahara. By its long flight across the

Mediterranean to France it is made slightly humid, so that when it reaches the French Riviera it is robbed of some of its terrors. Even then it is not loved. Along the French Riviera, by the way, the dwellers are between two winds, the bitter blasts that blow down from the icy Alps, and the hot winds from the African desert. They are like those who dwell between the devil and the deep, deep sea.

In southern Italy the African sirocco comes upon the inhabitants like blasts from a furnace. So was it now. In Sicily it was at its worst. From there a Palermo dispatch came telling us that the heat was awful and the wind unendurable; that infants were dying from its evil breath; that the late-budding fruit-trees, the flowers, and the fields were being burned and scorched as if by fire. Even some hundreds of miles further north, the sirocco was severe. It swept tourists from south to north as if before a broom. For two or three days it blew, and then the temperature suddenly fell. Torrential rain-storms descended upon Italy. The Florentine papers humorously remarked that their streets had become Venetian for the nonce, and cabs would give way to gondolas. The rivers rose rapidly, and much damage was done by floods along the Arno and the Po.

Violent hail-storms swept over Lombardy and Tuscany, destroying growing crops. In Piedmont and upper Italy there were snow-storms, and the thermometer fell to zero.

On May 19th the Italian papers reported the finding of the dead body of one Luigi Bernardi, in Bolzano, on Lake Maggiore, frozen to death. It is true, he had lain down to sleep on the ground the night before, while intoxicated. But think of a man being frozen to death toward the end of May!

Yet this is the climate of the Italian peninsula, climatically the most favored spot in all Europe. Compare it with that of our own fortunate State. More and more it becomes apparent to me that the climate of California spoils one for any other in the world. If Californians ever doubt that their winter weather is the finest in the world, let them try that of sunny Italy. If they have ever grumbled at their gentle rains, brought on the wings of mild winds from the south, let them try the raw rain, hail, snow, and sleet storms of sunny Italy. And then forever after let them hold their peace.

Bad as the weather has been in Italy, it has been better than in more northern climes. This is very evident from the crowded condition of the

Italian hotels. And not only ordinary tourists but royal personages have been forced to flee from their own climates. At least a dozen "royalties" were in Italy during the late winter and early spring —from King Leopold of Belgium to Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The royal families of England, Belgium, Austro-Hungary, Sweden, Russia, and several grand-duchies were represented. Here also was Princess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph and daughter of the Belgian king. She has married a Count Lonyay, against the wishes of both her royal families, and was spending her honeymoon in Italy, shadowed by reporters.

Another royal highness was the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the French throne. This list is not given because I believe these personages to be any better than the uncrowned kings of our great republic. But it shows what villainous weather they must have had in their own countries when they come here in such numbers. For there must be a certain lack of ease about foreign travel for royalty, as all these royal personages are here *incognito*.

I never was a royal person; but if I were, I think I would object to stopping at the Grand Hotel just like Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Podunk,

U. S. A. Royalty should entertain royalty, as in the old days. To put up at ordinary hotels like common folk "gives the thing away." And for Princess Stephanie and her lover to go billing and cooing through Italy, kodaked and snapshotted at railway stations and hotels, makes an extremely comic royal honeymoon. But royalty is becoming more of an anachronism every day. About the only monarch left reigning by "divine right" (and without any sense of humor) is William, the War-Lord of Deutschland.

Naples flocked on Monday to the Campo di Marti for the first spring race-meeting of the "Societa degli Steeple Chases." The races were postponed from the preceding day, Sunday, on account of rain. In Latin countries races nearly always take place on Sunday. In France, for example, the Grand Prix is always run on a Sunday.

Not only the name of the Italian racing club is half-English, but many English terms were continually used. Here is a sentence from a newspaper account of the race: "Lo *sport* fu molto interessante, ed il *betting* animatissimo per un primo *meeting*." Such words as *book*, *book-makaire*,

"A street in Naples"

and *startaire* could be heard on every side. Most of the horses had Italian names, but all the jockeys who rode them bore English names, among them Goddard, Jarman, Chapman, and Wright.

The races were not particularly interesting. We found the crowd in attendance more so. There were handsome private carriages there by the hundred, with well-groomed horses, clean-shaven coachmen, footmen in shining hats and handsome liveries, and natty grooms in spotless buckskins and trig top-boots. We counted fifteen four-in-hands. Among these there were mail-coaches, breaks, drags, mail-phaetons, break-phaetons, and an eight-spring Daumont *calèche* driven by the Marquis of Aqua Viva—for these were all great swells who were tooling the four-in-hands. Among them were many of the Neapolitan nobility and some dashing army officers. Of course, we knew nothing of the social standing of these personages, but next day's *Mattino* gave a list of "among those present," from which we learned that we had gazed upon Neapolitan princesses, duchesses, countesses, marquises, and baronesses. Or, as the Italian paper put it, "Nel *ring* moltissime dame della nostra aristocrazia."

The procession of four-in-hands, tandems, and

carriages down the Via Roma and the Chiaia was a brilliant one. The streets were thronged and the balconies filled with people. Although a fine carriage parade is an almost daily sight in Naples, the four-in-hands were evidently more novel. As to the attire of the ladies, although the day was raw, they had donned spring costumes, and many wore straw hats with white plumes, which with heavy furs made a rather odd combination.

To show the use of English terms by the Italian reporters, I copy a few lines about the races from the *Corriere di Napoli:*

"Abbiamo notata la duchessa di Guardialombarda con la figliuola, la baronessa Barracco-Doria, en uno *steach;* la contessa Filo de Leone, la principessa di Spinoso, la baronessa de Riseis, la duchessa di Novoli, en uno *steach;* la contessa Piscicelli di Collesano, la principessa Pignatelli-Fici, la marchesa de Medici Acquaviva-Massa, la contessa de Marsi, en uno *steach-breack;* la baronessa Silvestri-Genoino, la marchesa Torre, la baronessa Angeloni, la signora Ripandelli, en uno *steach-coach;* la principessa Melo-Barese con la figliuola, en uno *mail-coach*, con quattro *steppheurs*."

Until I came to the end of this paragraph in the *Corriere*, I had no idea what a *steach* meant. But it is evident from the context that the Italian reporter believed that he was writing the English

word "stage," for he subsequently compounds it with the word "coach." I am confirmed in this belief by the journal *Don Marzio*, which speaks of the "*stage*" of the Marchese della Castelluccia. This reporter, however, speaks of the Princess Melo-Barese's *steppheurs*. He and the other reporters evidently believed they were using the English word "steppers."

One of the four-in-hands returning from the races pulled up at the Palazzo Vittoria. It was evidently the rendezvous, for here the party broke up. Some of the ladies who lived in the palace made their adieux, and disappeared in the gateway. Others had their private carriages waiting for them, into which they mounted and drove away. But there were two or three fashionably dressed couples who had to take the plain, ordinary, jay street-cab of Naples—which is about as plain, as ordinary, and as jay as any cab in the world. The horse, while strong, is always a scrubby-looking little beast; the driver is sometimes ragged, invariably dirty, and the cab is generally so. To descend from a fine, well-appointed coach, behind four handsome horses, with natty grooms holding their heads; to be handed your umbrella by an obsequious servant; to bid farewell to a lot of swells; to get into one of these

decrepit cabs, drawn by a knee-sprung horse, and tooled by a dirty ruffian smoking a bad cigar—this certainly seems from a horsey point of view to be a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Naples newspapers seem to be thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. There are dozens of daily and scores of weekly newspapers. They are little four-page sheets, consisting principally of gossipy signed articles on Naples happenings. For the rest, they are made up largely of dispatches from Rome concerning the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies. The "local news" of Naples is very briefly chronicled. The reason probably is that most of it is about the unimportant half-million who make up the mass of the population, while the upper ten thousand do not stab one another and get into jail. The only two "spreads" or "sensational features" in the Naples press since we have been here are the races and a row at the San Carlo. The director of this famous opera-house is one Signore Musella. The theatrical critic of the Naples journal, *Roma*, Signore Petriccone, criticised the management adversely. As a result, Signore Musella fell upon

the critic that night, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. But the critic immediately "slugged" him, or, as *La Libertà* puts it, gave him "una buona dose di pugni," to the great edification of the brilliant Neapolitan audience and the amazement of two American tourists seated near the scene. We have been expecting to hear of a duel, but nothing has been shed but ink. Both gentlemen have printed sarcastic letters in the newspapers, and there is great pother among the critical fraternity.

By the way, the newspaper spoken of, *La Libertà*, styles itself "the organ of the Neapolitan Catholics." Rather odd in a Roman Catholic country, but the church and politics here are inextricably mixed. It is, of course, a conservative journal and bitterly opposed to the extreme left, or Radicals. In a recent number it contains a fierce attack on Gabriele d'Annunzio, the well-known novelist, whose works have been translated and largely sold in the United States. D'Annunzio was recently elected to the Chamber of Deputies as a Conservative. He has, however, gone over to the extreme left, in consequence of a crisis in the Chamber. *La Libertà* denounces him under the heading of "Alcibiades d'Annunzio," calls him a renegade, a traitor, an

apostate, and winds up by saying that his patrician patronymic is bogus, and that the parochial register shows that he rightfully bears the plebeian name of Carlo Rapagnetta.

Il Giorno, a daily paper, is running articles by D'Annunzio on the political situation, at which his political adversaries sneer as being "poetry" and "fine writing." They say he is a poet among politicians and a politician among poets. Another newspaper item of interest is that the *Corriere della Sera* is running daily "Il Cristiano, Romanzo de Hall Caine," translated from the English.

Every tourist goes to see the Royal Palace in Naples, and I shall not describe it here. It is like many other royal palaces in Europe—sumptuous and magnificent. Palaces are very much alike. But when we were there we caught a glimpse of the Prince of Naples and his bride, the heir to the Italian throne.

The House of Savoy considers it politic to have a member of the royal family live in each of the large Italian cities. Thus there is a semi-regal state kept up by the Duke and Duchess of Aosta at Turin; the Duke of Genoa at Venice; the crown prince and princess at Naples and Florence.

The royal family is thus kept ever before the people's eyes. Italy is still unified only in name. The Neapolitans differ as much from the Tuscans as the Tuscans from the French. The old kingdoms cling to old associations. In every large Italian city since 1870 some principal street has been called "Via Roma," after the capital, and there is generally another called "Via Umberto," after the king. But the people use the old names. The main street in Naples, for example, was called for centuries "The Toledo," after a Spanish viceroy. Although officially denominated "Via Roma," the people call it the Toledo still.

So the crown prince lives in a corner of the vast Royal Palace at Naples in order to win the Neapolitans' hearts. He is not particularly popular, however, although he gives away large sums in charity, in prizes for race-courses, etc. He is reputed to have *la jettatura*—the evil eye—and every second Neapolitan wears a charm against that omen of ill.

Our visit to the Royal Palace was notable only because the prince and princess appeared unexpectedly in a corridor leading from their apartments to the private chapel of the royal family. They were accompanied by several ecclesiastics, and appeared so unexpectedly that the palace

guardian who was taking around the two plebeian American tourists could do nothing except to "shoo" his charges into a little ante-room.

The prince is small, weazened, and sickly looking. His bride, on the other hand, is tall and very handsome. She was Princess Helena of Montenegro. The king and queen do not conceal their disappointment over the fact that this marriage has not been fruitful. If the prince and princess remain childless, the royal line will pass to the son of the Duke of Aosta.

It turned out that the prince and princess were a little ahead of time. Visitors are allowed in the Royal Palace up to twelve o'clock, and it lacked five minutes of that hour. The guardian escorted us to the staircase, and turned us over to a gorgeous flunkey in a cocked hat, scarlet coat, plush breeches, silk stockings, and a gold-headed staff. This imposing person conducted us from the staircase to the palace gateway. I had given the guardian twenty cents, and it seemed unjust to give as much to the lackey. So, after wavering a moment, I bestowed upon him ten cents. This the gorgeous lackey accepted with great gratitude, and bowed low. I never got such a magnificent bow and so much livery for ten cents.

I used to hesitate at times about offering tips

to uniformed officials and liveried lackeys. But I never knew one to refuse. In fact, the only time I had a gratuity refused was in Paris once at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. I was pestered by a photograph vender, and finally to get rid of him I offered him a copper. He drew himself up to his full height, stared at me, and said: "Pardon, monsieur; I do not beg—I *sell*." He was the only man I found in all Europe who refused an offered gratuity, and he was in rags. Perhaps he was an anarchist. And then, perhaps, he was crazy.

One of the institutions of Naples is the establishment of Luigi Caflisch on the Chiaia. It is a curious composite. In a way, it is the Huyler's of Naples, for Caflisch deals in confectionery, and of sweets the Neapolitans are very fond. But not only does he deal in confections, but also serves tea, coffee, and chocolate, and every afternoon the place is filled with women coming for a cup of tea and a *brioche*, or some of his many kinds of cake. Caflisch also serves *liqueurs*, wines, etc., and a great many men drop in for an *apéritif*. With the French this is often an absinthe or an Amer Picon; with the Italians it generally takes the

form of vermouth. This cordial they drink in rather an odd fashion — in a tall glass like a brandy-and-soda glass, one-third vermouth and filled up with siphon soda-water.

As the women drop in for their tea and the men for their appetizers at about the same hour, there are naturally a great many meetings. But the place seems to be of unexceptionable character, and the people who frequent it of the better class. Ladies of position are not seen in the principal *cafés* here, like the Café Gambrinus, Café Staraci, and the Café di Torino, although the guide-books say that these establishments are "respectable." But the term applied to a woman is not high praise. So with a *café*.

The Italian has a sweet tooth. At Caflisch's it is not unusual to see two or three gray-mustached Italian gentlemen enter, pick out, one a cream cake, another a chocolate puff, a third a lemon cake, amicably eat them together, wipe their mustaches, each pay for his own, and go out. But a more ludicrous sight is to see a tall cavalry officer, with nodding plume, long cloak, fiercely bewhiskered, booted and spurred, and with sword girt on thigh, enter the candy-shop, buy a nickel's worth of gum-drops, and go out eagerly eating them.

"The House of the Vettii is the largest, handsomest, and best-preserved house in Pompeii."

POMPEII

THERE is nothing new to say about Pompeii. Talk in and of the city stopped eighteen hundred years ago. It was resumed in the last century, however, and has continued ever since. The little city has been described so often that many know it by heart who have never been there. The wheel-ruts in the stone-paved streets, the saucepans containing beans and oil, the grid-irons with remnants of meat upon them, the jars of honey—who has not heard of all these things? So there is nothing new to say of the old city itself.

But stop. There is a new house in Pompeii —at least a house has been newly uncovered since I was there a few years ago. It is the House of the Vettii, and it is the largest, handsomest, and best-preserved house in Pompeii. It far surpasses in interest any of the well-known sights of Pompeii, such as the House of the Tragic Poet, the House of the Faun, the House

of Pansa, or the House of Sallust. In 1895 they were excavating in the Sixth Region in Pompeii, and it was there that the House of the Vettii was uncovered. This is one of the few houses in Pompeii which has not been stripped for the Museum at Naples. The government keeps it intact, with all the paintings and statuary *in situ*. There are locked gates to protect it from marauders, rooms with locked doors to protect them from lady tourists—or to protect the lady tourists from the locked rooms. Differing from most of the Pompeiian houses—which are so small as to seem like little boxes—the House of the Vettii is quite spacious. The peristyle is large, and contains numerous pieces of statuary and marble fountains. There are, also, some fine marble tables in the peristyle. There is a large dining-room which is elaborately frescoed with mythological scenes, and the work is rather better than most of the Pompeiian paintings, which, from an art standpoint, are frequently rather poor. There is a dining-room, several bed-rooms, a kitchen with all its utensils, a bake-house, and a bath-room. All these are on the ground floor. The upper stories are, of course, gone. There are some fine mosaic pavements in this house, and the peristyle has been laid out as a garden,

as was the Pompeiian fashion eighteen hundred years ago. Probably the House of the Vettii more nearly reproduces a rich man's mansion as it was than any house in Pompeii.

But if Pompeii is old, the people who go there are ever new. And the number of tourists seems to have increased largely. When I was there a few years ago, there were not to exceed a score of tourists in the ruins; there were only half a dozen at luncheon at the Villa Diomède, then the only tavern outside the Porta Marina. Now there is quite a cluster of taverns, and the day we were there a long train-load of tourists alighted—nearly two hundred. There were so many that one official guide was told off to a score of people, while on my previous visit every tourist had a guide to himself and there were guides left over.

At that visit I remember that some Italian musicians came in to play for us at luncheon at the Villa Diomède. I asked them if they knew the *intermezzo* from "Cavalleria Rusticana." No, they did not. Did they know what the "Cavalleria Rusticana" was? No, they had never heard of it. Did they know of the composer Mascagni—Pietro Mascagni? No, they had never heard of him, either. Yet at that time all northern Italy was ringing with the fame of young

Mascagni, who had been discovered by Edoardo Sonzogno, the public-spirited music publisher of Milan. But the Neapolitan musicians had never heard his name. Such is fame.

I asked these modern troubadours to play what they liked. There at the gates of the dead city of Pompeii, at the base of the mighty mountain whose ashes had covered it so many centuries ago, these Italian musicians played us "Daisy Bell"!

This time they began with the "Washington Post March," but closed with the *intermezzo*, thus showing that Mascagni has "arrived" at Pompeii. A musician is not without honor even in his own country.

Among the large number of tourists, Germans seem to preponderate. We heard but little English around us. It was principally German, some French, a little Spanish, and Italian—for there are many Italians making the tour of Italy. The Germans are very energetic sight-seers, and very vociferous in their admiration or dislike. One of them became involved in a heated altercation with a guide as to whether a certain statue was that of "Martzelloos," or "Owgoostoos." Despite the guide's protests, he insisted that it was Owgoostoos, and from the chorus of "ja, ja,"

"The ruined temple of Jupiter, which had Vesuvius for a background."

"ganz gewiss," "nicht wahr," and the nods of the Teutonic circle, it was evident that they believed the German rather than the guide.

I can not help but admire the self-satisfied air of the German tourist. Sydney Smith once said that he wished he was as sure of anything as Macaulay was of everything. But while I admire the German cocksureness, I do not envy them its possession. They may keep it. Story the sculptor lived many years in Rome, and was a good classical scholar and archæologist. He did not like the German "Yoolioos Kaiser" and "Kikero" method of pronouncing Latin. He remarked sardonically that it was reserved for a people that had never settled the pronunciation of its own language to presume to settle that of a dead one.

But even the gabbling Germans with their guide-books were silenced at times. We were seated on broken pillars in the Forum, gazing at the ruined temple of Jupiter, which had Vesuvius for a background. Of the two summits of the mountain Monte Somma was black, while the crater summit was covered with a cone of snow extending far downward into the deep valleys on its flanks. On the snow was faintly outlined the dim zigzag of the roadway. A hail-storm had just

passed off to the northeast, clearing the atmosphere, which had been misty. From the cone there arose a cloud of steam which was like the snow, but softer and more silvery, while above this arose a tall column of smoke broadening at the top so that it resembled a pine-tree. Looking up the slight incline of the Forum toward the ruined temple, the massive columns and jagged walls were sharply outlined against this background of purple mountain and shimmering snow, of silvery steam and inky smoke. The sight was a beautiful one, and it silenced even the noisy Germans as they poured into the Forum.

In a few moments the scene changed. Another storm was coming up. Clouds gathered round the mountain, and soon it was nothing but a gigantic shadow looming vaguely through the mist, while the sun shone on the villages of Torre del Greco and Annunziata, and the dead cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the valley below. And with this picture in our minds we turned and silently left the ancient city.

"From the Pincian Park to St. Peter's, looking across Rome."

A ROMAN GARDEN-PARTY

IN Rome the average tourist repairs to the hotel porter for information as to where to go and what to do. The porter is thoroughly posted on museums and galleries, but he rarely reads the papers. If the tourist also fails to read them he will miss many things. Carefully as the Italian papers endeavor to omit the news, they occasionally get some in by accident. Thus, from a brief paragraph in *La Tribuna*, we learned that there would be a charity kermess on the Pincian Hill the following day.

As every one knows, the Pincian Hill of ancient Rome is a pleasure-ground of modern Rome. It is a well-kept park, with winding drives, with trees and terraces, with flowers and fountains—a place where nurse-maids and children go to "hear the band play," and naturally a place where *carabinieri*, *bersaglieri*, and various other kinds of uniformed idlers also go to ogle the coquettish nurse-maids. And, likewise, my

lady drives there in her fine carriage, and eke silk-stockinged John and Jeames—or, in Italian, mayhap, Giovanni and Jacopo. And it was in this beautiful park that the garden-party took place.

The weather was superb, the scene ideal. An inclosure had been erected in the Pincian Park, and within it were numbers of unique booths. There was a wheel-of-fortune booth presided over by the Princess Sonnino Colonna, with a half-score of duchessas, contessinas, and plain donnas to assist her. There was an Indian tea pavilion, where Lady Currie, the British embassadress, presided, assisted by half a dozen ruddy English girls. There was a cigar and cigarette booth, where the Marchesa Marignoli and her noble cohorts sold very poor cigars at very good prices. There was a flower booth directed by the Princess di Frasso Dentice, where fascinating Roman patricians pinned pink camellias on your coat at ruinous rates. There was a Russian kiosque where the Princess Bariatinsky marshaled a number of ladies, all of whose names ended in either *off* or *ski*, and where only Russian knicknacks were for sale. There was a Venetian kiosque where the Princess Voriedoges and her ladies sold Murano glassware. And there was a buffet where

"The giant flunkeys, massive, impassive."

the Marchesa Rudini, wife of the ex-premier, and a group of noble barmaids dispensed beverages at prices which would make a reasonable degree of intoxication cost a fortune. There was also a *café-concert* where a performance was given by a "grand international troupe of eccentric acrobats," all of whom seemed to be well acquainted with the audience; the most successful tumbler was Count Baldassare Negroni, who won the plaudits of the queen. For not the least attraction was the presence of Queen Margherita.

About five o'clock the kermess was in full swing. Dapper officers were touting for trade in front of the booths. Other dapper officers were whirling the wheel-of-fortune for the ladies. Handsome old gentlemen, faultlessly dressed, perfectly groomed, were handing bank-notes right and left for pincushions and flowers. Younger gentlemen, also faultlessly dressed, were gravely whirling about upon wooden carrousel horses in the merry-go-rounds. Ladies in fetching spring gowns and picture hats were fluttering from booth to booth, buying trifles and greeting friends, and there was light talk and laughter on every hand. Even the giant flunkeys, massive, impassive, whiskered, relaxed their stern features and seemed to take a faint and fleeting interest in the scene.

But there was a sudden movement. The crowd precipitated itself toward one side of the garden. A double line of uniformed attendants was formed, and up this line, smiling, bowing, radiant, appeared Queen Margherita, and through the line she made her way to the "Padiglióne à thé dell' Ambasciatrice della Gran Brettagna." There in Lady Currie's tea pavilion she held a reception for a time, and then made the round of the booths.

The queen was not accompanied by the king. Humbert's tastes are simple, and he is rarely seen with the queen on her numerous appearances in the gay world. Besides, he has had experiences which must have embittered him. At Naples in 1878, for example, Passavante leaped upon his carriage-step and attempted to stab him with a dagger as he was seated beside the queen, but Humbert felled him with a blow of his sabre. Some years later another assault by the assassin Acciarutio showed that Humbert is no coward. But such attempts do not make him fond of appearing in public with the queen, whose life would thus be also in danger.

The king rides in the early morning hours, and sometimes in the afternoon drives a light phaeton with two spirited horses, frequently holding the ribbons himself, and accompanied

"In the Pincian Park were numbers of unique booths."

only by an aid. He is then always in civilian's garb, and his equipage has no sign of pomp.

The queen generally drives in state. On the Corso and on the Pincio her *calèche* is conspicuous. The four servants wear scarlet liveries, and on state occasions powdered periwigs and silk stockings. One day when we were at the race-track she drove out with four horses, with postilions and a mounted escort. The queen was once very beautiful, and is still handsome. She is fond of jewels, and her pearls are famous. Her name, "Margherita," signifies pearl, and the king each year adds to her collection of enormous pearls. The king's father left debts of fifteen millions behind him, and it took years of economy on Humbert's part to pay off these debts. He sold off nearly all the family lands to do this, and acquired habits of economy which stick to him still. But he never economizes in his wife's pearls.

The queen is not only fond of the theatre, but she is also devoted to letters, music, and art. She regularly receives the most notable new books in Italian, French, English, and German; she is a warm admirer of Duse and Novelli, the two leading Italian actors, and at her Wednesday evenings on the Quirinal she frequently has musicians of note as her guests. She also takes

a great interest in the schools of art in Rome, among them the French Academy in the Villa Medici.

Humbert and Margherita do not lack for residences. They have palaces everywhere—in Rome, the Quirinal; in Naples, the old palace of the Bourbon kings, as well as the two other royal palaces of Capodimonte and Caserti; in Genoa, the magnificent Durazzo palace on the Via Balbi; in Florence, the Pitti palace; in Venice, the old doge's palace; in Milan, the palace of the former grand dukes; in Turin, the palace of the Piedmont kings, where Humbert was born. At Monza,* near Milan, they have a beautiful summer residence, surrounded by a great park miles in extent. Then in the Alps of northern Italy they have a mountain home at Gressoney.

Humbert is hereditary King of Sardinia and Piedmont. Hence a somewhat anomalous condition of things in Italy, for not all the Italians recognize him as King of Italy. Many refuse to salute him in his own capital at Rome. The more bigoted Catholics ignore him, and refuse to cast a vote at any election while "the usurper"

*While these pages were passing through the press, King Humbert was murdered near Monza, by the assassin Bresci.

is on the throne. Half the Roman aristocracy will not go to the Quirinal. Some foreign Catholic princes will not go there. Even Humbert's nephew, King Carlos of Portugal, will not visit him at the Quirinal. His sister Clotilde, whom he tenderly loves, has refused to accept his hospitality there. Emperor Francis Joseph has never returned the visit Humbert made to him in Vienna. Foreign Catholic noblemen who do go to the Quirinal will not afterward be received at the Vatican until they have first "purified" themselves by calling on their own legations to the Vatican. For be it understood that the Roman Catholic powers have two embassadors to Rome, one to the king and the other to the Pope. The ban of excommunication rests upon Humbert so long as he occupies the former Papal territory.

But on the other hand, while the Pope does not recognize him as King of Italy, he does recognize him as King of Sardinia and Piedmont. Therefore the king assists at mass and receives the sacrament from a Piedmontese chaplain. When the Pope appoints a Bishop of Turin, the king's approval is necessary as King of Piedmont. On Humbert's "Saint's Day" the Vatican allows *Te Deums* to be sung in the churches of Piedmont,

Tuscany, Lombardy, Venetia, Sicilia, and Sardinia, as these lands were taken from other potentates, and not from the Pope. The Pope also tacitly permitted the Crown Prince's marriage to Helena of Montenegro, in 1896, to take place in Rome, but in a minor church—Santa Maria degli Angeli.

This is, perhaps, dry reading after a garden-party, but it shows the curious condition of "United Italy," which to me does not seem to be united at all. Humbert's subjects speak of themselves as Romans, Neapolitans, Tuscans, and Venetians, rather than as Italians, and ugly questions crop up continually. Recently the chambers were dissolved almost in a riot over one of these vexed questions, and immediately the students all over the kingdom engaged in sympathetic riots. At Foggia a royalist deputy was viciously assaulted. Even in Rome there was a religious riot on the Corso. A popular priest, Father Theodosio, was preaching in the fashionable church at San Carlo al Corso. A panic occurred owing to the screams of an hysterical woman. An anti-clerical mob gathered outside of the church and began to shout "Down with the priests!" A clerical mob gathered with counter cries, and for a time the Corso was blockaded,

and the police had difficulty in dispersing the mob. And all this took place at a fashionable church on the Largo al Corso in the very heart of Rome.

ARMS AND THE MAN

WHAT first strikes the American in Europe is the number of men in uniform. Our officers at home and those in England are in mufti except when on duty. But on the Continent, officers, as well as privates, must wear their uniforms everywhere. As a result you see them by thousands in the streets of every large city. The number is swollen by the semi-military gendarmery found in all Continental countries. On the streets there is a continual saluting of uniformed men which is so incessant that it is at times almost ludicrous. When a middle-aged officer is trudging along through the slush, a careworn expression on his countenance, his wife on his left arm, a baby on his right, an umbrella in his left hand, with the rain pouring in sheets upon this military family, it seems a trifle absurd for him to disembarrass himself of baby and umbrella in order to return the salutes of four or five stiffly standing soldiers whose hands are glued to their caps.

But most of the officers one meets are not so encumbered. Probably marriage on their meagre pay is impossible. In fact, in most Continental countries army officers are forbidden to marry unless the two spouses between them have a certain income—so much for a captain, so much for a lieutenant, etc. As a result, many thousands of able-bodied, energetic, and ambitious men, the flower of the land, are cut off from professional and other careers, debarred from marriage and domestic life, and condemned to—what? Loafing.

For that terse Americanism expresses exactly the occupation of the European army officer. In England he loafs in his clubs, or, if he loafs elsewhere, his attire renders him undistinguishable from other loafers. But on the Continent he has no clubs, or, if he has, he prefers to do his loafing in the *cafés* and on the street. Here at all hours of the day you see crowds of officers drinking in *cafés*, smoking on street-corners, staring in shop-windows, leaning against lamp-posts, peering into carriages, and ogling the women. They seem to lead listless, lazy lives, and their home, apparently, is the street. They remind me irresistibly of that dreamy lounger, the American police officer. Like him, too, they are prepared for all kinds of weather. They are so used to living on the street that they

can not even go in when it rains, and in Europe it rains a great deal. So they wear long mackintoshes, with hoods to protect their caps. You see a tall figure, cowled and shrouded in black, leaning against a lamp-post, smoking a long cigar. The rain streams over it into the gutter. But the rain stops. The sun shines again, and the black object steps into a *café*, sheds its caoutchouc cocoon, and comes out again a brilliant military butterfly, with glittering uniform, with helmet of gilt and steel, a long sword clanging upon the pavement, in the basket-hilt of which is a pair of white kid gloves. And again the warrior resumes his work — walking the streets.

I said they have no clubs. I mean in the American and English sense of the term. In Rome they have a Circolo Militàre, but it is an association rather than a club. Papers are read there on technical subjects by those officers who, weary of their idle lives, have turned to study as a relief. There is also in Italy a Union Militàre, but that is merely a coöperative institution for the purchase of all kinds of wares, like the great Army and Navy Coöperative Stores in England.

There is no doubt that this military element lends much light and color to the streets. Although

there are uniforms more brilliant than in Italy—in Austro-Hungary, for example—the Italian uniforms are very handsome. The variety is striking. You see infantry officers in dark-blue tunics with silver facings, blue-gray trousers with scarlet stripes, and long blue-gray cloaks. You see *bersaglieri*, an *élite* rifle corps, in dark-blue and crimson uniforms, wearing round hats with cock's plumes hanging in a large bunch from one side. You see cavalry officers in blue and gray uniforms, some wearing fur caps, and the Savoy regiments wearing gold-crested steel helmets. You see artillery officers in blue and yellow, engineer officers in blue and crimson, the royal body-guard in blue and silver, and finally you see the royal horse-guards, imposing creatures in helmets with black horse-hair plumes, steel cuirasses, white leather breeches, and high boots. Then there are the *carabinieri*, or *gendarmes*, who wear a simple, old-fashioned uniform—long-skirted coat, cocked hat, pipe-clayed belt and scabbard. It is quaint and effective.

What we would call the police officers wear different uniforms in different cities. In Rome their uniform is much like that of the infantry of the line, which adds to the apparent number of military in the streets. In other Italian cities

they wear various costumes, probably dating from the days before United Italy. In Genoa their garb is indeed extraordinary. They wear long, black surtout coats, cut like what our tailors call a Newmarket or paddock coat. The costume is crowned with a "stove-pipe hat." This seems incredible, but it is true. When it rains they substitute a cap for the stove-pipe.

In addition to the military, the rural gendarmery, and the municipal police officers, practically all government employees wear semi-military uniforms. Firemen, custom-house officers, post-office clerks, postal-wagon drivers, railway employees (the railways belong to the government), telegraph employees (the telegraph belongs to the government also), *octroi* employees—all of these men are in uniform. And people who are fond of advocating government ownership of railroads and telegraphs ought to try it over here. These petty officials in brass buttons are so swollen with bureaucratic importance that they are not even civil. The railways do not advertise their time-tables, or anything else for that matter. If you want to find out details concerning trains, rates of fare, rates on luggage by passenger train, rates on luggage by fast freight, rates on luggage by slow freight, rates for transporting luggage

from station to domicile in railway vans—well, you may succeed if you are persistent, but you will get little help and much insolence from the railway officials. If you purchase a sleeping-car coupon with a first-class ticket you are entitled, under the law, to demand that a sleeping-car be placed on the train, even if you are the only passenger. But the railway officials will never tell you of your rights. I found this out from a tourist agency, and took great pleasure in compelling the railway officials to put on a sleeping-car for our special use and behoof.

As for the telegraph, the government plainly says on its blanks that it is not responsible for anything—errors in transmission, failure to transmit, battle, murder, sudden death, pestilence, famine, or act of God. If you send high-priced cablegrams by the Italian government's telegraph service you had better demand a receipt for the money. A receipt, by the way, will cost you twenty-five centesimi extra. An American in Italy recently complained of having sent six cablegrams to the United States in one month, five of which were never received. Probably the employees pocketed the money and threw the cablegrams in the waste-basket. The post-office so distrusts its employees that they have a contri-

vance for emptying letter-boxes by which the letters are slid from the locked box into a bag with a locked top, so that the employee cannot handle them. Newspaper boxes are emptied into a bag, as in our country. The government railways have so poor an opinion of their brass-buttoned employees that they will accept no luggage unless it has strong locks upon it. Even with that precaution there are so many thefts from trunks on Italian railways that prudent people insure their luggage.

Why is Italy so poor? Why is official honesty at so low an ebb that she can not trust even her own government employees? Why is it unsafe to hand a letter to a postal-carrier to post, lest he should steal the stamps? The answer is simple. It is because of the brilliant uniforms which give color to the streets; of the vast number of soldiers who live upon the tax-payers. For every idle officer loafing at a *café* three or four men are working hard to earn his living and their own. The unfortunate country is ground down with taxation. There is nothing that is untaxed. Even the food you eat pays a double tax—once to the state and again to the city. The very sunlight is taxed, for there is a heavy tax on windows.

California and Italy are about the same size.

Roughly speaking, California contains about 150,000 square miles, Italy about 120,000 square miles. They are not dissimilar in physical characteristics. They extend over a long distance from north to south, and each has an extensive coast line. Each is destitute of coal mines. Each produces large quantities of wheat. Each produces citrus and other fruits, olives, wine, and raisins. The climate is about the same, although California's is superior. They are in about the same zone. Rome lies in about the same latitude as San Francisco. Our State is one of the richest and most fertile of all the United States. Yet suppose that California were as populous as Italy—some day it will be. Suppose it had a population of millions. Could California, even with its vast resources, support an army of a quarter of a million men as Italy does? She could do it only as Italy does, by grinding the people into the dust with oppressive taxation.

It is a fact that Italy—about the size of California—has over 200,000 men under arms, with a reserve of 2,000,000 more. She also has a large and costly navy.

The Italian government is much concerned at the enormous emigration. They try to stop it, but it can not be stopped. The young men flee

to avoid conscription. Recently some Italian chemists were arrested for selling drugs which enabled young men to feign chronic maladies so skillfully as to avoid conscription. This is another symptom of the army ulcer which is eating into Italy.

Of course, every one in America knows these things. We know them on paper. But there is nothing like seeing them. They had grown dim in my memory since I was last in Europe. But a glimpse of militarism revives my old impressions. Here it is hated and dreaded. The ambitious and energetic flee from it and go to other lands. The Germans in America are a type of this class. It is no wonder that the menace of militarism in our own country is arousing such distrust and hostility among our naturalized citizens of European birth. In Europe, militarism is a black and blighting shadow. May it never fall across our republic's onward way.

A ROMAN RACE-COURSE

AT the spring race-meeting of Rome the principal races are the "Steeple-Chase Nazionale," the "Grand Steeple-Chases di Roma," and the "Derby Reale." The English tinge to the sport may be inferred from these Anglo-Italian titles. The stewards of the course bore ancient names. They were Prince Colonna, Prince Doria, and Prince Rosano. A number of other princes, marquises, and counts held ornamental positions, but I observed that the starter was a plain American named George Bartlett. The Royal Derby prize of 24,000 lire was won by the Italian horse Cloridano. It was quite evident that the jockey who rode the horse was not a "Romano di Roma," for his name was Jones.

It would be useless to give the time of these races, for the distances are all in metres, and comparisons with our races in miles would be difficult. There were no book-makers' stands at this Roman race-track, but the public betting

was all done on the mutual plan at stands called by the Italians "totalizzatori." This is similar to the French system once in use on our race-tracks called "Paris Mutuals." It may be still in use. Horsemen are not, as a rule, strong in philology; this phrase, *paris mutuels*—"mutual wagers"—was by them universally believed to mean a form of betting peculiar to Paris.

The prices of admission are higher than on our tracks. The tariff (in American money) was as follows:

Admission to course	$ .10
Admission to the reserved stand—	
Gentlemen	4.00
Ladies	2.00
Officers in uniform	2.00
Admission to seat in covered pavilion	.40
Admission to seat in uncovered pavilion (bleachers)	.20
Admission four-horse vehicle	8.00
Admission two-horse vehicle	4.00
Admission automobile	4.00
Admission bicycle	.20

The scene at the race-course was an animated one. Overlooking the quarter-stretch were the royal tribune, the tribunes of the various racing clubs, and the reserved grand stand, or "Tribuna Reservata." In front of these tribunes there

promenaded a brilliant throng. In addition to Roman swelldom, there was the foreign and diplomatic colony, which is large. There were also some visiting personages, such as the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. Several members of the Italian royal family were present to receive the king and queen. Both houses of the Italian parliament were represented, and many titled sportsmen came from Florence, Naples, and Turin. Upon the rich carpet of greensward there gathered gay groups in the paddocks, and between the races numerous parties seated themselves at tables in the open air and partook of hearty luncheons washed down with champagne. Some of the noble Roman dames have very fine appetites I observed.

On the other side of the track, in the centre of the field, there was a similar yet a different scene. It was the Roman populace, also eating and drinking, although not in so dainty a way. But it was infinitely more amusing than the aristocratic gathering. Booths had sprung up like mushrooms, and here the Roman populace was filling itself with macaroni and spaghetti, with risotto and ravioli, with yard-long loaves of bread, with strange stews of kid's flesh and veal, with mysterious sausages like mortadella, and with white and

red Chianti wine—and a great deal of it. For I regret to state that a large part of the Roman populace was intoxicated. If the "Senatus Romanus" drank French champagne, the "Populus Romanus" drank the wine of the country. All over the field were gathered groups of men, red in the face, flushed with wine, and shaking their clenched fists in each other's faces with loud shouts. But they were not fighting. They were only playing *morro*, the national game, which apparently consists in quickly guessing the number of unclosed fingers in the opponent's partially closed hand. The crowd seemed to be good-humored, if intoxicated, and I saw no fights.

But a ripple of excitement sweeps over the quarter-stretch, and hats go off like magic. It is the king, who drives himself in his phaeton, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp. A few moments afterward arrives the queen, accompanied by the Princess Pignateli Strongola and a gentleman-in-waiting; to-day she has postilions and outriders. After a brief period another carriage brings the queen's mother, the Dowager Duchess of Genoa. They are met by one of the royal family, the Count of Turin, the stewards of the course, and the Syndic of Rome, who usher them to the royal tribune, whence they

"There ran for miles the arches of a ruined Roman aqueduct."

follow with interest the course of the Royal Derby. The king was carefully dressed in ordinary afternoon garb—silk hat and frock coat.

To me the most interesting part of the races was the return. Races are very much the same all the world over, whether at Epsom or Longchamp, at Morris Park or at Ingleside. But the setting of these Roman races was very different. Around us stretched for miles the rolling Roman Campagna, for we were at Cappanelle, some five miles out of Rome. To the east lay the Alban Mountains, their flanks covered with villas and villages clearly outlined through our field-glasses. To the northwest the great dome of St. Peter's seemed suspended like a ball over the city of Rome. Hard by there ran for miles the arches of a ruined Roman aqueduct. To the left of the Via Appia Nuova, over which we drove, there could be seen outlined against the sky the beautiful tomb of Cecilia Metella on the old Appian Way. It was on the *new* Appian Way that we drove to and from the races. I noted an ancient milestone, moss-covered, earth-embedded, on which I could faintly trace the words "Via Appia Nuova." Yet this *new* Appian Way is centuries old.

Toward the old city we whirled along over this new-old way. At first we saw only the solitary hostelry of the Cappanelle. But as we neared the city the *osterias* grew thicker. At every wine-shop rows of chairs at the door and rows of heads on the walls betokened the interest of the people in the return from the races. As we neared the city wall and the gate of San Giovanni, the crowd formed a continuous line on either side of the roadway. The mounted *carabinieri* had much ado to keep the passage clear, and as the long line of carriages dashed through the gate and by the beautiful church of St. John Lateran, the great square in front of it was packed with people. From there on, all the way into the heart of the city, and even up the Corso, there were throngs of people waiting to see the carriage parade returning from the races. They crowded the chairs in front of the *cafés*. They lined the edges of the sidewalks. They even stood in the streets. One might have imagined it to be a rising of the Roman people, but it was nothing but a childlike Roman crowd.

Once before I had driven in from the Campagna after viewing the Roman picnic known as the feast of the "Divino Amore." We were greeted on our return by a similar curious crowd.

"The beautiful church of St. John Lateran."

I thought at the time that it was due to the importance which the Romans attach to this distinctively Roman festival. But since our return from the races I have concluded that it is a common occurrence. For whenever anything takes place on the Campagna, half Rome goes out to see it, and the other half goes out to see them come back.

THE GRAVE OF ROMULUS

YEARLY there takes place in the Forum a curious festival—the celebration of the "Birthday of Rome." Why the modern Romans originally selected the twenty-first of April for this anniversary I do not know. While they were about it they might as well have said that Rome was founded on the twenty-first of April, 753 B.C., at 3:17 P.M. I believe it was the pious Archbishop Usher who, in his Biblical chronology, gave the exact time of day when Adam was created.

Probably the Italian government was impelled this year to cook up some kind of a special celebration as a counter-check to the rival shop over the way. For the Vatican was a human ant-hill and St. Peter's was in full blast. On the other hand, the Quirinal Hill was deserted—even the Baedeker palmers went across the Tiber to join the pious pilgrims. Something had to be done. The king must not be entirely eclipsed by the

"Outlined against the sky the beautiful tomb of Cecilia Metella on the old Appian Way."

Pope, so Premier Pelloux hatched up this scheme of an extraordinary celebration of the "Birthday of Rome." It should take place in the Roman Forum; the Roman school-children should be marshaled there; and in the excavations the day before the celebration the engineers should uncover the grave of Romulus.

It was not a bad idea. It was well-conceived and dramatic. But from an ultramontane standpoint it would seem to be bad politics. This pitting of the monarchy against the Papacy, of the king against the Pope, of the Forum against the Vatican, must to the minds of the faithful irresistibly suggest Pagan Rome as against Christian Rome.

The celebration took place according to programme. The day was beautiful. The Forum was open only to the school-children, the officials, and the invited guests—many foreigners obtaining tickets through their embassies. Before the arrival of the king and queen the school-children poured into the Forum, each of the various lyceums and institutions headed by its banner-bearer. To the Forum's edge on the Via Bonella many strangers drove down even at the early hour of nine o'clock to view this curious sight. The students were addressed by archæologists in Latin

and in Italian. Doubtless these discourses were of extreme interest, but we could not hear them where we were, nor could we have understood them had we heard them.

An hour later the invited guests poured into the Forum, awaiting the arrival of the king and queen. The "recinto" surrounding the Forum —which in America we would call a rail fence— marked the limits of a dense mass of people. Heads protruded from the windows of all the old houses overlooking the Forum. The roofs of the palaces on the Capitoline Hill, and even the towers of the Senate House, were black with people. The small boys of Rome shinned up on dead-and-gone Cæsars' columns as recklessly as at home they do upon the humble lamp-posts.

A movement like a wave ran over the vast crowd. The notes of the royal *fanfare* were sounded by the trumpeters. The well-known scarlet liveries appeared on the Via San Teodoro, and the king and queen appeared amid the cheers of the populace. Upon a scaffolding outside the barrier near the site of Santa Maria Liberatrice stood a crowd of young women bearing red-bound guide-books. They cheered frantically, and gave the "Chautauqua salute" with their handkerchiefs. Although not in it, they were

"Dead-and-gone Cæsars' columns in the Forum."

determined to be of it. The king and queen were followed by the ladies and gentlemen of their household and the military officials attached to the court. They were received by the Syndic of Rome, Prince Colonna; Signore Boni, the engineer directing the excavations; and Professor Cinquini, the archæologist in charge. A brilliant suite followed them, including the diplomatic corps.

The royal pair were first taken to the Basilica Æmilia and were then led to the House of the Vestals, where some new discoveries had just been made; from this point they could survey the remains of a Greek church newly uncovered on the flanks of the Palatine Hill.

But the *bonne-bouche* of this Roman repast was the serving up to them of the grave of Romulus. Not the tomb, look you—one could stand a tomb—but the *grave*. Not many months ago a piece of black marble pavement was uncovered which enthusiastic archæologists at once identified as the grave of Romulus, because ancient authors speak of it being marked by a "black stone." The day before the celebration a new piece of pavement was uncovered, which settled the matter. To this the king and queen were led by the engineer and the professor, gazed

at the black stone with due reverence, read the inscriptions, and were doubtless much impressed. At least the queen seemed to be. She was very enthusiastic, and vowed that this official visit would not satisfy her; she told the gratified engineer that she would surely return *incognita* and make a more thorough inspection under his guidance at some later day. She is a smart queen. Margherita knows her business.

The king, who is less impressionable, promised to send Minister Baccilli to look into matters, and see if the excavations could not be expedited. For Italy is poor, and these archæological researches cost a great deal of money. The king also conferred upon Engineer Boni the title of Commendatore, and upon Professor Cinquini that of Cavaliere, and amid the cheers of their loyal subjects and the frenzied acclamations of the Baedeker maidens on the scaffolding, their majesties withdrew.

The very next day, as a counterblast to this Quirinal attraction, Pope Leo left the Vatican, came down into St. Peter's, and blessed ten thousand people all in one lump. Five thousand of them were pilgrims and five thousand were mixed. At this writing the volatile Roman populace inclines toward the Vatican again.

MODERN PILGRIMS

ALL roads lead to Rome. All the Roman roads are crowded. And Rome is full of pilgrims. They are of two kinds—guide-book pilgrims and prayer-book pilgrims, or Baedeker pilgrims and St. Peter pilgrims. Of the two, the Baedeker pilgrims are certainly the cleaner, though possibly less pious. They are here in swarms—I had almost said streams, for at any converging point in the Roman microcosm you see tourists in cabs pouring through the opening in streams, like water running out of an irrigating ditch or grain out of a hopper. The sight is amazing. Hour after hour there streams by this curious mass of humanity in cabs. Its general tone is elderly, and women predominate—elderly women with gray hair and spectacles. Mingled with these are large numbers of young women—among them the girly-girl who has "finished her education," delivered her valedictory, and sallied forth to view the world

through her eighteen-year-old eyes, and to express surprise and disapproval when she finds manners and customs differing from those in her native village. Then there is the other type of young woman. She is about thirty, has seen many social seasons, is still unwed, and is now beginning her education instead of finishing it, like her eighteen-year-old sister. She is painstaking in her study of art, and is often an ardent art-lover. I was going to say enthusiastic, but the veteran maiden has but little enthusiasm left. Yet she is a nice girl—much nicer than her eighteen-year-old sister, more sensible; not so prone to say that Rome is "real nice," and less inclined to hysteric shrieks and girly-girl giggles.

Among the Baedeker pilgrims there is quite a sprinkling of hobbledehoy youths of fifteen or sixteen; men, however, are in a notable minority.

The elderly women predominate. I shall always carry away an indelible impression of this visit to Rome—that of a stream of elderly women with gold-rimmed spectacles rolling by me in cabs; trying to read Baedeker and see Rome at the same time; sitting uneasily and one-sidedly in their cabs, like one who is trying to catch a train; with an anxious look upon their elderly faces, as

if they feared that before they got there Rome's seven hills might vanish or the Colosseum might fall down.

Dear old ladies! Millions of women have been born, have borne yet other millions, have lived upon the seven hills, and now their moldering bodies make up the soil which is bridging the spaces between the Roman hills and making both hills and valleys into a rolling plain. And still the Colosseum stands, and still stands Rome.

Dear old ladies! Let no one think that because I repeat these adjectives "old" and "elderly" that I am sneering at their age. Not so. I am only wondering that their years have not made them wiser.

The tourist pilgrims are to be found in groups as well as singly. In the Colosseum, on the Palatine Hill, in the Forum, you will see groups composed generally of these three classes—the spectacled lady, the veteran maiden, and the girly-girl, gathered around some lecturer, listening attentively to his flood of words and making careful notes. I wonder why they make notes. Does anybody know why? These lecturers are French as well as Italian, but they generally lecture in English—at least I suppose it is English. I hope the lectures are edifying and

improving; heard in passing, they are certainly amusing.

There is still another kind of tourist group. This is the German group. Here the men predominate. You are seated, like Marius, on a broken column; you are trying to think the commonplace things that everybody thinks; suddenly a wild whirring noise falls upon your ear like the "honk! honk! honk!" of a flock of wild geese. You look up in alarm. Toward you comes—V-shaped, like the wild geese—a triangular mass of humanity, a German flying-wedge. It is headed by the Herr Professor. The Herr Professor wears large round spectacles, and has long hair, long mustaches, long whiskers, long nails, and long teeth. He is talking. The sides of the triangle are talking. The base of the triangle is talking. Everybody is talking. The Herr Professor gallops up to the Temple of Castor and Pollux. He elevates his voice above the babel to a roar, and declaims fiercely for ten or fifteen seconds. The triangle still talks. With another shout the professor darts toward the Basilica Julia. The flying-wedge follows him. Ten seconds here. With a whoop the professor turns toward the Arch of Severus. Fifteen seconds. Then with gabble and roar and rattle,

"Where Romulus's grave was uncovered, near the Arch of Severus."

like the noise of a passing train, the wild-eyed German tourists whirl toward the exit. The tip-touting guardian feebly tries to flag them as they dash by, but fails. The Germans are gone. But in a few moments you hear the "honk! honk!" again borne back on the wings of the wind. The Germans have reached the Palatine Hill.

The Baedeker pilgrims were far outnumbered by the St. Peter pilgrims. To give an idea of the size of these pilgrimages, let me copy the figures of arrivals by train from the newspapers of a single day:

At 4:17 o'clock 946 pilgrims from Arezzo.
At 5:45 o'clock 1,030 pilgrims from Vald'arno.
At 6:30 o'clock 1,017 pilgrims from Tiberina.
At 7:18 o'clock 450 pilgrims from Casentino.
At 8:45 o'clock 877 pilgrims from Milan.
At 9:20 o'clock 954 pilgrims from Milan. (Second section of train.)
At 10:25 o'clock 831 pilgrims from Terrasina.
At 11:00 o'clock 450 pilgrims from Goritz.
At 12:15 o'clock 617 pilgrims from Leibach.
At 13:45 o'clock 460 pilgrims from Belgium.
At 14:00 o'clock 301 pilgrims from Gaeta.
At 15:15 o'clock 954 pilgrims from The Marches.
At 16:00 o'clock 1,500 pilgrims from The Marches. (Second section of special train.)

At 17:00 o'clock 1,722 pilgrims from Florence.

At 18:50 o'clock 949 pilgrims from Tuscany; generally from Tuscan dioceses Fiesole and Modigliana.

At 19:50 o'clock 450 pilgrims from Bohemia.

At 20:17, 21:45, 22:30, 23:18, and 24:35 five special trains of 4,000 Tuscan pilgrims.

These items show how the pilgrims poured into Rome. In this one day 17,508 pilgrims arrived. The majority, of course, were Italians, but there were among these arrivals pilgrimages of Belgians, French, Austrians, Hungarians, Galicians, and Slovaks. The large number in the trains is explained by the fact that most of them rode in fourth-class vans, something like our cattle-cars.

There was an occasional pilgrimage of the better classes. For example, one was made up entirely of members of the Viennese aristocracy. This was headed by Monsignore the Count of Lippe, of St. Stephen's Cathedral, archbishop of Vienna; he is a member of the reigning house of Lippe in Germany. In this pilgrimage were the Princess Lichtenstein, the Princess Lobkowiz, the Countess Szecheny, and a number of others bearing the proudest names of Austro-Hungary. These pilgrims were received by the Pope in private audience, presented by the Austro-Hungarian

embassador, and for days Rome gossiped of the magnificent gifts they brought as Peter's pence. This was the only aristocratic pilgrimage, and there were very few pilgrims even of the middle class. Most of the pilgrims were peasants.

Like the Baedeker pilgrims, the St. Peter pilgrims were generally elderly. Few young people were among them, although you occasionally saw an elderly woman carrying a new baby. Some of these peasant women — like Elizabeth, who bore John the Baptist when she was "well stricken in years" — apparently defy the flight of time. But not in visage, for they all are wrinkled and all look old. If any one believes that "living near to nature," as peasants do, makes fine physical types, a look at these pilgrims would undeceive him. I have never seen so many physical degenerates among people not actually deformed. With minor physical defects they are very largely endowed. Among them were knock-kneed pilgrims, bow-legged pilgrims, club-footed pilgrims, humpbacked pilgrims, splay-footed pilgrims, one-eyed pilgrims, hare-lipped pilgrims, ataxic pilgrims, epileptic pilgrims, and cock-eyed pilgrims—for of converging and diverging strabismus I never saw so many cases in my life.

The St. Peter pilgrims were frightfully dirty.

There was nothing picturesque about them, for only two or three groups wore any distinctive costume—the Calabrians, the Slovaks, and a few others. They were so filthy that the terrified Romans abandoned the tram-cars for insectivorous reasons. Even the Papal authorities became alarmed at the bad sanitary condition of some of the pilgrims, and decided to forbid the pilgrimages during the summer months, fearing an outbreak of disease at Rome.

If the pilgrims drove the Romans out of the trams, they drove the tourists out of the galleries—at least the free ones. Through the Vatican there tramped ceaselessly hordes of these unclean creatures, gazing goggle-eyed at the pictures and statuary. The marble floors were defiled by them; the light rendered dim by clouds of dust from their grimy clothing; the air befouled by their fetid breath. The smells were awful. The Vatican was an excellent place to stay away from while the pilgrims were there.

However, this is a characteristic of free days and free galleries. At the Paris Salon there are—or used to be—three rules regarding admission: Fridays, five francs; Sundays, free; other days, one franc. On Fridays the people you meet there are clean; on one-franc days it is a little

smelly; on Sundays it is awful. I once went into the Tower of London, not knowing it was a free day. But I got no further than the Bloody Tower. There I was obliged to give it up, and returned to the outer air half-strangled by the smell of the British populace.

Lest any one should consider these remarks "snobbish," coming from a citizen of a republic, I may state that I am a firm believer in republicanism, but I believe in the Republic of Soap.

The Italian omnibuses and street-cars receive passengers only until the seats are "complete," when they carry a signboard to that effect. After the advent of the pilgrims in Rome, the employees were unable to enforce this rule. So they did not try. It was not uncommon to see an electric car, its inside jammed with pilgrims, its platforms choked with pilgrims, with pilgrims' heads sticking out of the windows, with pilgrims hanging like bunches of grapes from the hand-rails, and with pilgrims on the roof. In front you saw the signboard "COMPLETO."

The sign seemed unnecessary.

All sorts of things happened to the pilgrims, and many things happened to the people who had

to handle them. The luckless conductors and motor-men of the electric trams were badly used in their attempts to prevent the pilgrims from hurting themselves in their wild rushes upon the incoming cars. At terminal points like the Piazza Venezia the scenes were extraordinary. When a car appeared bound for St. Peter's, hundreds of pilgrims took it by storm, climbed over the wire railings, clambered through the windows, even hung on to the brake-beams. Here is a paragraph from a Roman daily:

"The frenzied crowd of pilgrims, themselves hurling upon the trams in the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano, at the seventeen and three-quarters o'clock of the evening, caused a deplorable disgrace. The conductor Sante Verdelocco of tram No. 233, while attempting them to restrain, received the handling so rough that he experienced the fracture of the sixth rib on the left side. At the hospital the Doctor Stefani decided that he would be discharged cured in twenty-five days."

Note the curious ending. In all the Roman dailies accounts of accidents are followed by a similar prophecy from the hospital doctors.

Here is another local item concerning the achievements of the frenzied pilgrims on the trams:

"In the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano in the middle day (*mezzogiorno*) of yesterday the under-brigadier of the Guard of Public Security, Alexander Bonalli, in attempting to prevent from mounting on the tram the frenzied crowd of pilgrims, was trampled upon and badly injured at the left knee and at the right arm. At the hospital it was decided that he would be discharged cured in sixteen days.

"It is marvelous the service that do the employees with such crowds in all the stations principals of the trams-electrics. It is due to the admirable Cavalier Fucci who is at the head of the service of the trams-electrics, and makes honor to the city."

As an acknowledgment of the hard work of the tramway employees the following advertisement appeared in the Roman newspapers:

Office of the Società Romana Tramways-Omnibus.
Paid-up Capital, 5,600,000 Lire.
Rome, April 29, 1900.

It is my pleasant duty to inform the employees of this company that the board of directors is much pleased with the laudable zeal that they have shown in handling the present extraordinary influx of passengers. As a proof of our satisfaction with the faithfulness of our employees, and to render them, if possible, even more devoted to the company and attentive to the public, we have resolved that every employee shall receive double pay for his ser-

vices for to-morrow, the thirtieth of April. For the board of directors.

Signed, F. PAGANINI, President.

The foregoing document may make American readers stare. They might be justified in suspecting President Paganini's sanity. But the board of directors could not all go crazy at the same time.

The terror which the terrified pilgrims inspired in those who had to deal with them was justifiable, as will be seen from the foregoing. But while untoward things happened to those who handled them, not a few things happened to the pilgrims themselves. The following paragraphs are of a type which was only too frequently seen in the Roman dailies. It was evident that the religious fervor of some of the pilgrims was very closely allied to mania:

"Yesterday the pilgrim Alexander Deino, of years thirty-four, of Rocca San Casciano, who lodges in the Piazza Santa Chiara, No. 49, fourth floor, was so impressioned by a visit made to St. Peter's and the Catacombs that he commenced to delirium. The exaltation of the pilgrim increased, and toward midday he began to throw the landlord's furniture out of the window. The demented was visited by the Doctor Borruso, who ordered him transferred to the maniackery."

"This night at midnight and a half, outside the gate Cavalleggeri, a pilgrim Belgian, the Professor Giuseppe Warnier, made himself to push the cries frenzied and to make the gestures of madness. The brigadier of *carabinieri*, Osvaldo Carrara, and the Carabiniero Carletti, who passed at this moment, could only with great difficulty conduct him to the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, where it was obliged to put on him the jacket of force. The Doctor Pastano, from the disordered discourses of the unfortunate, concluded that he was attained of the monomania religious."

Some of the pilgrims who stormed the trams came to grief, as will be seen by this:

"At fourteen and a half o'clock of to-day, the tram-electric No. 264 has invested the pilgrim Giuseppe Foglieni, of years forty-eight, of Calupo d'Adda. The Foglieni bears lacerated and contused wounds on the occiput and grave contusions and ecchymoses at the left flank, and commotions cerebral. He was transported to the Santo Spirito Hospital, where the Doctor Bindi decided that he would be discharged cured in forty-five days."

As in the days of eld, when pious pilgrims sought the Holy Sepulchre, evil men lay in wait for pious ones. Even in Rome there were light-fingered gentry preying on the pilgrims:

"Yesterday morning the Signore Halsigray and his wife, pilgrims from Bordeaux, were went to visit the

Church of St. Peter. What was not the surprise of the Signore Halsigray when at his return he found in the pocket of his top-coat a portfolio to him not belonging, and containing thirty marks in gold and two coupons of bonds Russian. This portfolio miraculous had simply been introduced into the top-coat of the Signore Halsigray by some pickpocket who, after having stolen it, had feared the arrest, and disembarrassed himself of the portfolio incriminating."

But the two most remarkable pilgrim cases were of a man who had lost his pilgrim father and of a pilgrim who had lost his lodgings. Here is the case of the lost father:

"The pilgrim John the Baptist Giacopetti, of years 72, of Petritoli, on Friday morning went out of the house of his son John, living in the Street of the Four Saints, No. 3, for to go for to see the Colosseum. From that moment he has not more returned. He is of stature ordinary, with beard and hair white, vestured with jacket and waistcoat of black, pantaloon of gray, hat of black. Who can give notice to the afflicted son will do a work meritorious."

And here is that of the man who lost his lodgings:

"The pilgrim, Vincenzo Cuntinelli, of years 58, from Jesi, yesterday evening at 19 o'clock, issued from the house where he was lodging, and where he had paid

five days in advance, for to go for to buy some fried fish. He forgot his street, and at 23 o'clock was still circling around Rome. At the office of the Public Security of the Monti he could say no more than that he inhabited at the number 22, but could give no indication of the street."

The plight of the unfortunate pilgrim who went forth to buy fried fish, and remembered his street number but forgot his street, was indeed pitiful. It was like that of the man who knew the answer to a conundrum, but did not know what the conundrum was.

A VOLCANO'S THUNDER

TOURISTS are like sheep. Before Easter, every one was flocking from Naples to Rome for Holy Week. After Holy Week, the trend of travel was still northward from Rome. But after May Day tourists began flocking back to Naples. Cause—a sudden outbreak of Mt. Vesuvius.

There were other attractions, beside the volcano, which brought Italians as well as foreigners to Naples from all over Italy. The king and queen had gone there to inaugurate "a grand exposition of hygiene." In honor of their visit an elaborate programme had been prepared, including reviews of troops, a sword tournament, a court ball, a public ball, sailing and rowing regattas, a tennis tournament, horse-races, a naval parade, and a "grand pyrotechnic display on the water."

An ending not foreseen when the programme was drawn up was a grand pyrotechnic display

which eclipsed that on fleet and shore. It came from Mt. Vesuvius.

Only a few weeks before, we had driven from Naples to Pompeii, returning thence the next day to Resina, to make the ascent of Vesuvius. The drive along the bay shore is a beautiful one. For about eighteen miles you drive through towns, villages, and villas, so continuous that the highway seems like a street. The chief towns are Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, and Torre Annunziata. Along the roadway one sees home-made macaroni hung on lines to dry, looking like the family "wash." It trails almost to the ground, and little dogs playfully frisk back and forth, parting the curtains of macaroni as they go.

One can not help but wonder at the inhabitants who live so placidly in the shadow of Vesuvius with these terrific engines of nature laboring beneath them—for nearly every one of the busy towns and pretty villages has been at least once destroyed by the volcano.

The ascent of Vesuvius is now made with comparative ease. If at Pompeii, you may go up from the Hotel Diomède by horse-trail. Or you can go back from Pompeii by carriage-road to Resina, thence up to the wire-rope railway. Most tourists drive by carriage from Naples to the foot

of the cone near Resina. From there the carriage-road zigzags up the mountain-side some 2,200 feet. The mountain is about 4,300 feet high, varying as the crater changes. Some 2,200 feet up is the observatory, with a seismograph and other earthquake apparatus for recording seismic and volcanic phenomena. About a mile and a half beyond this point, the winding carriage-road ends. The lower station of the railway is about 2,600 feet above the sea, the railway is 2,700 feet long, and the upper station is 1,300 feet higher than the lower. At the upper station you are obliged to take the official guides if you wish to go to the brink of the crater. The carriage drive from Naples to the railway takes four to five hours; back, two to three hours; and the railway ascent is made in twelve minutes. In addition to the Diomède horse-trail, there are other trails up the mountain by which the ascent is made on horseback or on foot; for these also guides are obligatory. Needless to say, the ascent by trail is a most fatiguing trip.

The stream of curious tourists up Vesuvius was suddenly checked. About the first of May signs of activity were first noted. The gigantic "pine-tree" formed of smoke which crowns the crater is a certain index to the condition of the internal

fires. This curious smoke-plume suddenly elevated itself to a height of some fifteen hundred feet. Through its black shadows red flashes began to appear, followed by loud explosions. After each explosion showers of red-hot stones, scoriæ, and ashes fell in fiery rain. As if echoing the noise of the explosions, subterranean rumblings were heard, and slight but almost continuous earthquake shocks were felt from Portici to Pompeii. The panic-stricken inhabitants of the Vesuvian towns and villages remained without doors all night, and the railway company kept trains in readiness to take them away if need arose. For about forty-eight hours this activity of the volcano continued to increase. Then there was a period of quiescence for a day, which was followed by fresh outbreaks.

The detonations of the volcano even at a distance were awe-inspiring. In Naples the natives call this volcano-thunder "dinanismo"—a word coined from "dynamite." I have heard several great dynamite explosions—once being near a vanishing powder-mill at Pinole—but they are fire-crackers compared to the artillery of Vesuvius. How the detonations sounded on the mountain-side I do not know. We were no nearer than Resina. There the sound was deafening. At

Naples it was somewhat muffled by the distance. Even at Naples the sight was a grand one. It would thrill the most *blasé*. But people do not become *blasé* to earthquakes and volcanoes. In San Francisco I have seen listless club-loungers skip for the street with great vivacity when a little temblor came. Here in Naples you saw on the high hills vast crowds watching the volcano by night as well as day, for the spectacle was infinitely more impressive by night.

Grand as it was, the people said that the eruption was a minor one. None the less, the authorities forbade tourists to ascend the mountain. The royal carabineers drew a cordon around the base of the cone, within which line no one was allowed to enter save the official guides. The guides' house above the upper railway station was destroyed by the fiery showers from the volcano. The upper end of the funicular railway was also destroyed, and the railway people were ordered by the authorities to cease operations. Professor Semmola stuck to his post at the observatory, although the telegrams showed that the building was continually struck by falling stones. It is probably safe from lava flows, however, as it is built on a projecting spur of the mountain.

Of course, the newspapers exaggerated the

eruption. Newspapers all over the world are very much alike. The Naples newspapers printed detailed accounts of the awful death of four daring English tourists. They approached too near the crater, and the newspapers destroyed them with showers of red-hot stones. The evening papers gave the news baldly, but the morning papers reprinted the story with all sorts of harrowing details. The sequel was curious and not unamusing. In our country the newspapers print fakes freely. No one ever heeds them, and they never take back their fakes. In Italy it is different. The official guides and the carabineers became indignant—the soldiers because they were responsible for keeping tourists off the mountain; the guides because they were responsible for the tourists' safety after they got there. The military officers and the authorities of Resina, who control the guides, protested. Cavaliere Cacciottoli, Syndic of Resina, objected. The old common-law theory of the *corpus delicti* was unconsciously invoked: the newspapers could not produce the bodies. First they said the Englishmen were burned to death. Then they reluctantly admitted that they were only badly burned, but were lying in the hospital at the point of death. Next they admitted that they were only scorched. Finally the news-

papers in the handsomest manner stated that the Englishmen, although scorched, had been miraculously saved by the bravery of the guides and the royal carabineers.

There are some curious features to officialism here. A large body of carabineers was ordered to each of these Vesuvian towns. They were placed under the control of Cavaliere Cavasola, the prefect of the district. I asked why they were ordered there, as there was no disorder, only panic. I was told by cynical Neapolitans that it was to keep the villagers from running away! When the Cavaliere Cavasola concluded that it was time for them to flee, they could flee — but not before.

Cardinal da Prisco happened to be visiting at the villa of a friend near Torre del Greco. Such was the panic among the people that the parish priest appealed to him to calm them. So the cardinal, in full rig, went to the church and adjured the terrified congregation not to quit their homes.

The rival attraction on the peak of Vesuvius did not detract in any way from the success of the *fêtes* at Naples. Perhaps it added to them. The review of the troops by the king was an interesting spectacle. The province of Naples

is a military department, and the city is the headquarters of the Tenth Army Corps, of which the Crown Prince of Naples is the titular head. This is a large body of troops to be garrisoned in a city the size of Naples. Yet you see little of them. The troops are kept shut up in barracks. Only a few hundred are visible on the streets at any one time. The sight of this large body of men under arms on the reviewing-ground was therefore significant. The government does not want the people to see them every day. They savor too strongly of conscription and taxes. But the government lets the people see them once in a while —in force and under arms.

At this review I counted ten regiments of infantry, one of Bersaglieri (riflemen), eight batteries of artillery, and two troops of cavalry. The review took place at ten o'clock in the morning. The Prince of Naples appeared at a quarter to ten, accompanied by his staff. He was mounted on a handsome bay, and was saluted with three ruffles of the drums. He assumed command of the troops, which command was turned over to him by General Mezza. At precisely ten o'clock the queen arrived, accompanied by the Crown Princess of Naples and her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, filling four carriages. The Prince of

Naples saluted and rode by the side of the queen's carriage to the royal tribune, where the queen and the Princess of Naples seated themselves. As they entered the tribune the troops drawn up around the field presented arms. At a quarter-past ten the trumpets sounding the royal *fanfare* announced the king. Descending from his carriage he mounted a fine sorrel, and the review began. When the troops marched past, the king had at his right the Prince of Naples, at his left the minister of war, and behind them the Duke of Genoa and a brilliant staff. The infantry marched by in columns of companies, the artillery in columns of batteries at the trot, and the cavalry in columns of squadrons at the gallop. After the march past the king dismounted, returned to his carriage, and the royal party drove back to the palace by the principal streets, amid the applause of the populace. The streets were gay with flags, banners, rugs, and carpets, for the Italians have a fashion of hanging these from balconies for decorative purposes.

Humbert appeared to be received in Naples rather more cordially than in Rome. It is said the Neapolitan populace still remember with gratitude his fearlessness, his generosity, and his devotion during the cholera epidemic some years

ago. During this visit he gave the mayor one hundred thousand lire for the poor of Naples.

The official festivities closed with a naval review. Probably there is no harbor better fitted for such a pageant than Naples, unless it be that of San Francisco. Every one is familiar with the conformation of the Bay of Naples. The town itself is on a range of high hills sloping steeply to the sea. Running from Posilipo to the ancient Castel del Ovo is the Riviera di Chiaia, a horseshoe sweep, with the fine Caracciolo embankment along the bay-shore. The bay was the stage, the Riviera the orchestra, the hills the gallery. It made a perfect amphitheatre. The populace in the gallery could see as well as the patricians in the orchestra. Before the enormous audience there defiled under slow steam the great vessels of war, commanded by Thomas, Duke of Genoa. The king and queen went aboard of the man-of-war *Lepanto*. When the royal standard fluttered up the halliards a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by every ship in the squadron. While these guns were thundering in the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius's guns were thundering eighteen miles away.

NEW THINGS IN OLD ROME

THE Roman world is a busy world. In pleasure-loving Rome one festival follows fast upon another. The Easter season was crowded with "social events," and while the indoor feasts were reserved for the inner circle, the outdoor festivals were open to the Roman populace and the stranger within the Roman gates. Most of them were for charity, and to kermess and garden-party, fair and festival, flower-show and tilting tournament, went both Romans and "forestieri"—their gentle term for the strangers from over seas and beyond Alps. The event of the waning season was a day of sports at the Villa Borghese.

What more charming setting for an outdoor festival than this old garden! One may not write about it, for it has been written about by every writer who ever visited Rome—from the frivolous Alfred de Musset to the learned historian Niebuhr; from the witty Frenchwoman,

"*Fountain-basins overgrown with algæ in Villa Borghese.*"

Mme. de Staël, to the dreamy American, Nathaniel Hawthorne. One may not describe the villa, then, in 1900, but one may describe an end-of-the-century show within the villa's walls.

Four-in-hands, automobiles, bicycles—these startle one within the precincts of the venerable villa, for as you look around you everything is old. Aged ilex-trees nod to whispering pines and solemn cypresses. Through their vistas one sees crumbling arches, bits of broken columns, ruined temple porticoes—artificial ruins these, put there three centuries ago by Cardinal Scipio Borghese because his villa looked new. Now it is old enough, in sooth, and these Renaissance ruins have grown hoary like their predecessors, the real ruins of ancient Rome. Around you are marble vases, black with age; marble statues, stained with time and often broken-nosed; marble sarcophagi, gray with the flight of years; moss-covered marble dolphins, out of whose gaping mouths the murmuring waters spout into marble fountain-basins overgrown with algæ. Through these dim ruins the driveways wind under the ilex-trees, over rolling hills, grass-grown, and at this season covered with wild flowers—violets, daisies, buttercups, and poppies—not golden poppies, like

our California Eschscholtzia, but vivid, flaming, blood-colored.

Except for the little garden by the lake, these are the only flowers you see in Villa Borghese. There are no flower-beds there. It is not an attempt to put nature in a straight-jacket, but only to restrain her exuberance. This you often see in European parks and gardens. There is in Munich a beautiful park called—why, I know not—the "Englischer Garten." It too has an air of nature's wildness which is most refreshing to the eye. You can leave the streets of the busy city and in five minutes fancy yourself in a woodland far from the madding crowd. In our country we are too prone in our parks to "fix things." The average American park is laid out in prim little flower-beds and walks like the front-yard of a Brompton villa, or a retired Paris grocer's *villégiature* at Asnières. Our park-gardeners trim nature's wandering locks and comb her hair until she looks like a soaped and plastered urchin made ready for school.

I have no doubt that if some Chicago millionaire were to buy Villa Borghese—which heaven forfend—he would weed out all the wild flowers, trim all the grass-grown hills, put plaster-of-paris noses on the mutilated statues, scrape the dingy

"Crumbling arches and bits of broken columns."

moss off of the fountain spouts, and take the slimy weeds out of the fountain basins. There is no doubt that from the Chicago standpoint the villa is very much out of repair.

But even if not up to date, the Villa Borghese is very charming. There is to us hurried moderns something soothing and restful in driving over its pseudo-sylvan roads and wandering over its mock-woodland ways; an air of quiet melancholy broods over its temple ruins and its gray statues, which is an admirable corrective to the uneasy spirit of the city dweller of to-day.

There is no new thing in Villa Borghese. Even the signs are old. Old signboards point to the palace, wherein are stored such gems of art — to the beautiful Borghese Casino, itself a jewel-box, fitting receptacle for such gems. Old and time-stained boards point to the dairy, to the lake-garden, to the amphitheatre. And there are weather-stained signboards which bear the unique legend: "It is forbidden to throw dogs into the basins of the fountains." Why, I wonder? Is dog-ducking a Roman custom? The only new signs in the villa are those restricting certain paths "Suoli al Pedone." This thoughtfulness for pedestrians is evidently due to the encroachment of the bicycle, for the carriage-ways and bridle-paths

are indicated by ancient signboards. The bicycle is new—hence the new sign in the old villa.

But the old villa saw many new things in this day of sports. Even the name was new, for the official programme bore the title "gymkhana," which word the Romans have borrowed from the English and the English from the Anglo-Indians. And the old villa saw all sorts of modern contrivances in the way of motor-bicycles, gasoline-tricycles, and automobiles generally. These new-fangled vehicles, gayly flower-bedecked, swept around the amphitheatre called the "Piazza di Siena"—for there is an amphitheatre within the villa's walls. Around it rises terrace after terrace, with tiers of marble benches. On one side of the amphitheatre was a special inclosure wherein was gathered Rome's gay world—the Roman aristocracy, the diplomatic corps, the foreign colony, and such transient visitors as chose to pay a good round sum for admission. Within the inclosure, overlooking the race-track, was a gayly decorated tribune, from which "queens of love and beauty" conferred prizes upon fortunate knights. This reserved inclosure was filled with a brilliant throng—ladies in their Easter bonnets and spring frocks, officers in their gorgeous uniforms, and gentlemen-riders in brilliant silk and satin jockey-caps and

shirts. Around the rest of the amphitheatre the populace was gathered, and the price of admission to them was ten cents. Perhaps it was a survival of the old Roman spirit of "Panem et circenses."

The automobile parade was followed by a series of fantastic races. For these there were a large number of entries of gentlemen-riders. In the first the entire field—some ten horsemen—left the post at the word, circled the track, taking several high hurdles, passed under the wire, dismounted, unsaddled, placed under the saddle a handkerchief borrowed from some lady, resaddled, remounted, and again circled the track, taking its hurdles in the other direction. This was naturally a severe test of all-round horsemanship. Baron Monpurgo won the first prize and Prince Rospiglosi the second. There were several of these races, and in all of them the gentlemen-jockeys rode with great dash, taking their hurdles with boldness and skill. I saw but one "come a cropper," and he mounted again like a flash.

The most interesting part of the programme was the four-in-hand competition in obstruction driving. There were ten entries, and among the vehicles were coaches, drags, breaks, gentlemen's driving phaetons, and a *char-à-banc*. All seemed to be in admirable form. The horses were ex-

quisitely groomed, and most of them well-trained. The coaches were perfectly appointed; the grooms were all in trim liveries and immaculate buckskins and boots; the gentlemen-drivers were all of them good whips, and handled the ribbons with much skill. Both prizes in this contest, for appointments and driving, were won by Baron Monpurgo, who had already won prizes at a driving contest in England. This was followed by a similar competition for grooms; the driving was good, but they did not drive so well as their masters. I noticed with some curiosity that the Roman populace applauded the masters more than they did the grooms.

Another point which struck me was that those who were most successful in obstruction driving did not adhere strictly to "driving in form." By "form-driving" I mean the antithesis of the open, free-handed handling of the reins with which we Californians are so familiar among our mountain stage-drivers. I have always believed it to be the kind of driving a man would naturally fall into in a bad place, but as I know nothing about driving four, I may be wrong.

I was reminded of a talk I once had in Paris with Willie Whiffletree, admittedly one of the best whips of America or Europe. I had sat

"The gentlemen-drivers handled the ribbons."

on a coach-box from Paris to Maisons-Laffitte beside an amateur whip, and was discussing his tooling with Whiffletree. I modestly advanced these views of mine — heterodox views in Europe. Whiffletree listened to me kindly. I said that when it came to going over a mountain road in California behind six half-broken mustangs I greatly preferred the free, two-handed, loose-hitched team-driving of the Californian stage-driver. I also asked Whiffletree whether he thought that the short, close-buckled, low-handed "form-driving" would do on our wild roads over steep mountain grades. Whiffletree replied that both kinds of driving were good in their respective ways.

"But," said I, "have you ever driven over our California stage-roads?"

"Driven over them!" replied Whiffletree, "I should say I had. I drove stage in California from Independence to Bodie for six months, and used to throw Uncle Sam's mail-bags out of the boot at every station."

"What did you do it for?" I asked in some wonder. "For fun?"

"No," replied Whiffletree, briefly; "I did it for a living. I was broke."

MAKING SAINTS AT ST. PETER'S

ONE night in the early summer of the "Holy Year" the pilgrims saw the façade of St. Peter's and Bernini's Colonnade brilliantly illuminated. Rows of Venetian lanterns were placed along the salients of the vast heap of buildings, outlining them in fire. For hours, seen from across the Tiber, the great basilica burned into the blackness of the night. But the dome was dark. So many years have passed since St. Peter's was illuminated that the daring steeple-jacks who used to climb the dome have either died or disappeared, and none could be found bold enough to take their places.

The illumination was in honor of the canonization of two new saints. One of these two saintly persons, before he was a saint, was a man, Jean Baptiste de la Salle. The other was a woman, Rita da Cascia. Rita was born in 1381. She was unhappily married, prayed God to release her—which He did—and as soon as she was a

"Castle Sant' Angelo and St. Peter's dome, seen from the Tiber."

widow she became a nun. For forty-four years she was a shining example of convent life. Concerning her claims to sanctity I shall speak later.

Jean Baptiste de la Salle was born in Rheims, France, in 1651. He became a priest at twenty years of age, and took up the task of popular education.

I had heard that in the old days saint-making was a trial at bar, a court proceeding, with advocates for and against the saint, the saint's opponent being termed the "advocatus diaboli." But if this be so, the legal proceedings in nineteen-hundred Rome were not public, and we did not see the devil's lawyer. Three "congregations" were held to settle the claims of the two candidates to sainthood. The first was secret. In the second all the cardinals took part and voted for canonization. The third congregation was held before the Pope.

At least two miracles must have been performed by the candidate for sainthood. If this be proved, the candidate is "beatified." This means that the saintly person enjoys in heaven eternal beatitude, but it is not canonization. New miracles must be performed to obtain that distinction. The miracles must continue after death. The body of Saint Rita, for example, did not

decay, but "after death emitted a fragrant perfume." Sometimes the candidates wait long. La Salle has been promoted rapidly. He was beatified in 1838 and canonized in 1900. Like the beatification, the claims for canonization were examined by three consistories. When the decision of the third has been approved by the Pope a solemn decree is issued for canonization.

When the date was set by this decree there at once began an active competition for tickets of admission. It was not difficult to obtain ordinary tickets. The Vatican is very leaky, and one can always buy tickets of admission to solemn ceremonials for from two to ten francs. Of course, the tickets were not openly for sale. Here, for example, is the form of admission ticket for the receptions to pilgrims which took place in St. Peter's for many weeks. It will be observed that it is plainly stamped "gratis." None the less these tickets were for sale all over Rome:

[Papal Arms.]

ANTICAMERA PONTIFICIA AL VATICANO.

Biglietto d' ammissione nella Basilica Vaticano per ricevere la Benedizione di Sua Santità nel giorno di ——, — ——, 1900, alle ore 11½ ant.

Il Maestro di Camera di Sua Santità

O. CAGIANO DE AZEVEDO.

"The great square in front of St. Peter's."

N. B.— 1. Le Signore possibilmente in abito nero e velo in testa.

2. I Signori possibilmente in abito nero.

[Seal of the maestro di camera.]

L' Ingresso è dal Portone di bronzo. Il biglietto e personale.

GRATIS.

The rush at this canonization ceremony was to get tickets for the reserved tribunes up near the high altar. These were not easy to obtain. The diplomatic corps, the Roman nobility, and visiting Roman Catholic aristocracy from other countries were first served. Some few lucky heretical foreigners succeeded in getting tickets through their embassies. The ceremony was long, and so was the wait that preceded it. But it was certainly very unusual, and perhaps it was worth while.

As early as four in the morning, we were told, the pilgrims began collecting on the great square in front of St. Peter's. Many thousands of them were fellow-countrymen of La Salle. Much later came the fortunate possessors of invitations to the tribunes. Later still came the carriages of the cardinals and other prelates and dignitaries of the pontifical court. By the time the late arrivals reached the square the pilgrims had poured into the church, the doors of which were open at seven

o'clock. But the great square was still packed with people. The tramway company carried over thirty-five thousand passengers to St. Peter's, and over thirty thousand more went on foot and in vehicles.

Although the Italian government does not meddle much with St. Peter's, it got a hint from the Vatican that it would be agreeable if troops were sent to maintain order on the square. Therefore there was a large military force in attendance. A double cordon was drawn around the square, while within it and at the foot of the church steps were lines of carabineers and civil guards to handle the enormous crowd. The troops were needed, for some of the pilgrims acted like maniacs in their senseless attempts to storm the great bronze doors. Even within the church they sadly needed control. A battalion of French and German priests—queer allies—coveted a tribune devoted to ladies, and assaulted it with such impetuosity that the Papal guards forced them to retire with most unclerical haste.

Many ladies, by the way, never succeeded in reaching the tribunes for which they had tickets. They became lost in the struggling masses of pilgrims, and some of them suffered from the rough usage of their brawny peasant neighbors.

The female pilgrims seemed to resent their carrying portable seats, and every now and then a crash and a stifled scream showed that another camp-stool had gone down. Many ladies who entered carefully veiled and dressed came out total wrecks, with their gowns half-torn from their backs. In fact, after the first assault of the crowd upon the church, the square between the obelisk and the steps looked like a millinery battle-field. It was covered with gloves, sunshades, scarfs, veils, shoes, slippers, and other articles of wearing apparel; one even saw in the wreckage priests' caps or hats — for nearly all the pilgrim priests wore low, round-topped, broad-brimmed hats, made, apparently, of the same material as men's high silk hats. I heard that some of the women were so badly mauled that they were scratched and bleeding, but I saw none in that condition.

A large number of women fainted in the crush, and were revived at extemporaneous pharmacies which Dr. Lapponi, the Pope's physician, had established in the church. When asked in the morning if these life-saving stations were for the Pope, the doctor replied sardonically that "they were not for the Pope, but for the pilgrims—they would need them more than His Holiness." None the less, Dr. Lapponi hovered near the

Pope throughout the ceremonies, and at one time administered to him a cordial, evidently much against the Pope's desire.

There was plenty of work for these emergency hospitals, for the number of bruised, contused, and fainting women was large. The most seriously injured was a French pilgrim, one Marie Lequerq, of Paris, who had lived over seventy years without accident and came to St. Peter's on a holy errand just in time to have a block of wood fall upon her from a lofty cornice and fracture her skull.

At another point in the crowd there was great excitement, and the inanimate form of an aged man was carried away. They tried to revive him at one of the temporary hospitals, but the attempt was fruitless. I was curious to know what had befallen him, so I looked the matter up next day, and found that he was a Genoese pilgrim, one Bartholomew Picconi, and that the cause of his death was heart disease. It struck me that this would have been an excellent opportunity to try the miracle-working powers of the new saints. Pilgrim Picconi came to his death in doing them honor.

The vast church had been gayly, not to say gaudily, decorated for the ceremony. The great pilasters were covered with bands of gold-brocaded

crimson damask. In the niches upon the inter-pilasters were placed immense stucco vases filled with artificial flowers. From each lateral arch of the nave hung enormous banners of red velvet with a rich border of gold lace, whereon were depicted some of the miracles attributed to the new saints. From the ceiling depended hundreds of crystal chandeliers. The pontifical throne was decorated with crimson velvet. On either side to right and left were the tribunes for the pontifical court, the diplomatic body, the Roman Catholic aristocracy, and the invited guests. The entire diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See were in full uniforms. The diplomats accredited to the Quirinal appeared in civilian's attire. In this tribune appeared also the order of the Knights of Malta, presided over by Count Cheschi, the grand master. Until I saw them I had supposed this mediæval order was extinct. In a post of honor in the pontifical tribune were the family of the Counts Pecci, to which family the Pope belongs. The French De la Salle family, with the duke at the head, descendants of the new saint, were also in this tribune. They were under the wing of M. Niscard, French embassador to the Vatican.

The "papal army" were all there. There were

the Swiss halberdiers wearing the mediæval costume of red, yellow, and black, said to be Michael Angelo's design; there were the Noble Guard and the Palatine Guard, all in gala uniforms; there were also those officers of the Papal court known as the "Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword," in their curious Carlovingian costumes.

The procession was announced by distant music. First came the guard of honor, made up of the Swiss, Palatine, and Noble Guards; innumerable monastic orders, many of them barefooted friars; the alumni of the religious seminaries; the Congregation; parishes of Rome; Augustinians, bearing the banner of Rita da Cascia; the Confraternity of the Sacrament, with the banner of La Salle; numerous *monsignori*, and nearly four hundred archbishops and patriarchs, including Coptic and other Oriental prelates of the Roman Church. Then came thirty-two cardinals of the Sacred College, and, following, Prince Marcantonio Colonna, carrying a candle to be given to the Pope. Later I observed that the Pope did not carry his candle in his hand, but that it stood in a socket on the chair-arm, close to his hand.

The "March of the Silverai" was sounded on the silver trumpets, and the Pope appeared, seated on his gestatorial chair. The chair was sur-

mounted by a rich baldaquin, and was borne by twelve liveried lackeys. The Pope was received with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, but with no applause other than the hoarse murmuring which rose from sixty thousand throats. We had seen him on a previous occasion, when he received a pilgrimage, and then there had been loud and long applause, with shouts of "Long live the Pope-King!" But that was merely a "reception"—this was a religious ceremony, hence the absence of applause.

Leo the Thirteenth in appearance is most remarkable. He is so old, so shriveled, so desiccated, that he looks as if a breath might blow him away. He is so colorless that his skin appears translucent. He is feeble, as was shown by his movements, but his small black eyes shot keen glances from under his white eyebrows in every direction. If his body is feeble his brain is evidently very much alive.

After the Pope had been seated upon his throne, a long and tiresome ceremony followed. It was concluded by the Pope reading the decree of sanctification. A trumpet sounded, and the bells of St. Peter's began to ring. To this prearranged signal there responded the bells of all the churches in Rome—and there are four hundred of them.

Then came the pontifical mass. Owing to the Pope's weakness, Cardinal Oreglia was the celebrant. The mass was accompanied by music from the choir of the Capella Romana. Eight apparently male voices gave with fine effect "Hodie Christus Natus Est," supplemented by a choir of one hundred boys. I say "apparently male," because there has always been some little uncertainty about the falsettos of the Vatican choir.

At the end of the mass the Pope was presented with certain gifts, offered by the advocates of the new saints; among them were five enormous wax candles, a golden loaf, a silver loaf, two miniature barrels—one of wine and one of water—and a cage full of doves. This closed the ceremony, and the Pontiff withdrew to the Vatican.

During the ceremony one of the crystal chandeliers suspended from the ceiling began to creak ominously, and the people beneath it hastily scattered. In a moment the mass fell and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the floor below. I had been in St. Peter's a few days before, when the workmen were suspending these chandeliers. They were taking them out of piles of numbered boxes—for St. Peter's, like a theatre, has many "properties," and is decked in a different manner for its different ceremonials. Cords ran

over pulleys fastened far up aloft, and with these the chandeliers were hoisted to their places. St. Peter's is so enormous that the eye there is continually deceived. The chubby cherubs at the holy-water font look to be the size of ordinary babies, yet they are nearly seven feet tall, and a man standing beside them looks like a dwarf. When the workmen were hoisting these chandeliers from the floor I noted with amazement that the masses of crystal were over eight feet high. Yet when hoisted to their places far up in the dim heights they looked about the size of a man's head.

The workmen in St. Peter's are called *sampietrini*. They take their name from the basilica "San Pietro"—"sampietrino," plural "sampietrini." They have a set of lofty scaffolds mounted on rollers. These are moved from place to place about the vast church. They are not unlike our fire department's "water-towers." Ladder after ladder runs up the scaffolding, and by its aid they reach places from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the floor. Other ingenious cobweb scaffoldings are used for work on the inside of the dome. Seen up there, the *sampietrini* look like flies crawling on the ceiling. The top of the dome is about four hundred feet above

the floor. The models for these intricate scaffoldings were designed by Niccolo Zaboglia, who founded the corps of *sampietrini* in 1686.

A word here about St. Peter's—not its pictures, its mosaics, and other guide-book lore, but its finances, its superintendents, and its workmen—how the machinery works, in short. Concerning all these points the guide-books are silent. The church and its buildings are under the direct control of the Vatican, and are technically owned by the "Capitolo Vaticano." The group of buildings is officially called "Reverenda Fabbrica di San Pietro," and includes not only the vast church itself, but the treasury, the sacristy, the chapter-house, the archives, the piazza, and the colonnades. The chapter controlling the "Fabbrica" has productive lands, securities, etc., aggregating in value about a million and a half of dollars. With the income from this, they keep up St. Peter's, for constant expenditure is required. Four notable Italian architects, Signores Azurri, Bonnani, Buniri, and Vespignani, are in charge of the church and its buildings. Two engineers aid them, and they direct a force of sixty-four trained men—the *sampietrini* already mentioned—and a reserve of thirty *sopranumeri*. These men wear a uniform of dark blue, with violet trimmings.

They are divided into *squadre*, according to their callings, for there are among them all kinds of craftsmen, such as painters, gilders, masons, carpenters, stonecutters, plumbers, and locksmiths. When the illumination of St. Peter's in honor of the canonization took place these hundred men had each nine outsiders for assistants.

Other workmen were engaged in hanging enormous banners on the day in question. Two of these banners were devoted to the miracles worked by Rita da Cascia. On one of these she was represented in the act of restoring eyesight to Elisabetha Bergamini, who had been stricken with blindness. On the other banner she was depicted as instantaneously curing Coma Pellegrini of—— but perhaps I had better leave Coma's maladies in the language in which they figured on the banner. I copied the inscription, and here it is:

COMA PELLEGRINI
CONVERSANENSIS ARTIFEX
GASTRO-ENTERITI CATARRHALI CHRONICA
HAEMORRHOIDALI AFFECTIONE
ET CHRONICA ITEM GRAVIQUE ANHAEMIA
LABORANS APPARENTI SIBI IN SOMNIS
S. RITA
PRECE VOCATA PRISTINAE SANITATI ILLICO
RESTITUITUR

Above this inscription was a painting of Coma in bed, suffering from his complication of maladies, while Rita is coming down through the ceiling in a burst of glory to cure him. It irresistibly suggested a patent-medicine advertisement.

There are minor churches in Rome where all sorts of curious "ex-votos" are to be found at the shrines of miracle-working saints. There you will see models of the various diseased parts of the human body healed by these medicinal saints. Some of them are unpleasant to look at, and quite unfit for publication. But that any such extraordinary picture as that described, with its still more astounding story, could be painted upon a banner hung in St. Peter's, the center of Roman Catholicism, to be gazed at by scores of thousands, seems scarcely credible.

But there are many strange things in St. Peter's. Not the least strange is the bronze statue of St. Peter, decked out as it is at this season in a red silk robe with jewels. Still more strange is the sight of people kissing the foot of the bronze St. Peter. The toe has been fairly worn away by the impress of thousands of lips. I stood for some time and watched this extraordinary and revolting spectacle — revolting mentally, revolting physically. Waiving the idea of kneel-

ing to any one or anything but God, the physical side of this custom is inexpressibly repulsive and nauseating. Long lines of people filed by—pilgrims of all ages, in all stages of dirt, decay, decrepitude, and disease. Old men and women pressed their puckered, shriveled lips and toothless gums upon the sacred foot. Fathers held up little children that they might kiss it. Dull-eyed peasant women, with babes hanging at their dugs, took the infants' lips from the maternal teat and pressed them upon the holy toe. Ladies and gentlemen, well-dressed and clean, approached, bowed, and kissed the nauseous foot as did their predecessors. Some of them appeared to be persons of refinement and intelligence. Yet, leaving all religious theories aside, how could they do this revolting thing? The human mouth and throat swarm with bacteria, malignant and benign. In the human mouth are found the germs of two of the most deadly diseases known to doctors, carcinoma and tuberculosis of the throat. Tuberculosis of the lungs sometimes plays with its victim long, as does a cat with a mouse; tuberculosis of the throat is always fatal, and death comes swift upon the first manifestation of the disease. Hosts of minor maladies find a favorable nidus for their disease germs in the human mouth and throat.

The most sweeping is the influenza germ. And last, but not least, there is another disease, the most awful known to humanity, because it is living death. This horrible disease in certain stages manifests itself by highly contagious lesions in the mouth and throat.

These facts are undisputed. They are certainly known to the authorities of the Church of Rome. Yet this criminal procedure takes place in the church of St. Peter's in the last year of the nineteenth century, or according to the Roman Church, the first of the twentieth century — the "Holy Year."

Looked at from a therapeutic rather than a theologic standpoint, it fills one with horror.

It was whispered in Rome that the Pope would give the much-coveted "Golden Rose" in this Holy Year of 1900 to "an Austrian archduchess." This must mean a certain noble widow lady, daughter of a king, daughter-in-law of an emperor, and relict of a prince. Like many imperial and royal widows, she fell in love with one lowly born — a mere count this time — and married him against the wishes of the emperor, the king, and all the rest of both royal families.

She sought the Pope to bring about a reconciliation. These interviews led the Roman gossips to say that he intends to give her the Golden Rose.

The Popes have always been lenient toward ladies with histories. They follow closely the precept about the Magdalen. Among the people honored by burial in St. Peter's there are even some ladies who in their time were "talked about," as is this royal widow to-day. Perhaps the most notable among these was Christina of Sweden, who, history says, surpassed even Lucrezia Borgia in that latter lady's line. Christina, while in Rome, lived in the Palazzo Corsini and died there. Probably she was a generous daughter of the church, hence her mortuary honors.

Queen Christina, by the way, was fond of foreign travel and sojourning in foreign lands—an unusual thing among crowned heads in her day. Before she went to Rome, she spent some time in France. There she also occupied a palace, placed at her disposal by the French government.

Here Christina held her little court. Here the French wits and courtiers hastened to pay her homage. Here the French philosophers and encyclopedists repaired to do honor to this royal blue-stocking. Here the intrigues and amours

of a Swedish court were transplanted to French soil. And here the pleasure-loving queen not only had her court and her courtiers, but her favorite, for, like Catherine of Russia, Christina of Sweden had many favorites. The Russian empress preferred Russian favorites; the Swedish queen preferred Swedes.

So the favorite in this transplanted Swedish court was Swedish and not French. Perhaps it were better for him had he been French, for one day the queen discovered that the faithless favorite was engaged in an intrigue with one of her maids of honor. The justly incensed sovereign at once convened a private court of the officers of her body-guard, and had him tried, condemned, and beheaded. As for the maid of honor, that luckless light of love was at once packed off, bag and baggage, to Sweden.

This short shrift and sharp justice on French soil naturally caused the French government some perturbation when it leaked out. The French monarch caused the intimation to be conveyed, as delicately as possible, to the Swedish queen that he objected to such proceedings. Christina was astounded. "Does the king know," she asked, "that the man was my subject?" Yes, the king knew it. "Does the king know what he did?"

Louis delicately admitted some knowledge of the offense. "And does the king believe that I will submit to such an outrage without enforcing exemplary justice in my household?"

In the face of the royal lady's unassumed anger, the perplexed French ministers were forced to reply that they had no objection to her killing any or all of her subjects, but that they really wished that she would n't do it while in France. And if she had to mess up tessellated marble floors with offending gentlemen's heads, would n't she kindly — er — er — go away?

Which Christina did.

This delicate and extrinsic attitude of the French government has always reminded me of the old story of the epileptic tramp who says to the good housewife at her front-door, "Say, lady, can I have a fit in your front-yard?" To which the practical lady replies, kindly, "No; go around to the back-yard; here you would muss up the flower-beds."

So Christina of Sweden shook the dust of King Louis's park-walks and flower-beds from her feet, and left his dominions. She never entered them again. She never forgave him. It was shortly after these events that she went to live in Rome.

It is certainly queer that a lady of such ingen-

uous immorality should be buried in St. Peter's. But the Popes have frequently been blind to moral obliquities. Once a year it is a custom of the Popes to confer the Golden Rose upon some distinguished Roman Catholic lady. Some years ago it was given to ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. It will be remembered that this lady, for political reasons, was married to her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assissi, who did not become a father. But Queen Isabella believed that the royal line must be unbroken, so she presented Don Francisco with several children. One of these was Alfonso, father of the present Spanish king. Alfonso was not a wise child. However that may be, it was to his mother, Queen Isabella, that Pope Pius the Ninth presented the Golden Rose — for chastity.

When Queen Isabella dies they ought to bury her in St. Peter's beside Queen Christina of Sweden.

THE WHEELS OF THE VATICAN

DOES the Vatican contain eleven thousand rooms? No. Does any one believe that it does? Yes, many. The statement has been so often repeated that it has become a classic lie. But I shall not attempt here to gainsay any guide-book statements about the Papal Palace. Out of the vast volume of printed matter concerning the Vatican, its statues, its pictures, its mosaics, its chapels, and its halls, I have seen next to nothing in print about two items—its gardens and its wheels. By "wheels" I mean the machinery by which it runs. For the way in which they manage a microcosm like the Vatican has always interested me. I did not know how the Vatican was policed and lighted; how it was governed within another government; how the boundaries were maintained; of where jurisdiction left off and began. For example: If two drunken men had a fight in the Vatican precincts, who arrested them? Where were they taken? By whom were they tried?

Were they turned over to the Italian police? Or were they taken before the Inquisition, Police Court Number One?

Some of these questions I settled on the day of a great canonization ceremony at St. Peter's. The square was occupied by Humbert's troops. Up to the very doors one noted the municipal police of Rome. Within, however, the troops and peace officers were all Papal. On inquiry I learned that this was the rule. The exterior of the Vatican is under the surveillance of the Italian police. Before the Gate of Bronze come and go the carabineers and the peace officers of Rome, and there are even detectives in plain clothes. At the *consulta* the officials in charge inquire carefully as to who it is that enters and who it is that goes out.

On the way to the Vatican Gardens, on the other side of St. Peter's, one notices even more markedly, how the Papacy and the Italian government confront each other. You walk around St. Peter's and reach the Zecca, the ancient pontifical mint, which the Italian government occupies. By a great gateway you enter the Cortile del Forno, and there abruptly the two powers appear face to face. On the right you see the post of the Italian soldiers; on the left you see the post

of the Swiss pontifical troops. A fountain serves as a sort of boundary, which the sentries of each side never cross. It is the frontier. For a background we have the Vatican, beyond is St. Peter's, then the Zecca, and the wall before which the Italian sentry walks his allotted ground, his gun slung in a bandoleer.

It is by this gateway, where the Swiss mount guard, that the Pope last left the Vatican on the fifteenth of July, 1890. The carriage of the Pontiff traversed the Cortile, and by another Vatican door, which is on the third side of the square, entered the closed part of the palace. This event caused fierce discussion. Was the Cortile del Forno pontifical territory, or was it not? It was finally decided that the Vatican had extra-territoriality, and that the frontier line was indicated by the first step on the street of the Zecca; but this discussion led to some declarations on the part of the Italian government, which caused great excitement in the Papal camp. The Vatican learned officially "that there is no pontifical territory;" that the Pope "merely enjoys the use of the Vatican;" and that the pontifical extra-territoriality is worth no more and no less than that which diplomatic usage confers on embassadors. The partisans of the Pope insisted that

this was equivalent to saying that Leo was a subject of the king.

On your way to the Vatican across the new steel bridge which spans the Tiber by the Castle of St. Angelo, you enter the quarter of the *Trasteverini*, or trans-Tiberian people. Here you seem to go from the new Rome into the old. For you have left the busy, bustling Corso, with its handsome buildings, its fine pavement, its vista of electric lamps, and the well-dressed throngs of modern Romans in conventional garb, who perhaps are descended from the patricians of the time of Augustus Cæsar. When you cross the Tiber, you are in the home of the Trasteverines, who have lived for ages in the same quarter, and who are said to be lineal descendants of the Roman mob who burned Christians for their play. You are in the Trasteverino, you are at the entrance to the Leonine City, and you look for the Vatican. It is a shapeless mass of buildings. There are rooms, galleries, libraries, and interminable corridors. There is a strange interior city, which stretches out its wonders without end, cut up with courtyards and passageways, through which you walk with wearied limbs. But from the Piazza San Pietro, or the square in front of the great church of St. Peter's, nothing of this appears.

"In the quaint gardens of the Vatican."

The only details visible from there are the windows, behind which for so many years has lived the Roman Pontiff in his voluntary imprisonment.

But from the dome of St. Peter's there is a more comprehensive view. There the extent of the Vatican may be seen, with its piles of buildings, its fortress-like walls, its formidable bastions, and its quaint gardens. It is from the dome that most tourists obtain a view of the Pope taking his daily drive.

Every day during certain hours he makes a tour of the gardens. They extend from the Belvedere, which includes the beautiful Giardino della Pigna, to the walls flanked with the ancient towers of the Leonine City. The view of the Vatican gardens from the cupola of St. Peter's is very beautiful. Around you extends the marvelous panorama of the environs of Rome, with the Valley of the Tiber, and the vast brownish plain of the Campagna extending toward the sea. Under the walls of the Leonine City are newly built quarters, where numbers of apartment-houses of the most modern type lift up their heads. It is the remnant of a "building boom" in one of the oldest cities in the world. These buildings are most of them unfinished, and the

rain beats in upon their roofless walls. The entire quarter will soon be nothing but a heap of modern ruins, mute witness of the transitory nature of real-estate "booms."

The Pope goes out from his apartments in a *portantine*, or sedan-chair. He is preceded by two Swiss halberdiers and two of the Noble Guard; an exempt officer of the Noble Guard, a chamberlain of the Secret Chamber, and a *participante* accompany him. Two Swiss Guards bring up the rear. At the gateway of the gardens, the Pope enters a carriage with the *participante*, while the Noble Guard escort him on horseback. The garden-walls—which, it seems, people have often attempted to scale—are under the special guard of the *gendarmes*, who are posted from point to point with loaded revolvers. The drive lasts for an hour, and the coachman ingeniously varies the route. The return is conducted with the same ceremonial. The Pope again gets into his *portantine*. The Swiss Guards again take the head of the procession. Again they cross the galleries of the Giardino della Pigna, sometimes by way of the library or the Chirara Monti Museum, or it may be by the Hall of the Signature, or by the Hall of the Conflagration, or by the Hall of Heliodorus, or by the Hall of Constantine, or by the

five famous rooms of Raphael, which lead to the Pontiff's private apartments. The Pope must at times sigh for Castel Gandolfo, which was the summer resort of his predecessors. This castle is on Lake Albano, one of the most beautiful places on the Roman Campagna.

The Noble Guard, the Palatine Guard, the *gendarmes*, and the Swiss Guard compose all that is left of the pontifical army. These four divisions are much reduced. The Noble Guard is recruited among the Roman aristocracy, but enlistment is no longer popular among the young Roman nobles. The Papal service furnishes no field to ambitious youths. It leads to nothing. The Noble Guard is composed of fourteen officers, a commander with the rank of general, the hereditary standard-bearer of the Holy Roman Church, a lieutenant-general, a sub-lieutenant-general, and ten exempt colonels. There are eight cadets with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, ten court captains, twenty court lieutenants, and ten supernumerary guards. Every day, one exempt and six guards are on service in the antechambers of the Vatican. The Palatine Guard, which goes back only to the days of Pius the Ninth, is formed of middle-class citizens of Rome, to the number of four hundred. The legion is

commanded by a colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, a major, and two captains. The Palatine Guard appears only on days of great ceremony at St. Peter's or at the Sistine Chapel. This guard lines the way on either side when the Pope passes. On days of audiences, the Palatines act as guards in the antechamber. The *gendarmes* are charged with the exterior police of the palace. They watch over the court of St. Damaso, the galleries, the corridors, and the gardens. There are one hundred and twenty men, under the command of a major. They are fine-looking men, in handsome uniforms, wearing bear-skin shakos, like grenadiers. Some Spanish pilgrims were so struck by the magnificence of these bear-skinned policemen that they broke out into enthusiastic plaudits, and declared that they were much more impressed by the Pope's policemen than they were by the Pope's cardinals.

The *gendarmes*, the Palatines, and the Noble Guard are only show soldiers. The true troops of the Vatican are the Swiss Guards. Many find them grotesque in their curious costume, which Thomas Bailey Aldrich likens to that of the Jack of Clubs. They are strapping fellows, and carry themselves well in their yellow, red, and black garb as they stand under the enormous

white and yellow pontifical flag which floats at the interior of the Portone. The Swiss troops include one hundred and twenty men, and are commanded by a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and a major. The authority they exercise is remarkable — even over the cardinals at times. They watch the interior approaches to the palace and the entrances to the apartments. At several of the great religious ceremonials of the Holy Year they appeared in their steel corselets, and, with their enormous two-handed swords, carried with the hilt resting on the shoulder and the blade pointing up in the air, they surrounded the gestatorial chair of the Pope.

Around the Pontiff is an assemblage of persons so numerous, and whose duties are so complicated and so multifarious, that it is difficult even to understand them, their offices, and their etiquette. Here is a list of the important domestic servants of the Pope: The *decani*, or elders; the *sediari*, or chair-bearers; the *bussolanti;* the clerks, or *cintanti di camera;* the mace-bearers, the wardens with silver wands, etc. Every variety of functionary has its own costume. Many are laymen, although some of them wear the priest's soutane, like the *bussolanti.* This is the domestic personnel of the antechambers, to which is also

attached, although of course on a much higher social scale, the *cameriere di capa e di spada*, or gentlemen of the court. There are five hundred of them. There are one hundred and ten Chamberlains of Honor of the Cloak and Sword, two hundred and thirty Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword *di numero*, and finally four Secret Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword, who are of the most ancient nobility of Rome. The costume of ceremony is black velvet doublet, black plumed hat, white ruff, black silk hose, and black velvet mantle; around the neck they wear a golden chain and carry a sword swung in a baldric at the side. When at minor ceremonials, they simply wear the heavy gold chain over an evening-coat. It is the Secret Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword who receive embassadors and cardinals in the Papal antechambers. All of them belong to the Roman nobility.

The services of the antechambers are regulated by the most minute rules. When, for example, a cardinal pays a visit to the Pontiff, he is first received in the Hall of Constantine, which is occupied by the Swiss Guards, who present arms. A *sediario*, one of the persons who carry the Pope in his chair, garbed in plum-colored velvet, approaches, bows, and, taking the little red sack

from the hands of the cardinal's gentleman, precedes him as far as the third antechamber, that of the *gendarmes*, who, in their turn, present arms. At the door of the third antechamber, a *bussolante*, in a violet soutane, approaches, bows, and precedes the cardinal as far as the Hall of the Throne. In the Hall of the Throne, he is received by the Secret Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword, who accompany him as far as the Secret Antechamber. In the Secret Antechamber, the master of the chamber and his *participante* accompany the cardinal up to the moment he is received by the Pope. It is only in the last antechamber that the cardinal takes off his hat. Up to that time he wears it by special privilege allowed to a prelate of his rank.

The Vatican once exercised government over things as well as souls. It therefore was obliged to have a diplomatic service, an army, a financial administration, courts, and everything which constitutes a civil organization. This social order vanished in 1870, when the Vatican government became a purely theoretical thing. Nevertheless, certain vestiges remain of the governmental attributes of former times. The Vatican used to have forges, foundries, and various other manufactories. It had within the precincts of the Vatican an arsenal,

a mint, an establishment where mosaics and tapestries were made, an industrial and artistic city, where a people lived by their manufactures alone. The arsenal and the mint are to-day in the hands of the Italian government. There remain to the Vatican its tapestry factory, at present idle from lack of money, and its manufactory for mosaics, which still maintains a number of workmen.

But leaving the machinery of the Papal government, let us take a look at the gardens of the Vatican. From the dome of St. Peter's we had inspected the gardens through glasses, and had seen the Pope making his rounds. For a long time the gardens had been closed to the public. The guide-books were silent about them, the photographers had no views of them on sale. So when we learned that the gardens were to be temporarily thrown open to the pilgrims, we hastened thither, for we were pilgrims, too. We found to our delight that the other pilgrims apparently had not yet heard of it, for the gardens were practically deserted.

For an hour we wandered through them and met no man — or woman either, as Hamlet says

"The stiffest style of landscape gardening."

— save two or three aged gardeners. For all things in the Vatican gardens, even the gardeners, seem to be old. The gardens are not many acres in extent, but they seem larger than they really are. The walks and drives are laid out with much skill, and are shut off by lofty boxwood hedges. It is possible, therefore, to wander for a long distance without retracing one's steps. The gardens are a quaint and pleasing mixture of primness and wildness. Immediately at the entrance you find some acres of flower-beds, laid out in the stiffest style of landscape gardening. But leaving this in a winding walk which climbs a hill, you are speedily lost in a forest of trees, which shuts off the view completely. Here you might believe yourself far from a city, were it not that you distinctly hear the muffled roar of Rome. Under the dense shade of these ancient trees are old fountains, old statues, old arches, old columns — everything is moss-grown and old. Ferns grow luxuriantly in this dense and humid shade — delicate maiden's-hair as well as the more hardy brakes.

The hillside climbed, we came out of the shade and into the sun. On the sunny side of the hill we found a small vineyard, a small orchard, a small poultry-yard, a small deer-park, and a small ostrich-pen. Here there are several pavilions,

or summer-houses, which the Pope at times occupies, and from which magnificent views may be had of Rome and the Campagna.

At this point one of the venerable gardeners approached us, and with much impressiveness led us to a summer-house and showed us a peep-hole, through which we could see the very chair in which the Holy Father had sat. Price, twenty cents. But the gardener was an amusing old soul, and seeing a chance of another tip, he escorted us around the "ranch"—for the mixture of orchard, vineyard, and poultry-yard inevitably suggested that term. Here we encountered two tourist priests, who, seeing that the gardener was acting as *cicerone*, immediately followed and listened to his prattle. For half an hour they stuck to us, disappearing only when the time came to settle, when they swiftly vanished. They were dark-browed, dark-complexioned fellows, and uttered no sound as they stalked behind us, with their black skirts flapping around their sturdy legs. I wondered whether they could be Italians. The dialogue between the gardener and myself was of a nature to make Ariosto weep and Tasso grieve. I am not strong in Italian; I can make myself understood in it, but I speak English much better. If those priests were Italian, I

"The great dome of St. Peter's from the Vatican hill."

shudder when I think of that dialogue. But if they were Italian, and could listen to it with gravity, I greatly admire their self-control.

The old gardener parted from us with regret, after having sold us some cuttings from plants. His regret was over not asking for more. He was a nice old man, but a trifle mercenary. Most of the Vatican servants are.

When we left the old gardener we started to return by what we thought to be the same route, but it led us into an entirely different part of the grounds. Here we climbed a hill which was the highest in the gardens. I think that we must have been on the top of Mons Vaticanus. At our feet lay the vast pile of buildings which together are called the Vatican. Apparently on a level with us was the great dome of St. Peter's. Around the railing at the top we could see the minute figures of tourists looking from the dome at the Vatican gardens. From there we descended the hill and made our way back toward the gateway. We passed the building called "Casino del Papa," where the Popes used to dwell during the torrid days of summer. It is a handsome building, covered with the self-laudatory inscriptions of the various Popes who have adorned it. Not only in the Vatican gardens but all over Rome

you see magniloquent inscriptions setting forth the astounding virtues of the various Popes who repaired bridges, or restored façades —"Most munificent Prince, Pius"—"Most virtuous Prince, Clement"—"Most learned Prince, Sixtus." If the Popes have had a besetting sin, it is not modesty.

As we were making our way toward the exit we met another tourist priest—an old Italian—who had apparently lost his way. He asked us about it, and we set him right. He was unmistakably a tourist, for he had a guide-book, and pointing to a tower told us it was the Borgia Tower. He meant well, but the gardener had already told us it was the Leonine Tower. He was completely lost.

Fancy two pilgrims from Western America telling an Italian priest how to find his way about the gardens of the Vatican!

"The gardener told us it was the Leonine Tower."

S. P. Q. R.

THE Roman aldermen head all their official notices with the legend "S. P. Q. R." These letters were once carried on the eagles of the Roman legions from what is now London to what is now Constantinople, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Baltic Sea. These letters still confront one on the gigantic ruins which the ancient Romans left to modern Rome. The "Senate and People of Rome" builded for all time.

But there is a certain lack of humor in the modern Italian mind. To use these imposing letters nowadays for lesser things seems slightly ludicrous. Yet you continually see them so used by the Roman aldermen:

"S. P. Q. R.—Notice of a street assessment on the Corso."

"S. P. Q. R.—New sidewalk to be laid on the Appian Way."

"S. P. Q. R.—Bicycles not allowed after midday on the Pincian Hill."

"S. P. Q. R.—Lowering the grade of Bonella Street beside the Roman Forum."

"S. P. Q. R.—Specifications for constructing a new sewer from the Fountain of Trevi."

It has long been believed that the most sudden fall from the sublime to the ridiculous is the cry of the Oriental hawker: "In the name of the Prophet—Figs!" But it has been surpassed. The Roman aldermen have posted up this notice in the Senate House on the Capitoline Hill:

S. P. Q. R.
Non Sputate sul Pavimento!

It seems scarcely credible, but it is true. In Rome, in 1900, this notice stares at you from historic walls:

In the Name of
The Senate and People of Rome:
Don't Spit on the Floor!

When I first visited Rome, some years ago, I was struck by its air of modernness. First impressions are always the most sharply defined. On a second visit I was not surprised at the excellence of its pavements, the order of its

"A street and car-line run over the Forum."

streets by day, and the brilliant lighting of its streets by night. But the electric tramways—new since a former visit—came upon me with a slight shock of surprise. Fancy going clear across Rome by a "trolley-car" from the Quirinal Hill and over the Forum to the Vatican!

Let no hasty person accuse me of anglomania for using the word "tram." It is an old word in both America and England, and was used in mines before there were any street-cars. Furthermore, the word is so short and expressive that it has made its way into other languages. Instead of *strada ferrata*, the Italians say *tramvia* or *tram*. Instead of *camino de hierro*, the Spaniards say *tranvia* or *tran*. Why, then, should practical Americans cling to such clumsy neologisms as "street-railway lines," "street-car line," "cable-car line," "cable street-car line," and "electric street-car line"? They are meaningless as well as clumsy, for the lines frequently run out of towns and into suburbs, ceasing to be "street" lines. A feeble attempt is being made to change the name of the electric tram to "trolley," but this will speedily be meaningless, also, as the overhead trolley is doomed to disappear. In most European cities it is not allowed within municipal limits, but only in the suburbs.

Of the many modern things in Rome that struck me, one was the tram question and another the board of aldermen. They call it the "communal council" there, and the mayor is styled the "syndic." The Roman aldermen and the Roman people in 1900 were greatly agitated over tramway franchises and city squares. American cities are always in a fever over street-railway franchises, and generally quarreling over city squares. The municipal resemblances between these ancient and modern cities must strike the most casual observer.

Rome's question was complex. Briefly, the Piazza Colonna is in the heart of the city. It is small. From it runs the Via del Tritone, which is narrow. You see there the equipages of princes, the carriages of cardinals, and the brilliant liveries of the queen's coachmen, cheek by jowl with donkeys, hand-barrows, and wine-carts from the Campagna. The Street of the Triton is the outlet from the Piazza Colonna.

In the Piazza Colonna affair a number of the Roman aldermen were in favor of erecting a public building upon the piazza. Others opposed this. Hence acrimonious discussion. Some of the Roman newspapers said there was a "job" in it. Very likely there was. The *Osservatore*

"The Piazza Colonna, with the beautiful column of Marcus Aurelius."

Romano, the Vatican organ, uttered fierce howls daily, declaring that the beautiful Rome of the Popes was being defiled by vandal hands unfit to control it.

The tramway scheme was to run a line along the narrow and crowded Via Tritone. How they could run one there I do not see. It is barely possible for two carriages to pass, and the sidewalk is about two feet wide.

Modern Rome is now extending her electric tramways and her electric-lighting system; she is about to pierce the Quirinal Hill with a tunnel to facilitate traffic; she is erecting a new palace of justice; she is completing new quays and beginning new bridges over the Tiber; she is about to erect a new monument to Victor Emanuel on the capitol; and she is discussing the enlargement of both the Piazza Colonna and the Piazza Venezia.

Concerning this latter, it is interesting to note how the public controls private property in Italy. The Palazzo Torlonia is on the Piazza Venezia. Princess Anna Maria Torlonia is the owner. This year, after much negotiation between her and the city, it was agreed: 1. That the Torlonia Palace should be torn down. 2. That the Torlonia family should erect a new and smaller one.

3. That the space thus gained should form part henceforth of the Piazza Venezia. 4. That the new palace should cost not less than so many millions. 5. That its plans must be approved by the government before work began. 6. That the palace must be completed at such a date. 7. That the government would indemnify the Torlonia family for the land, in installments running over a long term of years.

These were the questions which were agitating modern Rome in 1900.

One of the odd features of the Roman newspapers is the small number of advertisements. They publish very few, and these are nearly all advertisements of patent medicines. From the number and variety of these remedies one would imagine that half the population of Italy have weak lungs and the other half weak stomachs. It is said that the Italians are extremely prone to dosing themselves. The scant display of advertisements in the newspapers accounts for the extraordinary display of posters upon the dead-walls. In foreign cities I am in the habit of reading newspaper advertisements. They shed much light on the manners, customs, and often on the

morals of the natives. In Rome this source of information was denied me. I was forced from the newspapers to study the hoardings. It is not so convenient as looking at newspaper advertisements, but it is certainly instructive.

Upon the walls of Rome one finds many of the kind of announcements found in American newspapers, and many not found there. There are, of course, the staple posters found in every city—theatre-bills, variety-shows, and amusements generally. These present no interesting features. The school of "artistic posters" founded by Chéret in Paris has found no disciples in Rome. The theatre-bills are utterly without interest—as for that matter are the theatres. For example, the favorite operatic prima donna of Rome is Gemma Bellincioni, a painstaking but mediocre artist, who would rank fourth-rate in Paris, London, or New York.

Next to the theatre-posters are the official notices of the municipality. These municipal notices, as well as government proclamations, are printed on white paper, which, in Italy as in France, is reserved to the state. Many of the government proclamations are notices of conscription. The young men subject to duty in the various military districts are thus called to arms:

"Every Italian in the first military district of Rome who was twenty-one years of age on March 1, 1900, who has not served in the army, and whose name begins with any letter between A and M, will report at ——."

There are many posters announcing auction and other sales of furniture, tapestries, libraries, paintings, antiquities, "objects of art," and *bric-à-brac* generally. At home we always found such sales advertised in the newspapers. It is a little annoying not to find them in the Roman journals. You remember to have seen, for example, a poster announcing that "the library of the late Marquis Angelelli is for sale at ——." When you reach this point your cab turns a corner and the poster vanishes. You make a mental note of the sale, and determine to find out where and when the late Angelelli's bibliographical treasures are to be sold. Vain thought! Fruitless quest! Arrived at home, you search the morning papers, the evening papers, all the papers. No result. The papers know not Angelelli. For them Angelelli *fuit*. And for you, too, apparently.

But you are persevering. You think you can find the Angelelli poster. You connect it vaguely with a red-headed beggar. A red-headed Italian beggar seems odd to you, but there are such.

You charter a cab. You tell the cabman that you think you saw a red-headed beggar pretending to sell pencils on the Via Quattro Fontane, around the corner from the Via Venti Settembre, where it runs down a hill. This position is chosen so that the red-headed beggar can easily pursue carriages with his pencils. You tell him that somewhere along the beggar's beat there is a poster you wish to find. The cabman looks at you as if you were mad. But as the Roman populace believe that the Americans and English are all crazy anyway, he shrugs his shoulders and drives off. You find the Street of the Four Fountains; you find the hill; you find the red-headed beggar; you find the poster. But, alas! it only goes as far as "the library of the late Marquis Angelelli is for sale at ——." The where and the when vanished again. A Roman bill-sticker has covered the Angelelli bill with a lovely chromo-lithograph, headed "Rome and the Sea," representing a very pink lady, very lightly clad, about to take a dip, followed by an urgent appeal to Romans to buy shares of stock in a new railway and sea-bathing corporation at Civita Vecchia. Fancy floating a stock-company in America by gaudy posters on the walls! After much travail and some days' disappointment, you accidentally

discover another Angelelli poster, and find that the Angelelli sale has been going on daily for a week, that it contained gems priceless to a book-lover, and that it was finished the day before yesterday.

The late Angelelli really was a marquis, but I had grave doubts as to the nobility of all the noble advertisers on the Roman walls. There seemed to be no sales by commoners. For example, there was a sale of "the furniture and objects of art of a noble Sicilian family." Yet even in the gaudy rhetoric of the auctioneer the noble Sicilian family's goods and chattels sounded to me very much like those of a fairly well-to-do American family. All the sales advertised upon the walls were of "noble Neapolitan families," "noble Piedmontese families," and "distinguished foreign families." I noticed no distinguished Roman families among them. In selling dead men's gear, the posters spoke out frankly, as in the case of Angelelli. Sometimes they left out the name. One poster read: "Sale of the library of a distinguished prelate of the court of His Holiness."

The amateur amusements seemed to be more attractively advertised than the theatrical entertainments. A poster giving particulars concerning

an "equestrian mediæval tournament" was long, and couched in the stilted and high-flown language of the middle ages. It was quite cleverly written, and set forth that there would be a tournament on such a day; that it would take place outside the Porto del Popolo; that the director of the tournament would be Prince Felice Borghese; that most of the cavaliers would be Roman knights; that the field of the tournament would be gay with the banners of the various knights; that the knights would wear armor of the fourteenth century; that the combats would be with sword and lance; that each knight would make the round of the amphitheatre, saluting the lady whom he wished to hail as queen of love and beauty; that any lady so saluted might give to the knight a token, such as a glove or flower, to wear as a favor in his casque; that the lady before whose champion all other knights go down would be crowned queen of the tournament. Then followed a list of the knights already entered for the tournament, among whom we recognized such familiar names as Rolando of Roncesvalles, Edoardo the Black Prince, and Ricardo of the Lion Heart.

In most Latin countries you see little cardboard sheets of note-paper size, affixed to walls and

lamp-posts, announcing deaths. In our country you still find them in New Orleans. In Rome they are replaced by posters. A large and staring placard, about three feet by four, says: "After a long and painful illness Edoardo Giovanilli has ceased to live. His exquisite gifts of heart and mind *(squisiti doti dei mente e di cuore)* made it a high privilege to possess his acquaintance. His loss is irreparable. His funeral will take place from the Street of the Sow, No. 96." In the way of funeral posters, there was in Rome a placard from the municipality prescribing the maximum charges for funerals of the first, second, third, and fourth grades.

The "summer resorts" and watering-places also advertise on dead-walls. Merely to show their prices, I note the poster of Uliveto, a well-known Italian resort, which thus advertised its opening. It has famous mineral springs, hotel with electric lights, elevators, postal and telegraphic bureaus. It advertises a long list of physicians, and it winds up with its prices, which, given in American money, are: "Rooms, from 40 to 60 cents a day; breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, including wine twice daily, 90 cents a day; 20 per cent. reduction to military officers, physicians, and their wives and families."

These are a few among the many odd advertisements which appear upon the dead-walls of Rome. Not perhaps odd intrinsically, but because they are of the kind usually found in newspapers. For example, you see staring posters announcing "handsome rewards" for the return of lost dogs, lost opera-glasses, lost fans, jewelry, and all sorts of trinkets. The somnambulist, Anna d'Amico, advertises her magnetic cabinet, in which she gives answers to "persons who are unhappy in love, persons who are troubled in business, and persons about undertaking journeys," at the moderate fee of five lire. Peeping into the future at a dollar a peep seems cheap. Then there is a noble family who are willing to let a portion of their noble apartment in the noble Via Montegiordano for two hundred and fifty lire a month. "An advocate, twenty-five years of age, earning four hundred lire a month, wishes to marry an honest and good girl with a dowry." This ingenuous attorney signs himself "Simplex," and gives his address. The maiden with a dowry who could be wooed through a large poster on a dead-wall would be almost as simple as Simplex himself. An advertisement of a similar nature is that of a "gentleman thirty-nine years of age, noble, unmarried, sympathetic, rich, affectionate,

desires a companion, affectionate, serious, and rich. Useless to write without these requisites. The utmost secrecy and reserve. Write to Arturo Fiorelli, general delivery, Rome." *Fiorelli* means "little flower." Arturo is aptly named. Arturo is a daisy.

A fruitless search for a certain photographer in the Roman directory was my first introduction to that remarkable publication. In Rome it is called the "Indicatori." If it indicates anything it is hard to tell what, for even the natives seem unable to cope with the intricacies of the "Indicatori." After failing to find the desired place myself, I tried several of them, and they all were forced to give it up. As a directory is supposed to direct, this all-round failure so excited my curiosity that I gave the volume a cursory inspection.

It is not arranged like the plain, plebeian city directories of our untitled republic. It begins with the Roman "conscritti"— the modern analogues of the ancient conscript fathers — the princely families of modern Rome, the Colonnas, the Dorias, the Borgheses. But they fill only a short half-page. Next come the "Roman patricians," which means apparently titled persons

not princes, for most of this batch are dukes, counts, and barons. This fills two and a half pages. It is followed by "noble families residing in Rome," which does not mean foreign noblemen, but the Sicilian, Sardinian, Piedmontese, and Venetian nobility. Apparently the old Roman contempt for non-Roman Italians still exists. This category fills two and a half pages. After this come "leading families residing in Rome." Most of the gentlemen in this list bear the honorary title either of "Cavaliere" or of "Commendatore." This fills three pages. Next come "professionals," in which are included lawyers, physicians, architects, etc., filling forty pages. And last of all comes the division headed "industry and commerce," in which figure the half-million who make up the population of Rome—the ordinary persons of whom we in the United States are entirely made up. There are seventy-five millions of us, and we have no princes, patricians, or noble families, and yet we are doing pretty well, thank you!

The Roman newspapers are numerous. There are eighteen daily journals of various shades of politics. Among them are Liberal Republican,

Republican, Socialistic, Military, and Conservative or Royalist organs. There are also religious dailies as well as distinctively Papal journals. Of these last the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Voce della Verita* are organs of the Vatican; both are edited by commissions of priests. There are one hundred and eighty-five weekly, semi-weekly, and monthly publications. This large number is explained by the existence of many official newspapers issued weekly by the government bureaus. Among these, for example, is the *Corriere del Lotto*, which is the organ of the bureau devoted to the government lotteries. There are also many military journals, daily as well as weekly, easily accounted for when one remembers that there are a quarter of a million men in Italy under arms.

The papers are not of a high grade. They are poorly printed on flimsy paper, and are feeble imitations of the Paris papers, which themselves are not worth imitating. About the best of them is *La Tribuna*, which claims a daily circulation of two hundred and twenty thousand. It has an illustrated Sunday edition, but not at all resembling our Sunday papers. It is modeled on the Sunday edition of the Paris *Petit Journal*, which is a kind of illustrated Sunday magazine. One Sunday *Tribuna* contained the first number of a

new "grande romanzo di Miss M. E. Braddon," entitled "Aurora Floyd," as also a "drammatico racconto di Edgardo Poe," entitled "The Pit and the Pendulum." These titles seemed faintly familiar.

Apropos of Miss Braddon, another of her novels, "Lady Audley's Secret," was running serially in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan. "Behind Closed Doors," by Anna Katharine Green, was running in the *Corriere Italiano* of Florence, and "A Strange Marriage," by H. Flemming, was running serially in the *Fieramosca* of Florence.

The daily papers of Rome all sell for five centesimi—a cent apiece—with the exception of *L'Italie*, which is printed in French and sells for two cents. Poor as the Italian papers are in Rome, this French daily is poorer still. That there is a decidedly provincial tone about the Roman dailies is shown by the fact that *Il Messagero* one day editorially puffed a candy-seller, and congratulated him on being named confectioner to the Pontifical Court.

Elsewhere I have spoken of the *Tribuna* as being the leading newspaper in Italy. While we were in Rome its editor-in-chief, Attilio Luz-

zatto, suddenly died. The general and unaffected grief which his death caused so impressed me that I made some little study of his career. I never had heard his name until he died. And yet he was the director of the most influential journal in all Italy—a country of some thirty millions of people. How narrow is newspaper fame!

Luzzatto was born in 1850 in Udine, a town in the province of Venezia near the Austro-Hungarian frontier. He studied law in Milan, but journalism irresistibly attracted him. He left the law and attached himself to a radical democratic journal, the *Ragione*. His vigorous writing soon attracted attention and he was urged to go to Rome. There he became chief editorial writer of *La Stampa*, another radical democratic organ. Luzzatto waged a vigorous war for liberty of speech, liberty of public meetings, liberty of the press, and extension of the electoral franchise. This endeared him to the masses. In 1883 a group of liberal democratic leaders decided to found an organ in Rome, which they called *La Tribuna*. They made Luzzatto its editor-in-chief, and at that post he remained until his death.

One of the curious facts developed by Luzzatto's death was that Prince Sciarra is a large owner in *La Tribuna*. I knew that the Roman

princes did not hesitate to become silent partners in business ventures at which their ancestors would have sneered. Many of them were ruined by the bursting of Rome's real-estate boom some years ago. But for a prince, the head of an ancient family, to be part proprietor of a newspaper devoted to spreading the principles of radical democracy, strikes me as distinctly amusing.

The death of Luzzatto was unexpected. Toward the end of winter he had a severe attack of the "grippe," or influenza. He partially recovered, but against the advice of his physicians resumed his work. Not long after he died of heart paralysis. His sudden death, while apparently in the full tide of his labors, startled the community.

From all over Italy there came telegrams of sympathy—from cabinet ministers, senators, deputies, mayors of cities, journalists, and public men generally. The funeral was a large and imposing one. Still all these evidences of grief did not strike me as being other than the evidence of an ephemeral feeling. The Italian has a dramatico-sympathetic nature and is easily moved. Death startles him. A sudden death shocks him. He is not unwilling that the world should see that he is moved, startled, and shocked.

On the day of the funeral we had occasion to travel northward for a brief trip out of Rome. When we reached the station, we found in the train an imposing funeral car. It contained the remains of Luzzatto. They were to be carried northward for burial in his birthplace, Udine. We made some remark about the love of funeral pomp characteristic of the Latin mind, and dismissed the subject.

But it was soon brought to our attention. The train traveled for miles over the lonely Roman Campagna—a vast rolling plain, where there are no towns or villages, and only an occasional fever-haunted farm-house, tenanted by gaunt peasants, yellow with malaria. When we had left this zone of desolation the train began stopping at stations. Wherever we made a halt the sight was remarkable. The people for many miles around had collected to do honor to the dead journalist. Artisans' guilds, workingmen's leagues, wine-growers' associations, social and political clubs were there, bearing banners draped with crape. Bands of music were in waiting, playing solemn dirges. In the villages there were great crowds of peasants, and in the towns dense masses of workingmen. In places like Monte Varchi and Arezzo there were crowds of several thousand

people. The station inclosures were packed with humanity. At towns like Laterina and San Giovanni Valdarno the crowds were extraordinary, considering the size of these places. Even at the smaller stations, where the train did not stop, hundreds of peasants were drawn up at the station-barriers gazing eagerly at the passing of Luzzatto. At San Giovanni Valdarno there must have been from four to five thousand people waiting at the station. I could not imagine where they all came from in a place of that size, and cross-questioned the guard. He replied that the banners they bore showed that they came from different communes. These included San Giovanni, Terranuova, Castel Franco, Piandisco, Cavriglia, Loro, Perpignano, Monastero, Castel Nuovo, Montegonsi, and Campogialli—villages scattered over a territory miles in extent.

As the day declined and darkness came on, the scene grew picturesque. First the white, green, and red signal-lights of the outlying station limits would flash by. Ahead of us in the darkness would be visible a great flare. As the train drew up to the platform we would see that the light proceeded from hundreds of torches held aloft by men in the processions of clubs and guilds. The yellow glare of the torches dimly outlined the tall

banners with their long streamers of crape. Out of the darkness would come the sound of a dirge with muffled drums and muted horns. For a minute or two the train would pause while the waiting people placed mourning wreaths in the funeral car, and again it would dash on into the darkness. For a hundred and fifty miles through the most populous portion of central Italy this curious scene was repeated.

Such a genuine outburst of popular mourning made me think that Luzzatto had a deeper hold upon the public heart than I had supposed. It was not a purely local lamentation, confined to the city of Rome, where he had labored so long. The feeling was apparently shared by the Italians at large. It made me wonder whether the death of any journalist in the United States could cause such genuine grief. What editor have we for whose funeral train the people would wait for hours in darkness and in rain?—for the heavens wept ceaselessly as the funeral train rolled on.

Another thought came into my mind—that wide as was Luzzatto's fame in his own land, it was apparently limited to that land. I saw but two foreign dispatches concerning his death. Probably I speak within bounds when I say that —excluding Italians—few well-informed men in

the United States had ever heard of him. There walked in his funeral procession two other Italian writers, Gabriele d'Annunzio and Edmondo de Amicis. Both are younger men than Luzzatto, who was just fifty. Yet the world knows them as writers, while Luzzatto is unknown. Why? They wrote in books. He wrote in newspapers. He will be forgotten within a year.

In the Protestant Cemetery at Rome is the tomb of Keats, the young English poet, who is said to have died of a broken heart. Upon the nameless headstone are chiseled the well-known words which the dying poet begged should be placed upon his tomb—

HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME
WAS WRIT IN WATER.

I could not help but think that after his brief and busy life Attilio Luzzatto's name was writ in water, too.

These thumb-nail notes discuss trivial things perhaps, but preferably unusual things. From the well-trodden paths paved with red-bound guide-books I have turned aside. I have always

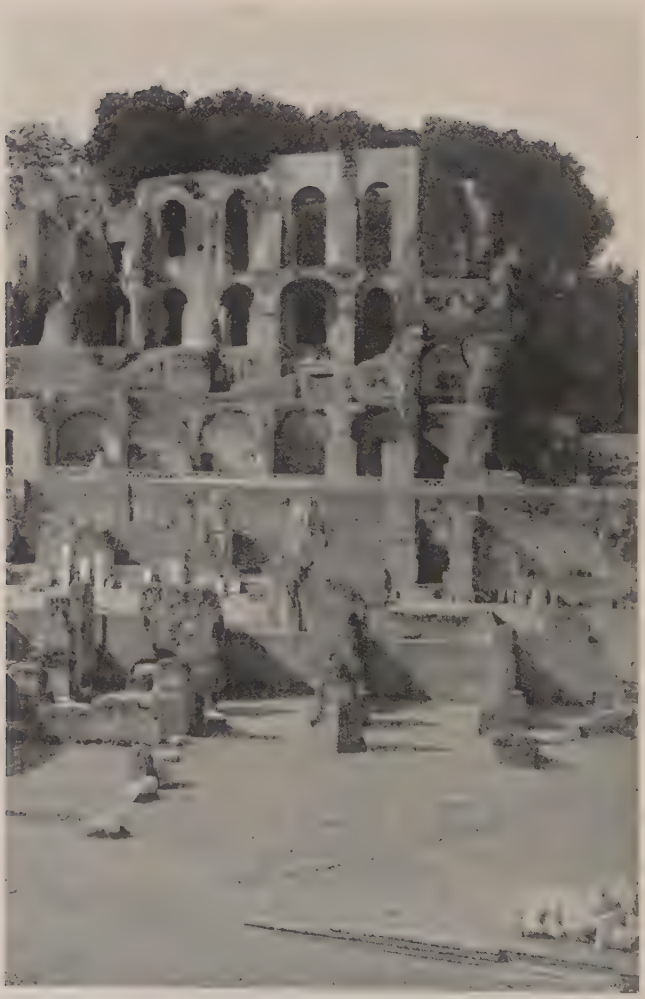
secretly admired the courage of people who in this day and generation can write and talk about Roman ruins. But I have no desire to emulate them. So I have written about trifles — odd trifles. One might write many pages about oddities — about the many interesting things in the most interesting city in the world.

One might write of the men sluicing dirt in the Forum, just as they do in the placer-mines of California. But the California miners are in search of gold, while the Forum miners are in quest of antiquities, gems, bronzes, buckles, seals, intaglios, weapons, bits of armor, and other *bric-à-brac* of the ancient Romans.

One might write of the little ten-year-old boys in swallow-tail coats, tall hats, and white chokers whom you meet walking in files of two, led by priests.

One might write of the fish-wheels revolving in the Tiber. I have told of the salmon-wheels in the Columbia to Eastern Americans, and have had my "fish story" received with incredulous laughter. Yet at Ponte Molle I saw the Oregon fish-wheel revolving in the muddy Tiber, which flows by one of the most ancient cities in the world.

One might write of the remarkable incongru-



"The ruined Palaces of the Cæsars."

ities in Rome. For example, the Circus Maximus of Ancient Rome has been utilized as a site for the gas-works of Modern Rome. A "fornix" in the ruined Palace of the Cæsars has been used as a little drinking-shop, and over the arch you see the sign "Birra Gazzosa, Due Soldi." Says the poet: "Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." In this case, for further indignity, his ruined palace serves as a signboard for "Steam Beer, Two Cents."

One might write of the extraordinary mediocrity of the pictures in oils, pastels, and water-colors that one sees in the Roman shops, done by modern Roman artists. Did I say artists? There are none. Whistler once became offended at the Society of British Artists to which he belonged. At a meeting of the society he arose and made a caustic speech, offering his resignation, which was accepted. He then suggested that from the name "Society of the British Artists" the society should strike the word "artists," thus changing its name to "Society of the British," as there had been only one artist in it, to-wit, Whistler, and now he was gone. There is a society here called the "Society of Roman Artists." I think they should change their name on the

lines of Whistler's suggestion. All the Roman artists are dead.

One might write of the artists' models that loiter from dawn to dark on the Spanish Steps. Dickens when first in Rome said that he was puzzled because their faces looked familiar. It is easily explained—they were familiar to him in pictures. If you approach the Spanish Steps with a camera, groups of children dressed in picturesque multi-colored rags start up and begin falling into rapid poses like the crumbs of glass in a kaleidoscope.

One might write of the functions of the royal carabineers in Rome, and wonder what they are. An irate commander during our Civil War, who did not believe in cavalry, once declared that he would offer a reward of a thousand dollars for a dead soldier in cavalry-boots. If the Roman royal carabineers ever do anything but look pretty, I can not conceive what it is. One evening on the Pincian Hill, at six o'clock, when the park was crowded with people listening to the music, a melancholy young woman standing near a royal carabineer flung herself over the parapet, and was dashed to death on the stone pavement below. The royal carabineer never moved—did not even look over. He called a civil guard, and bade

"The Spanish Steps and Trinità de Monti."

him go down and gather the girl up. The royal carabineers of Rome are magnificent. But it is difficult to tell what they are for.

One might write of the countless fountains which spout and splash in Rome. From dawn till dusk and from dusk till dawn—from the great Pauline fountain, with its torrents of water, to the little trickle of the little Turtle fountain in its little square—night and day these living waters plash and play. When a Roman rainstorm is coming down in sheets, the fountains playing in the torrential rain seem to a Californian like a wicked waste of water. He always wants to run and turn it off.

But one might write endlessly of Roman fountains, and one might write forever of Rome. So let us stop with the Fountain of Trevi, most beautiful fountain in a city of beautiful fountains. Around it are ever grouped loungers, porters, tourists, beggars. To it clings the old superstition that one who would return to Rome must, on the eve of his departure, cast a coin into the fountain's basin and offer up a wish for his return. So on the brink of the basin we stood, thinking regretfully of our departure from the ancient city where we had spent so many delightful days. Each of us brought a copper coin bearing the

impress of our Uncle Samuel rather than the features of King Humbert. Casting the coin from our own dear country into the magic waters —whose charm is said to lure travelers back to this other country which men from all lands seem to love—we made our invocation, sighed our regrets, and bade farewell to Rome.

"The Fountain of Trevi."

FLORENTINE DILETTANTES

THE first thing that we saw in the city of Savonarola and Buonarotti was an automobile parade. The automobile pursues one around Europe. It is the Time Ghost of to-day. It appears suddenly in ancient nooks and corners, and reminds you that this is the end of the nineteenth century. And then, after scaring you, the Time Ghost rattles away, leaving behind it a smell which suggests ghosts, demons, and sulphur. But it is only the smell of benzine.

This Florentine parade followed the inauguration of the first automobile club in Tuscany. It took place in the Barbetti Rotunda near the Cascine. Around the circle twenty-one automobiles were ranged. They were examined by the Count of Turin, who represents the royal family in Florence. The Florentines must have something for their tax-money, so they get a royal prince. The count was good enough to express his princely admiration for the machines, of which

there was quite a showing. The fastest was a six-horse-power Stanley, belonging to Prince Strozzi.

We were neighbors of the prince, by the way. He lived across the street from us. Carping people might say that we lived across the street from him, for there is a Strozzi Palace, a Strozzi Street, and a Strozzi Square, while our hotel is on the corner of Strozzi Square and Strozzi Street. But none the less we have a right to say that he lived across the street from us. His habitation is finer than ours, for the Strozzi Palace is one of the sights of Florence. But it is unfinished. The prince's family have lived there for generations. Two or three hundred years ago the family decided to put an ornamental cornice on the palace, and got halfway around, when they became "broke" and stopped. The cornice has remained unfinished ever since. If Prince Strozzi had a due regard for his ancestors, he would finish his uncompleted palace. But apparently he prefers to live in an unfinished house and spend his money on automobiles. He had four machines at this opening of the Florence Automobile Club.

After the exposition proper, the members "conducted" their machines from the Rotunda out to Florence's beautiful park, the Cascine.

"Florence's park, the Cascine."

Numbers of handsomely gowned women were seated on the automobiles, and one of them was driven by a lady. I inquired her name, and was told that she was "the Signorina Smith." The other ladies were all marchesas, duchessas, and contessas, but only Signorina Smith was daring enough to conduct a machine. The name sounds un-Italian. I think the Signorina Smith must be American. The club wound up by a "grand five-o'clock tea at four o'clock," at the Cascine. The Italians seem to think that "five o'clock" is a kind of beverage, instead of a time of day. You see signs on the Italian-English tea-rooms, "five-o'clock tea served at all hours." And the French even make a verb of it—*fiveocloquer*. "On five-ocloquera à quatre heures."

The scene was an animated one. We were seated at one of the tables under the trees on the terrace of the Cascine Café. A fine military band was playing near at hand. Many of the automobile club were still speeding their machines around the circles and driveways, giving exhibitions of their skill in turning corners and running into trees. On the other side of the round-point on which stands the *café*, the afternoon carriage parade of Florence was going on. Handsomely appointed victorias, broughams, breaks, dog-carts,

and phaetons rolled past, drawn by well-groomed horses, with coachmen, footmen, and grooms in immaculate liveries. Not a few horsemen were to be seen, among them numbers of uniformed army officers. On the other side of this driveway were four lawn-tennis courts, with matches in progress on all of them, followed by groups of interested spectators. Beyond these courts again, the Italian game of "Pallone" was being played with great vigor. The elliptical course of a race-track lay alongside the park barrier, where running races were in progress on this same day. Just outside the Cascine are the grounds of the beautiful Villa Demidoff, on which there is a golf-links. And all these sports were going on at the same time on a beautiful spring day. Of a truth, the Florentines do not lack for amusements.

Parenthetically, let me say that the Florence Golf Club was extremely hospitable to us wanderers from a far-off Western land, and sent us visitors' cards for their links and club-house. We were not slow to avail ourselves of the privilege. The links are laid out adjacent to a speed-track at the Villa Demidoff. There are racing-stables there, and men in trotting-sulkies were continually exercising horses. Your vagrant golf-ball

"The little Italian golf-caddies."

would take you near a group of jockeys, horse-trainers, and hostlers, gathered round a couple of trotting-sulkies and talking to the drivers. Unconsciously you would expect to hear them calling one another Jim or Pete, and talking English race-track slang. But no. They are Sandros and Titos, and their race-track lingo is *lingua Toscana*.

So, too, with the caddies. To play golf over a links where the caddies speak no English is in itself an odd sensation. But to have a golf-caddy talking to you in Italian is even more odd. Otherwise, the little Italian caddies seem very much like other caddies otherwhere. They are just as featherheaded, just as prone to give you the wrong club, just as apt to forget the flag, just as apt to say they are "tired" when you want to go around again. It will interest golf-players to know that for "once round" they receive four cents. Late in the afternoons little girls would straggle across the golf-links, stopping to stare at the queer *giuoco Inglese*, or English game. They were freckled little girls, carrying little lunch-baskets and bundles of school-books in straps—they are just like little school-girls in other lands and climes until you speak to them. Then their speech bewrayeth them.

By the way, it would do a money-grubber good to come in contact with golf-caddies. They are rarities in this commercial age, for they know when they have enough. A barefooted boy with ragged galligaskins upheld by one suspender, his hair sticking through a hole in his hat, worth as he stands perhaps a dollar and a half, will refuse a tenth of his estimated value for an additional hour's work. He has fifteen cents in his pocket, he is tired or hungry, and he "won't go round no more." I respect the independent golf-caddy. I respect and admire him. And I always hire the other kind.

After the "inauguration" of the automobile club, the automobiles dashed through the streets of Florence at a high rate of speed, and there were many accidents. In fact, there were accidents every day. It is rather remarkable that on the Continent the authorities allow such freedom to automobilists. In Europe nearly everything is forbidden. It is forbidden to walk on the grass. It is forbidden to cross the railway lines. It is forbidden, almost, to cross the street. Therefore, that the automobilists should not be forbidden to drive their machines at such breakneck speed is remarkable. Horse-vehicles are prohibited from exceeding a certain speed. Horned cattle are not

"The Palazzo Vecchio, on the Square of the Signoria."

allowed on the streets of most large cities, owing to solicitude for the foot-passengers. I have seen loads of live steers transported across Vienna in vans drawn by horses. But the scorching automobilists are more dangerous than horned cattle.

On the day that the automobile club was inaugurated in Florence a circular space in the Piazza della Signoria was covered with mounds of flowers. At first we thought it was a flower-market, but on inquiry we found it was in memory of Savonarola, who was burned to death on this spot over four hundred years ago. A Florentine family has for centuries kept up the custom of thus honoring his memory. And around the great square of the Signoria, where he was burned, *circa* 1500, sweeps the automobile of 1900.

Florence is the favorite haunt of the faddist. And the art faddist is the most freakish of them all. There are art amateurs there — the genuine and the sham. And many of those who talk most glibly about the Cinquecento and that sort of thing strike me as being sham.

As for the Cinquecento, no one can deny the leadership of the Florentines in the Renaissance

movement. Among the Florentine artists of that epoch are some of the greatest names in Italy. But they do not leaven the whole lump. There were inferior men among them, and many mediocrities. But the faddists will not admit that. They insist that the whole Cinquecento is flawless; that every stone-cutter was a Michael Angelo and every dauber a Raphael. This fifteenth-century faddishness strikes me as being nineteenth-century nonsense.

My sense of humor is often aroused by hearing long disquisitions on art from ingenuous maidens who have spent a fortnight in Florence. After much talk about the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, they invariably get around to Botticelli. In Florence it is a curious study to stand before some famous Botticelli and note the crowd of adoring Uffizi-gallery, greenery-yallery maidens clustered at the master's shrine. They are limp and they cling. They sigh ecstatically. They exchange humid glances from tear-wet eyes for a moment, and hastily look back at the magic canvas. If one can secure an iconoclastic artist with whom to shock such a circle, it is a keen delight to pitch into Botticelli. And how amusing to note the expressions on the faces around! First of contempt, as implying: "These men are Yahoos."

"Fra Lippo Lippi's Virgin and Child."

Then of disgust, as meaning: "They are only barbarians." Then of pain, as concluding: "They are heretics." And finally of horror and of fear, as who should say: "They talk the talky-talky of the inner circle! They have been of the soul-soulful! They were once Botticellians! They must be backsliders!" And they turn and flee.

The art patter, the studio slang, the faddist's jargon are easily picked up. An adroit use of it will impress the listener with the belief that the speaker knows what he is talking about. But what matters it whether he does or not? The faddists have a right to their opinion. I have a right to mine. I dislike the work of Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, and their imitators. The Florentine faddists like it. Why, I do not know. But I know quite well why I do not like it. It strikes me as being false, flat, untrue to nature, and ridiculous. There is a famous picture by Fra Lippo Lippi representing the Virgin and Child. It is an interior, in which there are a number of other figures. The perspective is so crude that a woman in the background looks as if she were stepping on the Virgin's shoulder. The figures in the foreground, middle distance, and background have so absurd a per-

spective that they look like paper dolls of different sizes, cut out with scissors and gummed upon a background. The drawing is so extraordinary that it suggests a Chinese screen. As for the chief figures, the Madonna is grotesque and the infant Jesus preposterous. He has the face of a fat and flabby middle-aged man; the right hand is near the nose, with the fingers crooked in the gesture of benediction; he inevitably suggests an elderly person taking snuff. The picture, as a whole, always reminds me of Hogarth's cartoon of false perspective.

Another side-splitting picture which the Botticellians love is "Calumny." This also is an interior. The two leading figures, a lady and gentleman with nothing on, are before a seated Rhadamanthus. Into the judge's ears busy tongues pour calumnies. Between the erect figure of the naked lady and the recumbent figure of the naked gentleman — who occupies a most ungraceful semi-seated posture on the floor, hair-hauled to the judge's feet — there stands a figure like the Witch of Endor. The naked lady is shaped like the letter S. It is difficult to gaze upon this extraordinary composition without roaring with laughter. Its perspective, like Fra Lippo Lippi's, is childish, is Chinese, is aboriginal.

"Botticelli's extraordinary composition, 'Calumny.'"

I am aware that the retort of the Botticelli faddist would be something like this: That in Botticelli's day painting followed the rules of *basso-relievo;* that, therefore, perspective did not count; that he was a great colorist; and that I don't know what I am talking about.

To which I would reply that a painter who could not paint perspective ought, instead of painting pictures, to have painted signs; that as for *basso-relievo,* Lorenzo Ghiberti wrought with a chisel in bronze, and in that stubborn metal accomplished distance-effects, depth, and almost an atmospheric perspective which would put Botticelli to shame. The painter's apologists plead for his flatness the rules of another art. But a master of that art accomplished with his chisel what Botticelli failed to accomplish with his brush.

It may be said that the Botticelli faddists have as much right to their belief as I to mine. Granted. I do not quarrel with them because they think him great, but they quarrel with me because I think him funny.

In the Louvre there is a famous nameless Botticelli. It is a picture of a long, lank lady in a reclining posture. She might be called "the telescopic lady," because she looks as if her lower

limbs had been elongated by the cherub at her feet.

I respect honest convictions, but I very much doubt at times the sincerity of the Botticellians. Many of them are young women with half-formed ideas, and most of their ideas seem to me to be second-hand. Their ideas are other people's ideas. They think other people's thoughts. They admire to order. They read Ruskin and rave Ruskinese. From my attempts to read Ruskin I always believed that his mind was affected. My belief was verified when, some years ago, he went crazy and remained so till his death.

The crude realism of artists of this school seems to me almost like Indian picture-writing. In the monastery of San Marco in Florence there are a number of wall-pictures by Fra Angelico. In one cell there is a picture of the scene in the stable in Bethlehem. The Virgin and two saints are kneeling in an adoring attitude, gazing at the infant Jesus lying on the ground. The figures are all ridiculous, and that of the infant Jesus is the most ridiculous of all. But as if to give the finishing touch to this study of the religio-ludicrous, the heads of an intelligent ox and of an intelligent ass are protruded from a box-stall

" Botticelli's telescopic lady."

at the back of the stable. Fra Angelico was doubtless a pious and ladylike monk, but he was no Bonheur. His study of animals' heads must make animal-painters mourn.

How gross and earthy is this monkish mediæval art! It is so crude that it is within the scope of the most humble wielders of the brush. I once saw on the ceiling of a California Mission chapel a picture of the scene from Revelation, where God upon his great white throne is surrounded by four-and-twenty elders crying "Holy, Holy, Holy," night and day. Some unskilled monk with his crude pigments had painted the picture for the simple Indian neophytes of Spanish California. So naïve was its realism that, in addition to depicting the Creator as an elderly man with a long white beard, the artist had painted scrolls issuing from the mouths of the four-and-twenty elders on which was the legend "Santo, Santo, Santo." The effect of the mediæval realism of Beato Angelico and his school upon our Florentine faddists of to-day is very much like the effect produced by the monkish Mission artist on the minds of the simple aborigines dwelling on California's hills.

If any Florentine faddist should fall foul of me for these remarks and accuse me of ignorance

of the "canons of art criticism," I will admit it. I will go further, and will admit that I am ignorant that there are any "canons of art criticism." There may be canons of art—there are no "canons of art criticism." This fact is proved every day. That Ruskin for a third of a century poured forth a stream of art-gabble; that he was believed by the faddists to be an art prophet; that he was regarded as one inspired; and that, finally, it was discovered that the man was moon-blind and mad, and probably had been mad for many decades of moons—is not this a biting commentary on the value of "art criticism"?

What is "art criticism"? What are its canons? It changes with the advent of a new sovereign, and it varies with the passing of a Pope. A Borghese Pope would drive out the art-followers of a Medicean Pope as Christ drove out the money-changers from the temple. "Art criticism" changes like the fashions of skirts and bonnets, coats and trousers. A century ago Bernini was considered great. Now he is called *rococo*. Even Michael Angelo's fame seems in this our day to be dimmed, for sculptors claim that the head of his famous Moses is entirely out of proportion to torso and limbs. They also say that in his still more famous "Pietà," the dead

"Ghiberti's bronze doors, in the Baptistry, Florence."

Christ is a pigmy and the mother is a giantess. Furthermore, they prove these charges by rule and line.

So absurd are the so-called "canons of art criticism" that scarcely a year passes without a change in the labels on the pictures in the European art galleries. One year a picture will be labeled "painted by Raphael." Newspaper art critics attack its pedigree. The gallery art critics defend it. But they yield, and the label is changed to "school of Raphael." After another year it becomes "manner of Raphael." In the fourth or fifth years Raphael's name disappears, and that of some obscure contemporary artist is substituted.

If gross blunders are perpetrated by professional art critics and curators of galleries, what shall the layman do? If he will take my advice, he will do what he pleases and admire that which pleases him. There is no "canon of art criticism" which will make me admire things to order or affect to admire that which in reality leaves me unmoved. I have a great contempt for sham, and for the sham art amateur most of all. The kind of creature who professes to admire immensely a picture by Raphael; who modifies his or her judgment when told that it is by one of Raphael's pupils; who turns in indifference from

the picture when told later that it is a "forgery"—what kind of a thinking creature is that? If the picture was a beautiful one before the discovery, why is it not a beautiful one after the discovery?

Some years ago a Swiss-Italian art critic, one Morelli, wrote a series of letters in German reviews over the signature "Ivan Lerminoff," attacking the "authenticity" of famous pictures in the Italian galleries. The letters caused a sensation. Morelli's identity was at last revealed, and he was bitterly assailed. But his attacks resulted in a great changing of labels. For example, there is in the Doria gallery in Rome a beautiful portrait of Queen Joan of Aragon. It was believed to be a copy of Raphael's portrait made by Leonardo da Vinci. But the attacks on its pedigree showed that it was not by Da Vinci, but by an obscure Dutch artist. A few years ago you would find crowds ever around the portrait of Queen Joan. Now there is none so poor to do it reverence. Why? Is it any the less a fine picture than it was before Morelli wrote?

These candid remarks are not to be understood as meaning that I do not admire "old masters," for I do—some of them, that is. But I refuse to affect to admire old masters or any other masters unless I genuinely feel an admira-

"A portrait of Queen Joan."

tion for their work. I am not particularly fond of holy families. But I can not gaze upon Raphael's or Murillo's Madonnas without being impressed by their womanly dignity, their purity, their super-humanism; and I am always moved by the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo.

THE GARDEN OF LOMBARDY

FROM Florence to Bologna the railway runs over magnificent mountains. The Apennine range is inferior to the Alps in grandeur, but its mountain passes are bold and beautiful. To show how abrupt the climb, there are forty-seven tunnels on the railway within the space of a hundred miles. After climbing zigzag grades and winding through curved tunnels, the train suddenly emerges upon the crest of a ridge, and you see far below you a luxuriant valley and in its centre a large and handsome town. You think you have reached the summit. But no. You are looking back upon the valley from which you have climbed, and the city you see is Prato, through which you passed many miles behind. You have yet much climbing to do before you cross the lofty mountains between the valley of the Arno and the valley of the Po.

From Bologna to Milan the railway runs through the heart of Italy. The rich Lombardy

district is traversed, and the trains pass through many large and thriving towns. In all of them there was much excitement over the election, and the walls were covered with election placards. The newspapers contained nothing but "campaign news," and our fellow-passengers talked excitedly over the chances of the various candidates. In Milan the campaign was at white heat. A great mass-meeting was held at the Arena. It was interesting to see how much political meetings and political methods in Italy resemble those of our own country. The immense building was crowded, while outside there was a large gathering, addressed by speakers in the open air—exactly like our own "overflow meetings." The first speaker was Signore Di Christoforis, a Milanese deputy, who was up for reëlection. The Hon. Di Christoforis, when he arose, was received with tumultuous applause. His speech was a fiery one, and this—translated from *Il Secolo*—was his peroration:

"The people of Milan have reaffirmed in this magnificent explosion of enthusiasm their sincere love of liberty. This is not a political meeting. It is the personification of the popular party. The candidates of the popular party speak to-day, not to this meeting alone, but to all Italy. Friends and fellow-citizens, this moment is grave.

It is solemn. The question at issue is liberty or slavery. The people must show by their votes that the government must be forced to respect the liberty conquered upon the battle-field. Oh, my fellow-countrymen, choose between liberty and slavery!"

This sounds very much like the Democratic campaign speeches delivered from the American stump during the attempted passage of the so-called Force Bill a few years ago.

At the little village of Rogoredo there was a flaming poster, evidently from the anti-radicals, running in this wise:

"Citizens of Rogoredo! Let us stop and think. Are we not brothers? Why should we hurl epithets at each other's heads? Why should we foster these internecine quarrels? Are we not sons of the same mother, Rogoredo?

"Let the priest remain undisturbed in his parish. Let the bishop remain unassailed in his diocese. Let the cabinet minister remain unassaulted at his desk.

"Let us maintain things as they are, and above all let us stand together for the upbuilding of our grand and beautiful city, Rogoredo."

Rogoredo, which is a suburb of Milan, has about a thousand inhabitants.

Milan is the most prosperous city in Italy. The difference between northern and southern

Italy is marked. There is much Helvetian, Slavic, and Teutonic blood in Lombardy. Were not the Longobardi, who invaded this valley from the north, a Teutonic tribe? The Milanese are a more serious and thrifty people than the pleasure-loving Romans or the volatile Neapolitans. Their shops are far superior to those of other Italian cities. Milan is a great manufacturing centre, and largely supplies the rest of Italy with goods of various kinds. Even Rome, a city of nearly half a million people, relies upon Milan for such things as haberdashery, which seems absurd. If you order shirts in Rome, and press the tradesman hard, he will admit that he must have them made in Milan. The magnificent *galleria*, which runs from the Cathedral Square to the square of La Scala, is lined with fine shops filled with choice goods, such as gems and jewels, silks, silverware, bronzes, statuary in bisque, terra cotta, and marble, fine leather goods, gloves, fans, and articles of luxury of every description. In the southern Italian cities the shops in the *gallerias* are frequently small and contain inferior goods. Not so in Milan. These *gallerias* add very largely to the retail business of European cities, where at times it rains pitilessly for weeks. The people can not walk in comfort upon the streets. So they walk

under the arcades and in the *gallerias*, which are filled with inviting *cafés* and beautiful shops. People who have to go out into the rain to buy something will stay at home unless the article is an absolute necessity. But when strolling through a magnificent *galleria*, lofty, architecturally imposing, decorated with frescoes and statuary, lighted by day by a vast glass dome and at night by myriads of electric lamps, they are apt to buy things they do not need because the display attracts the eye.

The great *galleria* in Milan is probably the finest in Europe. It cost eight millions of lire. From one of its entrances it looks on the famous La Scala opera-house. This and the San Carlo in Naples are enormous—two of the largest theatres in the world. La Scala is so big that it is an elephant on the hands of any manager, and therefore it is closed nearly all of the time.

When La Scala has been used as an opera-house in recent years the performances have been mediocre. I heard Melba sing Gilda in "Rigoletto" there some years ago. With the exception of the prima donna's *rôle*, it was the worst performance of "Rigoletto" I had ever heard. The same year I heard her in New York and London, and in both cities she was the centre of a fine

"The myriad marble pinnacles of the Milan Cathedral."

operatic troupe. But in Milan, in music-loving Italy, in La Scala, one of the historic opera-houses of the world, the performance was beneath contempt. In all the theatres of Italy to-day I have not seen a single lyric or dramatic artist whose name has ever been heard of outside of Italy. The three who have more than local fame—Duse, Salvini, and Novello—are all playing in other countries.

Milan does not abound in art galleries, but there is a fine collection in the Brera Palace. This gallery was much admired by George Eliot, and frequent references to it are made in her letters and journal. She visited Milan more than once. Before the death of George Henry Lewes her journal contains numerous references to what "George" thinks of Luini's pictures in the Brera Gallery. After "George" died, she said she did not care to live. But not many months after the death of Lewes she took to herself a young husband, one John W. Cross. On their honeymoon trip they stopped at Milan for a time, and in her letters are references to what "John" thinks of the Luini pictures in the Brera Gallery. This is an interesting psychological study. As the French say, "One nail drives out another."

I call Lewes her husband because she called

him so. As a matter of fact, George Henry Lewes and Mary Ann Evans were never married.

It is a pleasure to visit a city like Milan, even if it does not possess such art treasures as Rome and Florence. Its broad streets, its fine squares, its magnificent parks and public gardens are a relief to the eye of an American after dwelling for weeks upon the narrow streets and pinched-up squares of Rome. And its great cathedral is inexpressibly fair to look upon. Many may prefer the purer and colder Gothic of the north. But to me this is one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. The gigantic semi-Byzantine St. Peter's seems tawdry compared with this creation of the Gothic Renaissance.

Some writer once likened architecture to "frozen music." The metaphor comes to my mind when I gaze upon the myriad marble buttresses, pinnacles, and statues of the Milan Cathedral. They suggest chants, invocations, canticles, prayers, soaring up toward the heavens and suddenly arrested and held in mid-air.

As you travel toward Turin through the rich valley of Lombardy, on your right to the north

"Notre Dame, a type of the colder Gothic of the north."

lie the snowy peaks of the Swiss Alps, while ahead of you to the westward are the Maritime Alps, dividing Italy and France. From these great mountain ranges many streams pour down upon the plain, which, divided and subdivided by irrigating canals and ditches, transform into one great garden this valley of the Po. It would be difficult to find anywhere in the world a spot better combining the requisites of fertile soil, thrifty tillers, non-wasteful irrigation, intelligent husbandry, and economic utilization of the land. There is in this valley scarcely a square rod of the earth's surface that is not cultivated. There is no waste. On every hand you see fields of nodding grain, which in early summer stands over four feet high. The grain is sown in rows, and between the rows are long lines of mulberry and fruit trees; rows of grapevines are planted parallel with the fruit-trees, and the vines are trained in long loops from trunk to trunk of the trees. Thus not only is the soil-space utilized, but even the air-space. Running at right angles to these rows of trees and vines are other rows of olive-trees, with raspberry and blackberry bushes in rows parallel to them. Upon every inch of space in this criss-cross of trees and vines and bushes the tall grain is growing.

If our wasteful Western farmers should plead

that such husbandry will "exhaust the soil," the reply is that it has been tilled in Lombardy for three thousand years and is not exhausted yet. True, the soil is intelligently enriched. It is not only not exhausted, but it is the most productive district in the world. Several crops a year are garnered from the rich Lombardy plains. Even rice is raised there. I have seen rice-fields under tropical suns, tilled by stolid Asiatics, and could scarcely believe that white labor could compete with them. In our Southern States the raising of rice is profitable only with negro labor. But in Lombardy the rice-fields are tilled by white men and women, and they not only make it pay, but pay well. Choice Italian rice brings the highest prices.

I believe the United States to be the greatest country in the world, California the most favored State of the United States, and the Santa Clara Valley the richest valley in California. That valley is, indeed, an agricultural gem. In its orchards you see apple, pear, peach, plum, prune, cherry, apricot, nectarine, almond, fig, orange, and olive trees; around the rim of the valley, where the foothills rise, you see fine vineyards of wine, raisin, and table grapes; vast tracts are devoted to the raising of blackberries, raspberries, and straw-

berries; thousands of acres are utilized for the raising of vegetables in large quantities, such as asparagus, onions, and tomatoes; great vegetable seed-farms are also to be found there, and where other products are not raised to advantage you see thousands of acres sown to hay and grain. The soil is fertile, the climate is good, the people are prosperous and thrifty. The farms and orchards are well-kept and trim. In the Santa Clara Valley you frequently see orchards of fruit-trees bordered with lines of ornamental palms, and the roadways along which these palm-lined orchards lie are marvels in America. In Santa Clara County there are nearly four hundred miles of county roads, which are not only well-kept, but which in summer are sprinkled daily. There may be other rural districts in the United States where all the county roads are sprinkled daily, but I never saw or heard of any.

In short, the Santa Clara Valley is agriculturally and horticulturally a marvel. It is fair to look upon, and its handsome roads are a delight to drive or ride upon. As we traveled through the Lombardy plain the California valley rose continually before my mind's eye. But I was forced to admit that the Italian valley has no peer, even in our own incomparable State.

To this it may be said that Lombardy is much older. Granted. But is it necessary for a new community, before learning anything, to live as long as an older one? Must California wait until the year 4900 to be as wise as three-thousand-year-old Lombardy? Are we not the heirs of all the ages? Should we not profit by their stores of wisdom? Does California profit by it? I do not think so.

Anglo-Saxon California is half a century old. Yet she has done little in that long period to utilize all of her mountain waters. The great productiveness of these fertile Lombardy plains is made possible by the intelligent use of water. Irrigating canals and ditches run in every direction. They run under railways. They run under buildings. I even saw one running, brick-arched, under a dwelling-house. For ages the lands in Lombardy have been burdened with riparian easements—the right of a man to run water over his neighbor's land to get it to his own. In California we have not yet reached the stage of a just and intelligent water law. In fact, our law is largely the common-law of England—a law devised centuries ago for a land of continual rains with no need of irrigation. Yet this is the law which our supreme court applied to a land where

there is urgent need of irrigation and few and scanty rains. If a Lombardy peasant farmer were told of this, he would think California a vast insane asylum and the California supreme court the Incurable Ward.

Lest those unfamiliar with the subject should believe the foregoing to be unwarranted language, I will say briefly that the California supreme court, following the English common-law, decided that the owner of land bordering a watercourse was entitled only to the usufruct of the water; that if he used it he must return it to its original course unimpaired in quality and undiminished in volume. Yet what it is principally needed for in California is agriculture and mining, which must diminish and impair it. Therefore our streams flow uselessly to the sea. And this is the law of California!

I am aware that attempts have been made to remedy this grotesque state of affairs. The Wright irrigation law is one. But it has accomplished nothing except to increase water litigation. After half a century of occupancy of California, an intelligent Anglo-Saxon community in its unintelligent use of the mountain waters which God gives it is three thousand years behind the peasants of Lombardy.

The province of Piedmont has 3,200,000 inhabitants and contains 11,400 square miles. This is about the area of Los Angeles and Riverside Counties. The province of Lombardy has 3,700,000 inhabitants and contains 9,000 square miles. This is about the size of San Diego County. The two provinces together contain about 20,000 square miles—about one-eighth the area of the State of California, which has a million and a half of inhabitants, yet this rich valley supports *seven millions* of people.

As we traveled over this great garden we passed through many towns with famous names—towns that recall battles, some of them the world's decisive battles—battles of Bonaparte's first Italian campaign, when the young general swept resistlessly through Alta Italia—names like Lodi, and Rivoli, and Marengo. Other names suggested the theatrical campaign of "the nephew of his uncle," or Napoleon the Little, as Victor Hugo called the nephew of Napoleon the Great—towns like Solferino and Magenta—some of which gave a name to a new color in the millinery age of Empress Eugénie, or to a new duke like Macmahon in the mushroom peerage of Emperor Napoleon.

No wonder there have been for ages many battles over this rich valley of Lombardy. It is a country worth fighting for.

At last we began to climb the hills of Piedmont, and reached the city of Turin, cradle of the House of Savoy.

I had never visited Turin before. Probably most American travelers pass from France into Italy by way of Nice and Monte Carlo. I did not know that it was so modern and so handsome a city. Unlike most Italian cities, its blocks are rectangular and its streets are broad. It had been destroyed so many times that its inhabitants finally decided to build it straight instead of crooked. Narrow, dark, and winding streets like those of Naples or Genoa may be picturesque, but they certainly are not handsome. Turin, on the other hand, impresses one, not by its picturesqueness, but by its broad streets, its spacious squares, its shaded avenues, and its magnificent boulevards. In fact, most of the streets seem to be boulevards. They have double rows of lofty trees in the centre of the roadway, through which runs a parked footway. On either side of this there is a driveway, and next to the houses on both sides other footways, also lined with rows of splendid trees. Miles of arcaded buildings line these handsome

boulevards. I have heard Frenchmen boast of the Paris boulevards, and of the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, which they call the "finest street in the world." Nevertheless, I have always believed that Vienna has some boulevards far finer than any in Paris. The "grand boulevards" of Paris are, indeed, fine avenues. But what leagues of monotonous thoroughfares they dignify by that name—such as those blank and dreary streets the "boulevards extérieurs" and "boulevards d'enceinte." And the mangy plane-trees which line the Paris boulevards are not beautiful. Those sickly vegetables struggle valiantly for life in their evil habitat, but fail; a daily sight in Paris is the removal of dying trees from the boulevards. The trees of Turin are magnificent poplars, chestnuts, and elms, and while Paris is big and Turin little, the Piedmont city is *all* boulevards. A visit there might moderate the boastfulness of a Parisian—if anything could.

By the way, it is curious that Turin should surpass Paris in arcades, when one recalls that the Rue de Rivoli, Paris's boasted arcade, was built with the proceeds of plunder "conveyed" from the Piedmont capital.

Turin is on the great highway of travel between France and Italy by way of the Mont

Cenis tunnel. But the Mont Cenis tunnel does not pierce Mont Cenis. The mountain through which it is bored is called the "Col de Fréjus." The old Mont Cenis pass is seventeen miles to the eastward. The tunnel is eight miles in length, and is nearly a mile below the top of the mountain it pierces, whose top is about nine thousand feet above the sea. The tunnel was begun in 1857. The French engineer, Sommelier, directed this great work, as one learns from the monuments erected to him. Over two thousand men were employed night and day for thirteen years. It was finished in 1870. The tunnel cost 75,000,000 francs, 50,000,000 of which were paid by France and 25,000,000 by Italy. The tunnel is twenty-six feet wide, nineteen feet high, and contains a double track.

The St. Gothard tunnel was the next after the Mont Cenis to pierce the Alps. Note the difference in cost and time. It took ten years to bore the St. Gothard — from 1872 to 1882 — and the tunnel cost about 57,000,000 francs, as compared with thirteen years and 75,000,000 for the Mont Cenis. The St. Gothard railway and tunnel together cost 238,000,000 francs. In crossing the Alps by the St. Gothard railway there are seventy-nine tunnels in all, with a total length of

twenty-nine miles. There are over one hundred bridges and fourteen viaducts. This great enterprise was directed by Louis Favre, the famous engineer, who died in the tunnel in 1879, smitten by apoplexy.

A third Alpine tunnel is now in course of construction at the Simplon Pass; it is superior to either of the others in every respect; it has four tracks instead of two, is better ventilated, and is brilliantly lighted with electric lights. It will be interesting to see how much less will be the number of millions and how much fewer the number of years required for this third boring of the Alpine range.

Some years ago there started in Italy a spectacular pantomime called "Excelsior." It was so successful that it was reproduced in Paris at the Eden Theatre. From there it was taken to the United States, where its success was repeated. In New York, Chicago, and San Francisco it had long runs. It was an allegorical representation of "the triumph of civilization." One act was devoted to engineering. There were scenes representing miners laboring like troglodytes in the bowels of the earth, boring mountain tunnels. Suddenly the rock-demons appear and attack the miners. For a moment the result is in doubt.

The engineer-in-chief is himself, for stage purposes, laboring with a pickaxe at the head of his squad; he makes agitated gestures signifying that all is lost. The miners turn to flee. But a crash of music is heard. A number of fairies appear, clad principally in pink tights with electric lights in their hair. The fairies extend their wands, the fiddles in the orchestra perform an agitated *pizzicato*, the trombones gurgle lugubriously, and the demons flee. Thereupon Signorina Foljambe, the boss fairy, executes a *pas seul*. She is soon joined by the engineer-in-chief, and it becomes a *pas de deux*. The miners lay aside their picks, join the fairies, and it becomes a *grand ballet électrique*. The curtain falls upon this pleasing apotheosis of the triumph of electricity and civilization over darkness and rock-demons.

At the time it was a little difficult to understand the genesis of this queer ballet. But it is evident that it was due to the effect produced upon the ardent Italian imagination by the great tunnels piercing the Alps. The long years the work was in progress, the thousands of men engaged in it, the new processes developed in boring the tunnels, the evolution of the electric light and the compressed-air drill, the vast sums of money required, the hundreds of lives lost in

accidents, and, finally, the dramatic death of several of the engineers while at their posts—all these things powerfully impressed the Latin mind. Hence it is that in Turin, the nearest large city to the first Alpine tunnel, you see monuments commemorating these great engineering works and their builders, the great engineers. One monument in particular is a daring piece of sculpture. It is an enormous heap of granite blocks, down which are hurled the forms of the writhing rock-demons, while the apex is crowned by a beautiful female figure, the Genius of Civilization.

There are monuments to Engineers Sommelier and Favre in several cities, French, Swiss, and Italian. On the French side of the frontier there is a particularly handsome one to Sommelier, in the little city of Annecy. Our American engineers have accomplished marvels in spanning mighty rivers, boring great tunnels, and crossing lofty mountain ranges. These are their monuments. But are there in America any other monuments to American engineers?

"Harvest-time in Savoy."

IN FRENCH SAVOY

IN traveling, one's itinerary is often changed by trifles. We were at Turin; we were going to Paris; we thought we would break the journey. But where? We looked at the map.

"Let us stop at Chambery."

"But where is Chambery?"

"In French Savoy."

"But what is Chambery?"

"A place where they make *gaze*."

"And what is *gaze?*"

"Don't you remember Bret Harte's poem?—

> "'But yet, just this moment, while sitting
> In the glare of the grand chandelier,
> In the bustle and glitter befitting
> The finest *soirée* of the year,
> In the mists of a GAZE DE CHAMBERY
> And the hum of the smallest of talk,
> Somehow, Joe, I thought of the ferry,
> And the dance that we had on the Fork.'"

Now I never had known exactly what "gaze de Chambery" meant. The line in Bret Harte had

always sounded to me like "in the *midst* of a 'gaze de Chambery.'" Even to the meanest intelligence it evidently had something to do with a ball. I took it to be some sort of a dance—perhaps not the ordinary round or square dance, but a cotillion—one of those curious forms of modern amusement in which prosperous young merchants, promising young lawyers, and rising young bankers gravely carry pink and blue banners and jump through red and yellow hoops. French *Cotillon* means English "petticoat"—that is, the allegorical or personified petticoat—"petticoat" in the sense of petticoat government, for example. See "Les Cotillons Célèbres," by Arsène Houssaye, which discusses Celebrated Petticoats like Mesdames du Barry, de Maintenon, and de Montespan.

Therefore, cotillon, a dance; cotillon, a petticoat; petticoat, a garment; often a silk garment; often a garment of *gaze de Chambery*. This seems circuitous, but it may be called a whimsical syllogism.

We stopped over in Savoy, and we went to Chambery.

Once before our itinerary had been unexpectedly changed. We were in Munich, and about leaving for Lucerne. We went to Cook's office

to buy our tickets—a good place to go, as you will see. I asked for tickets from Munich to Lucerne by *rail.* The clerk got down the tickets, but before stamping them, said:

"Why don't you go across the lake?"

"What lake?"

"The Boden See. The fare is just the same as by the all-rail journey, and it is much more agreeable. The lake is beautiful, the boats are comfortable, and the table is good. If you go around the lake by rail you will have to pass through three custom-houses."

He was right, for the shores of the lake bristle with Bavarian, Swiss, Wurtemburger, and Austrian custom-houses. We had not thought of this, so we went across instead of around the lake, as he advised. We would never have received such a useful tip from one of those surly Germans whose red noses glow behind the wired windows in the railway offices. They do not deal in courtesies or smooth words. They deal in tickets.

As a result of this unexpected change, our route took us to the little town of Lindau-im-Bayern. To our shame, be it said, we had never heard of Lindau. It is a pretty little South-German town, with a little garrison, a little fortress, a little mole running out into the lake, crowned

at the end with a little light-house. It is the queerest, quaintest little city that one could find in a day's ride. It smacks of Nuremberg, one of the show cities of South Germany, yet, unlike Nuremberg, it is not tourist-ridden. We were so charmed with Lindau that we spent some days there, then crossed the lake to Romanshorn, in Switzerland, and thence wended our way to Lucerne. One of the delights of travel is to draw up itineraries and then not follow them. Another is to determine firmly to go Somewhere and then go Somewhere Else.

I have smiled since when I think how much trouble we had trying to go around the Boden See, and how much we enjoyed it when we failed. It reminds one of the venerable anecdote of the Yankee traveler in the old days before Germany was united—when the country was made up of grand-duchies and ruled over by serene highnesses, each with its own mint, its own postage-stamps, its own custom-house, its own army, its own field-marshal, and its own Madame de Pompadour. To one of these minute empires there came a Yankee, much bedeviled by many custom-houses. When stopped on a new frontier for the fortieth time, his patience gave out.

"What country is this?"

"It is the Grand-Duchy of Gerolstein."

"How big is it?"

"The area is fifty square kilometres, the pop——"

"Never mind the population," said the disgusted Yankee. "You 're not a country; you 're only a *spot*. I 'll go around you." And he did.

So with the Boden See. We had looked upon it as only an aqueous spot, and had intended to go around it. But a trifle changed our minds, and we shall always carry with us pleasant recollections of Lindau in Bavaria and of the Boden See.

So, going from Turin to Paris, we thought we would break the journey at Dijon. But when we saw "Chambery" on the map, Bret Harte's poem decided us. It was resolved that we must purchase some *gaze de Chambery*. So we stopped at Chambery. In the words of the railway folder:

"Chambery is a city of 21,700 inhabitants, formerly capital of the Duchy of Savoy, at present chief city of the Department of Savoy, situated on the line from the Rhone to Mt. Cenis. It is traversed by two rivers, the Leysse and Albanne, which empty into Lake Bourget. It is nine hours from Paris, three hours from Lyons, three hours from Geneva, and is 270 metres above the sea."

To which I may add that I never saw any one who had been there; and after going there ourselves and wandering through its sleepy streets, I came to the conclusion that no one ever does go there. There is but one "grand" hotel there — the "Furnished Hotel of Italy," kept by Mademoiselle Vachiez, on the Rue Denfert-Rochereau. There are many mesdemoiselles in Chambery keeping shops, and there are also many widows in business there. The shrieking sisterhood who clamor for woman's rights would scarcely be understood in that town.

Apropos of the street Denfert-Rochereau, it reminded me of an experience of the Paris municipality. For some centuries there had been a Paris street called "Rue d'Enfer" — "Hell Street." Board after board of burgesses had tried to change it, but always failed. Names of French heroes were tried — no go; French victories — they would not stick. The Parisian populace blandly ignored the new names, and continued to call it "Hell Street." Finally there came an official with a sense of humor. He no longer appealed to the mind of Paris, but to its funny-bone. So he called it after a notable Frenchman, Denfert-Rochereau. It was simple, you see — Rue d'Enfer, Rue Denfert-Rochereau

"Chateau and Gothic Sainte-Chapelle, in Chambery."

—only adding a tail. The pun pleased the Parisian populace, and "Hell Street" at once lost its evil name and its bad odor.

But if Chambery was deserted of tourists, we found the little French city not uninteresting. Its so-called sights were soon exhausted. There were the castles of the Dukes of Savoy, dating from the thirteenth century; the beautiful Gothic Sainte-Chapelle, dating from the fourteenth century; the monument to "two children of Savoy, the brothers Joseph and Xavier de Maistre," dating from the day before yesterday (it was finished in 1899); and the venerable Tower of the Archives, dating from nobody knows when. Then there were some hideous modern monuments, among them a statue of General de Boigne crowning a granite column supported by four elephants; he was a Franco-Indian soldier who had returned to his birthplace, become pious in his old age, and given largely of his Indian stealings to Chambery charities. There was the garrison of Chambery, with its regiments of infantry, and cavalry, and "chasseurs Alpins." For be it known that on the Franco-Italian frontier there are special foot-soldiers known as Alpine regiments. They are all mountaineers, for the men recruited from the lowlands are not fit for duty in these high

altitudes. The dwellers in flat lands not only have flat feet but flattened lungs, and not the highly developed bellows requisite for military duty in the high Alps. At all hours of the day one saw red-legged soldiers hauling forage, carrying fuel, acting as hostlers, chambermaids, and performing other unheroic duties. A group of private soldiers were seated near us at a *café*, and I listened with some curiosity to note what they talked about. It was not of politics, but the trivial gossip of the barracks. What dull, aimless lives they lead! Fancy taking the best three years of a young man's life and condemning him to garrison duty in a sleepy country town! They are conscripts, and enter the service perforce, unlike our American volunteers, who enlist from love of adventure. They are nearly all little men, and not at all like the brawny giants in our American regiments. But little men as fighters must not be despised—*videlicet* Japan.

There are swell *cafés* in the little town, where the officers go, and into which the privates do not venture. There also may be found the great men of Chambery. At one of these we saw Mister the Mayor, a short, fat gentleman, with much dignity and a double chin. He was pointed out to us by our *café* waiter. We were much

"The venerable Tower of the Archives."

impressed, and said, "How then! Is that truly Mister the Mayor?" Our admiration greatly gratified the *café* waiter. We spoke of the cosmopolitanism of Chambery, how much it resembled Paris, and of the brilliant circle of remarkable men gathered at the Café Jean Bouvier. The *café* waiter interposed with much gravity to remark that all strangers regarded Chambery as the most cosmopolitan city of Savoy. As who should say that Salt Lake is the most fashionable city of Utah. And that reminds me. I once was seated in front of the Walker House, Salt Lake City, in a tip-tilted arm-chair, while an affable bell-boy conversed with me about the many merits of his native place. As he talked, there floated by a scrawny young woman with a dish-shaped face. In the centre of this concave countenance, in an aureola of freckles, was imbedded an apologetic pug nose. Her face reminded me of an Ethiop's ear—as William Shakespeare says somewhere. I gave a start of well-counterfeited admiration, and remarked for the benefit of both bell-boy and beauty: "You have some very pretty women in Salt Lake." To which the gratified bell-boy replied: "Pretty women? I should say so! There are more pretty women in Salt Lake than in any city in the U-nited States. Yes siree."

But I diverge. I wander from Chambery. Let us return. We were gazing with respectful admiration at Mister the Mayor and the municipal councilors playing at dominoes in the *café*. Not in the plebeian *café* on the ground floor, whither any man might go who possessed a silver coin, but in the *cercle au premier*, or "club," on the first floor, with its balcony looking upon the Street of the Porticoes.

We were again gratified with a sight of Mister the Mayor, but this time in his royal robes, as it were, wearing a swallow-tail coat, a plug hat, and begirt with his tri-colored scarf of office. It was on the occasion of the fraternal visit of the firemen of Annecy to the firemen of Chambery. Annecy is a sister metropolis some miles away. The firemen of Chambery, accompanied by the Municipal Brass Band, or *Fanfare Municipale*, paraded in full force, headed by the mayor. At the railway station they received the firemen of Annecy, headed by the mayor of Annecy and accompanied by the Annecy Silver Cornet Band. The meeting of the two mayors baffles my poor pen. I have seen Yosemite when its trails were covered with ten feet of snow. I have seen Niagara in the dead of winter when spanned by a mammoth ice-bridge. I have seen Mont Blanc. But for

icy dignity, for freezing grandeur, I have never seen anything to compare with the meeting of the mayors of Annecy and Chambery.

After a joint parade through the city, the two fire departments sat down to a grand open-air banquet in the main square. This was regarded with much curiosity by the small boys of Chambery, some peasants from the outskirts, and two much edified tourists from the United States.

But Chambery saw another sight when the drums beat at dead of night, and pyrotechnics cast the light of rockets o'er her revelry. This was when the grand display of fire-works took place, closing this imposing festival. The local paper the next day remarked that it was probably the finest *fête* ever given outside of Paris.

Very likely it was.

But I preferred the Chambery fair to the fireman's *fête*. I seem dimly to remember having seen firemen's parades in my own country not dissimilar to this Savoy one. But the fair at Chambery was unlike any of our country fairs. There were booths without number where "barkers" in fluent French invited the passing crowd to enter. Fat ladies in short skirts coyly emerged for a few seconds, quivered, undulated, and disappeared, in the hope that their billowy charms might attract

the passing rustics. "Lutteurs" (strong men, wrestlers) came to the doors of their booths, curled their biceps, patted their pectoral muscles, and boastfully challenged the local Samsons to enter their booths and wrestle for a prize. Fairies more or less youthful—in pink tights showing many "ladders" and much darning—waved wands at the doors of little theatres, and favored the passing throng with dazzling dental smiles. Sharp-eyed "spielers" inveigled dull yokels into wagering their coppers on *tombolas*. Others urged the more robust rustics to blow, to strike, to pull, or to lift their machines for trumpery prizes. In the centre of the square was the greased pole, or "Mast of Cockayne," up which perspiring peasants climbed, clutching at beribboned bacon flitches. Merry-go-rounds, or *carrousels*, whirled about with young men and young women mounted upon cock-horses and wooden bicycles, the young men, with earnest, foolish faces, trying to lance the rings, the young women gravely solicitous about their display of ankles, and primly clutching at their ballooning skirts. Painted clowns strutted up and down in front of gaudy booths, whence acrobats emerged at times, did a flip-flap or two, and disappeared. On every hand were stalls for the sale of queer sausages and other

mysterious comestibles. And there was food for the soul as well as for the stomach. A piano-organ run by a small gas-engine pulsated on the shuddering air. The governor was out of order, and at times there were eccentric stop-cock crescendoes, followed by weird contrapuntal effects coming from a cracked exhaust-pipe.

Ah, Music! Heavenly maid! What would life be without music? Ah, what indeed!

But again I wander. What of the *gaze de Chambery?* We had great difficulty in finding it. Shop after shop we entered. No one had it. They had plenty of silk of Lyons, silk of Rome, and silk of Milan, but no silk of Chambery. Apparently they had never heard of it. Could it be like the snakes in the history of Ireland?— "CHAPTER X.— *Snakes in Ireland.*— There are no snakes in Ireland." It began to look as if our search for *gaze* in Chambery would result in the discovery that there was no Chambery *gaze*. But a glove merchant at last betrayed the secret which the silk merchants had tried so carefully to conceal. *Gaze* was to be found only at Michard's silk factory. Thither we at once repaired, and found the *gaze* in all shades and colors and patterns.

When in a mercer's shop, and, above all, in a

silk mercer's shop, a mere man had best be silent. Words, no matter how few, only betray his ignorance. If he speaks, pitying feminine eyes regard him, not unkindly, as who should say: "The man really does not *look* to be such an idiot." But as we were leaving the silk factory my curiosity overcame my prudence, and I said to the smart young woman who had been selling us silks:

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, but can you tell me why in the shops of Chambery one can not purchase the silk of Chambery?"

To which she replied, like lightning: "Certainly, monsieur; it is very simple. We do not let the shops have it to sell because we prefer to sell it ourselves."

I went away, pondering on the density of some people's brains.

The country round about Chambery is picturesque and beautiful. It resembles Switzerland, but its valleys are larger, its mountains not so stern. It would be difficult to find in Europe a more charming country than this pleasant land of Savoy. And what adds to its charm is that the pleasant land of Savoy is inhabited by pleasant

"A little gorge which, though microscopic, is very pretty."

people. It is my experience that the further north you go in Europe the less agreeable you find the people. In southern Europe they are always courteous; in northern Europe they are not always so. In southern Germany they are *gemüthlich;* in northern Germany they are sour. In Vienna the police-officers are more than civil; in Berlin they sometimes are silent and sometimes are surly. In Yorkshire and in other parts of Great Britain this northern trait is carried to an extreme. Lest this be disbelieved by patriotic Englishmen, let me quote the remarks of a Yorkshire woman about Yorkshire. Mrs. Gaskell wrote in her life of Charlotte Brontë: "A stranger in Yorkshire can hardly ask a question without receiving some crusty reply, if indeed he receive any at all. Sometimes the rudeness amounts to positive insult." Mrs. Gaskell hastens to add, however, that the Yorkshire folk have "latent kindliness." It is sincerely to be hoped so. I think it was in Cornwall that *Punch* found one of its famous jests:

First native (pointing at stranger)—"Who 's him?"

Second native—"Dunno. Looks like a stranger."

First native—"'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

There is a difference, also, between the manners of Savoy and those of northern France. Much of the so-called Parisian politeness is spurious. A Frenchman will enter a railway compartment, lift his hat politely when he enters, and then for hours will rudely stare a lady out of countenance. Even the waiters have a veiled and polished insolence, although they address you most respectfully in the third person.

When southern Europeans come to America, the manners at first must seem to them a little curt. Once I heard a stranger ask a New York policeman at a dock-gate whether his carriage might be driven on the dock. The officer was eating an apple, and paused for a moment with a large spheroidal isosceles triangle in his mouth. Children use two kinds of grunts — the negative grunt and the affirmative grunt — impossible to reproduce on paper. The policeman gave the affirmative grunt, and the isosceles triangle of apple disappeared down his œsophagus. On another occasion I heard an Englishman politely accost an official in blue and brass at a North River pier. "Would you be kind enough," said he, "to tell me if the Sandy Hook boats start from here?" The official replied, laconically, "Sure."

But this curtness does not savor of incivility.

"The mediæval abbey of Hautecombe."

On the contrary, wherever I have been in the United States strangers are treated with the utmost kindness, and people frequently go out of their way to direct them.

In Savoy the people seem to me more genuinely kindly than in northern France. There is much civility in Switzerland, but it is often merely mercenary. We found few or no beggars in Savoy. In fact, we found it difficult sometimes to get the children to accept coppers for being kodaked. In some other parts of Europe the sight of a camera brings them around you in clouds, like mosquitoes.

We took pictures of many children and many harvest scenes in the pleasant lands of fair Savoy. For miles around Chambery there are drives and rides without number; excursions to the many peaks of the French Alps; drives through the smiling fields of the valley of the Rhone; boating trips upon the little lake Bourget, with its picturesque villages and its mediæval abbey of Hautecombe; voyages by canal from Lake Bourget to the Rhone; visits to the "Roman antiquities," on which local antiquarians descant with great gravity; trips to the little gorges, like that of Sierroz, which, though microscopic, is very pretty; taking pictures of the old mill,

below the cascade of Gresy, where an unfortunate lady-in-waiting was drowned, and where stands a monument erected to her by Queen Hortense; visits to Charmettes, where Jean Jacques Rousseau lived when he was exiled from France, in which village, when Savoy was annexed to France, the luckless philosopher found that he had returned from exile without moving a step; so anomalous was his position that the government finally decided to let him alone. There are all sorts of excursions. If there are "little trips" to be made in Savoy, by mock mountain-climbers and pretty Parisiennes in high-heeled slippers leaning on highly varnished alpenstocks, there are also ascents for what the French call "serious alpinists." Many people think Mont Blanc is in Switzerland, but they are in error. It is in France—in the Department of Savoy. And he or she who climbs Mont Blanc is no mock mountain-climber, but indeed an "alpiniste sérieux."

When we stopped over for the *gaze de Chambery* the harvest was being gathered in Savoy. In Savoy everybody works. In the hay-fields were to be seen old men, old women, and little children—lusty youth as well as sturdy middle age. Over the smooth roadways creaked and groaned the heavy wains laden with fragrant hay. Even

"Even the cows work in Savoy."

the cows work in Savoy, for we met many and many a hay-cart drawn by mild-eyed kine, their udders heavy with milk. We paused at one such team, a pair of handsome cows, drawing a load of hay, with a sturdy, brown-faced woman driving them, and a shy child perched on top of the hay. We stopped to take a picture of them. The handsome cows — which looked like Alderneys, by the way — were called Lorraine and Alsace. When we asked if, in Savoy, cows were worked thus always, their conductor replied: "No, madame; no, monsieur — only for the harvest. In Savoy everybody works at harvest-time." So we gave the large-eyed child some coppers, and bade them farewell. Lorraine and Alsace took up their burden, the hay-wain creaked and groaned as it started, and we resumed our road to Chambery. Dusk was falling over the valley as the stream of peasants and people left the fields for their homes. But the intense heat of the mid-summer sun still lingered in cut stalk and bruised blade, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the new-mown hay.

It was on one of our trips from Chambery to the curious tooth-like Alp known as the "Dent du Chat" that we met a pair of Savoyard lovers. Around a bend in the mountain road there came

a light farm-wagon drawn by two handsome mules hitched tandem-wise with jingling bells. In the wagon were seated a young man, a young woman, and a little boy—the latter evidently playing chaperon. The afternoon sun was streaming over the group, and behind them as the road curved over the mountain flank was the vast shadow cast by the lofty Peak of the Cat's Tooth. It was a scene that would have inspired even a professional photographer. We hastened to ask permission to take a picture. I was already fingering some small silver in my pocket. There are peasants who would sell their mothers' tombstones for *trinkgeld*, but these did not strike me so. I paused, reflected, and released my hold upon the silver. I alighted, took off my hat, and asked Monsieur whether Mademoiselle would be willing to form part of a photographic group. Monsieur looked somewhat confused, but politely doffed his cap and referred the matter to Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle reflected, and thought that, on the whole, she would rather like it. So the photographs were taken with Mademoiselle, Monsieur, and the youth, who was evidently Little Brother. Mademoiselle, with a semi-proprietary air, gave directions to Monsieur as to how he should stand. Although not mar-

ried, they were evidently soon to be. And he regarded Mademoiselle with a fond and sheepish pride which showed plainly that she belonged to him.

When the pictures had been taken, I dismissed all thought of the silver in my pocket, and asked Mademoiselle for her address, that I might send her some prints of the photographs. She gave it to me with minute care:

Mademoiselle Reverdy,
Care of M. Reverdy, François,
Vigneron,
Commune of la Charvaz,
Department of Haute Savoie,
France.

And with mutual good-will and kindly salutes on both sides, we parted. As we wound down the mountain-side toward Chambery, they drove up toward the Cat's Tooth Peak, and the jingling bells of the mule tandem died away in the dusk and the dim forest.

Buxom Mademoiselle Reverdy! Over leagues of land and miles of water I salute you. May the pictures reach their destination safely. May your lover always be as lover-like as when we "snapped" you on the Dent du Chat. And may

you always be as happy when you are Madame as you looked that summer evening in Savoy when you were Mademoiselle.

"Paris from the Seine."

PARIS AND CHICAGO

THE most frequent question heard by an American returning from the Paris Exposition is: "How did it compare with Chicago?" To which the only answer is that the expositions of Paris and Chicago were as dissimilar as are the cities of Chicago and Paris.

It is the fashion in many parts of the United States to sneer at Chicago. This is notably the case in San Francisco. Most San Franciscans say they dislike Chicago. It is true that there is much that is unlovely there. To the impatient traveler hastening from New York to San Francisco the enforced stop at Chicago is distasteful. For Chicago has contrived things with such skill that it is difficult to cross the continent without stopping within her gates. Everybody must pay toll. The pilgrim must pause, even though he do not unpack his wallet. He must stop at least for a bath and a bite. You find it difficult to go around Chicago. Chicago will not let you pass her without stopping.

But sneer at Chicago as one may, the fact remains that she has always had the courage of her convictions and a strong individuality. This is notable in her residences. Years ago, before the dwellers in Eastern cities dared to depart from the conventional brick cube, Chicago carried out some original ideas of her own. I used to think then that such residence streets in Chicago as Michigan, Calumet, and Indiana Avenues were certainly more original and possibly more beautiful than any similar streets in any Eastern city. I never admired the veneered brick houses of New York, called "brown-stone mansions." The miles and miles of red brick dwellings in Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, diversified by white marble trimmings in the latter city, always seemed to me staring advertisements of the lack of originality on the part of their owners. A new-rich man did not dare to build a new style of house. He was forced to build like the old-rich. But Chicago's new-rich men built as they pleased. The result was often grotesque, sometimes pleasing, but always original. And it is my belief that the change which has come over the residence quarter in Eastern cities in the last fifteen years has been largely due to the influence of Chicago.

Even in New York, on Fifth, Madison, and

Lexington Avenues, one may now see houses of varying styles of architecture and built of various kinds of stone. So, too, in Washington, the capital, which is now a city of beautiful homes. Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are more conservative, but even they are yielding. In originality and individuality in residence architecture Chicago among American cities was the pioneer. So was she the pioneer in the modern architectural abominations known as "skyscrapers."

The architecture of Chicago's exposition of 1893 left a marked impress upon the American nation. It was sober, dignified, and beautiful. The general scheme was evolved by the Chapter of American Architects. They designed a number of imposing buildings which were to form a homogeneous whole. It goes without saying that these buildings were largely modeled upon classic lines. Few who saw the buildings of the Chicago Exposition will forget them; no one who saw the beautiful Court of Honor at night, with its white lines starting out of the darkness, with its white beauty bathed in the white electric light, with its beautiful statues and fountains, its quadriga and the portal looking out upon the lake—no one can ever forget that architectural dream of beauty.

And a very great pity it is that it was only a dream.

The architecture of the Paris Exposition was everything that the architecture of the Chicago Exposition was not. Where Chicago was sober, Paris was gaudy. Where Chicago was dignified, Paris was giddy. Where Chicago was white, Paris was prismatic. Where Chicago was beautiful, Paris was frivolous.

The Paris Exposition was an architectural orgy of tinsel and color. Its key-note was indicated in the main entrance, the "Porte Monumentale." This was so gaudy, so bespangled, so besprinkled with color, so barbaric, so pseudo-oriental, that it suggested the entrance to a gigantic *café chantant*. And it exactly expressed the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The "Porte Monumentale" was fitly crowned with a colossal statue of a woman in the fripperies and fal-lals of 1900. She looked like an up-to-date *cocote*, and probably that is what she was intended to represent. For the life of modern Paris seems to be the apotheosis of the *cocote*.

There is another difference between the great fairs of Paris and Chicago. When the Chicago Exposition was projected, all sorts of building schemes and hotel syndicates shot up like mush-

"The Porte Monumentale of the Paris Exposition."

rooms. Shrewd Chicago business men provided plenty of money for the erection of hotels to house the millions of expected visitors. This did not seem unwise, for after the fair they would have their substantial buildings, to be put to other uses. But the panic of '93 came, and the visitors did not. Many of the hotels remained empty. In Paris, on the other hand, few new hotels were erected. But the Parisian speculators put their money into *cafés*, theatres, and side-shows, with equally disastrous results. These concerns failed to the tune of several hundred millions of francs. At the Chicago Fair, on the other hand, I can recall but one collapsed institution of the side-show kind. That was an enormous building near Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. It was erected by a syndicate. This building in plaintive rooflessness stood all through the fair as a dreadful warning to trusting capitalists.

How much alike is human nature all over the world! The tendency to over-build is not confined to expositions. All around Rome one may see blocks upon blocks of six-story buildings, tenantless save for tramps, often roofless, and always windowless, to save the tax on glass. These were built by the luckless Roman nobility in the real-estate boom of the 'eighties. Most of them

were mortgaged, and they fell in to the banks. It reminds me of the numerous empty hotels in southern California in 1890. Every few miles along the San Fernando and San Gabriel Valleys you would see handsome boom-built hotels, with "running water, elevators, and electric lights"— everything but guests.

Yes, human nature is much the same, in all countries, in all times. Every world's fair is going to be the greatest that was ever held. Credulous capitalists rush in and overdo the building. Credulous speculators rush in and overdo the side-show business. Result — collapse. The credulous public rushes in and always vows that this is the last word: "No other fair can ever equal this." You will find expressions like that in the letters and memoirs of the last fifty years. You will find it said of the exposition at the Crystal Palace in 1851; of the Vienna World's Fair in 1873; of the Centennial Exposition in 1876; of the Paris Exposition of 1878 and 1889; of the Chicago Fair of 1893; and of the Paris Fair of 1900. Apropos of the Crystal Palace exhibit, if you read its record now, it seems almost ludicrous in its meagreness. Probably our St. Louis, New Orleans, Omaha, and San Francisco fairs were magnificent compared to it.

Yet it was believed to be the highest pitch of human achievement in arts and manufactures. It was held during the reign of Albert the Good, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria. He grew so enthusiastic over the Crystal Palace Fair that he believed it had brought about a reign of universal peace, of international amity, of world-wide friendship—that war should be no more. He dubbed it "The Triumph of Peace." Yet immediately after its close the Crimean War broke out, and three European nations fell to cutting each other's throats. Fifty years have elapsed since the peace-dream of Albert the Good, and civilized nations have continued to cut one another's throats with the greatest ferocity. And during the year of grace 1900—end of the century, and year of the Paris Exposition—international throat-cutting was more general than for many years.

There are various ways of seeing a modern exposition. One is to do it "thoroughly"—as if there were anything thorough in this world, unless it be the mental equipment of a very young woman who has "finished her education."

The second way is to see it cautiously—which means to view the outsides of buildings, to take

bird's-eye views, to shun crowded places and crowded days, and to avoid being fatigued, hustled, or bored.

The third way is to see it through the eyes of others — by photographs, biographs, illustrated periodicals, and letters from trained correspondents.

The fourth way is not to see it at all.

Of these four methods, the wise man will waver between the third and fourth. Perhaps the third is the best.

Even with the best of intentions and the most youthful of enthusiasms no one can see any exposition "thoroughly." As Professor Jowett once said to his students, "Gentlemen, no one is omniscient, not even the youngest of us." And it would require omniscience to do an exposition thoroughly. The average man who goes to an exposition sees so many things of which he knows absolutely nothing that he does not even try to know more. Like the Levite, he walks by on the other side. What human brain could retain any coherent idea of such a string of things as these?—

Lazarettos,	Cork jackets,	Undressed furs,
Mineral waters,	Wood wool,	Pisciculture,
Naval torpedoes,	Mineral wool,	Edible mushrooms,
Pontoon bridges,	Birds' eggs,	Artesian wells,

Puddling,
Mottled tin,
Door-knockers,
Frozen meat,
Papier-maché,
Sky-lights,
Finials,
Vanes,
High-warp looms,
Moquette carpets,
Linoleum,
Billiard-tables,
Oil-burning lamps,
Repoussé work,
Sidereal clocks,
Imitation pearls,
Aviaries,
Goloshes,
Floss-silk,
Cosmetics,
Barrel-organs,
Micrometers,
Periodicals,
Bacteriology,
Mother-of-pearl,
Coöperative stores,
Post-offices,
Cook-stoves,
Ventilators,
Thermometers,
Automatic-cocks,
Fire-dogs,
Sewage-farms,
Massage,
Powder-mills,
Hot-air engines,
Play-houses,
Typography,
Blow-pipes,
Wood alcohols,
Pottery.

I am not purposely pitchforking things together to make a chance-medley. I am simply taking the exhibits as they happened to fall, walking around the Paris Exposition from the Trocadero to the other side of the Seine.

What human brain could give forth even incoherent ideas regarding them if they could be assimilated? And what human brain could digest such an agglomeration of non-agglomerable matters as one finds at an exposition? No one can see an exposition thoroughly. No one has the time. Physical limitations are such that no one has sufficient strength of mind and body to see thoroughly in the allotted period what an exposition contains.

I do not believe that an exposition possesses that "educational value" which many attribute to it. Viewing an exposition reminds me of what are called "popular lectures." Let us say that the subject of the lecture is ichthyology. I select that for an illustration as I know nothing about it, having heard many popular lectures upon the topic. The lecturer will attempt to compress into an hour and a half the most notable facts in the science of ichthyology. His method is unscientific. He does not confine himself to an hour and a half because the science of ichthyology can be discussed in that time, but because ninety minutes is about the length of time during which an average audience will listen to a lecture and not be bored. He does not select the most important facts in the science of ichthyology, but the most striking ones. This also is unscientific. He chooses these facts because they will amuse and interest the audience. In this end he generally succeeds, but at a cost which must make the judicious grieve. The more earnest members of the audience will remember—if they remember anything—that the lecturer said that ichthyology was derived from the Greek *ichthyos*, fish; that the whale is the most interesting fish—which it is not; that the whale is a warm-blooded mammal—

which is not always true: there are cold-blooded whales; that there are other mammals in the ocean besides whales; that they belong to the shark family; that there are sharks which leave their eggs to be hatched, sharks which hatch their eggs themselves, and sharks which bring forth their young alive; that there are oviparous, viviparous, and ovo-viviparous fishes; that if all the eggs of all the cods were to be hatched, all the ocean would be speedily filled with codfish; and that if they continued to breed with no "struggle for existence," the earth would in 1,957,342 years become a vast globe of codfish, which would fill up the solar system, crowd out the intramercurial planets, and shove the asteroids into kingdom come.

From such a lecture as this the average hearer goes away with a vague belief that it is a good thing the big fishes eat the little fishes, that ichthyology is a great science, and that Professor Zoescope's lectures are real nice.

It has always seemed to me that the average man's attempt to "see an exposition thoroughly" is very similar to the effort of an audience to absorb science at popular lectures.

There are many interiors that can be seen to better advantage in photographs than in reality. Take the frescoes on the ceilings of the Vatican, for example. About the only way to see the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is to lie on your back on the floor, and scrutinize the frescoes through an opera-glass. This method is unusual, however, and attracts attention. Most people examine them in the regular way, which is by assiduous neck-twisting and vertebral distortion. The slang phrase, "rubber-necking," expresses it exactly. Even at the Paris Exposition, while there were no Michael Angelo ceilings or Raphael walls, there was much art-work in high places — ceilings, panels, and spandrels — that could only be seen by "rubber-necking." And very weary work it was, too. How much easier to sit down at your leisure and examine these frescoes and alto-relievos by means of photographs! You see them very much better, and, to speak plainly, if you don't see them that way, you may not see them at all. For many people get so leg-weary and neck-weary that they hang their heavy heads, and look only at that which is below the level of the eye.

Paradoxical as it may seem, some outdoor scenes look better in photographs than in reality.

"Versailles looks better in photographs than in reality."

Take, for example, the parks and gardens of Versailles. Of late years they are very much run down. In summer the trees are unkempt and dust-covered, the grass of the once rich green lawns is withered and burned, the driveways are unsprinkled and dusty, the fountain-basins and ornamental sheets of water are covered with frog-spawn and green slime. Yet in the photographs none of these defects can be discovered. The lawns look luxuriant, and the foliage of the trees is reflected in the lakelets as if they were great mirrors of quicksilver.

At the Paris Exposition you saw on every hand people showing signs of complete physical exhaustion. The transportation methods were crude and insufficient. As the jest ran, the moving sidewalk took you everywhere you did not want to go. The electric railway was also badly planned. There was no other method of transportation within the grounds except the rolling chairs and Shanks's Mare. The latter beast is faithful but easily tired.

In addition to the lack of means of transportation in the exposition grounds, people did n't know where to go. They not only did n't know how to go to a place, but they did n't know

where the place was, and they would n't have known what to do when they got there if they could find it, and they could n't find it. The Columbian Guards at Chicago were Admirable Crichtons compared to the attendants at the Paris Exposition. None of them seemed to know anything at all about anything whatever. One of the main entrances near the Pont des Invalides was suddenly closed one night at 8 P. M., and for hours immense crowds were turned back — both ways — to make their entrance and their exit at some other gate. Nobody stopped these crowds from going toward the closed gate. No notice was posted. The gate was closed. That was all. Nobody knew why.

The fatigue of sight-seeing, "rubber-necking," and being jostled by the crowds affected the visitors' temper. Americans abroad often forget that their language is understood by many. It is very common in Europe to hear conversations of the most startling nature in English. At the exposition these frequently took the shape of what I may call building-bickering. For example, this is a conversation I heard just inside the entrance of a building:

She — "What did you want to come in here for?"

He—"I did n't want to come in here."

She—"Why, you brought me in."

He—"No, I did n't—you said you wanted to come."

She—"I said nothing of the kind."

He [*looking at map*]—"You certainly said you wanted to come into the Pavilion de Paree."

She—"Well, I did n't know that this was the Pavilion de Paree."

He—"Well, you know it now."

She—"What is there to see in here, anyway?"

He [*sulkily*]—"I don't know; you brought me here."

She [*with spirit*]—"I did n't any such a thing!"

He—"You did, too!"

She—"I did n't."

He—"You did!"

She—"I did n't!"

[They go out glaring at one another, and probably do not speak for an hour.]

Other and more cautious couples watch one another carefully at the thresholds of buildings. The one who first crosses the threshold becomes at once responsible for that building. Fatal step! If the man has the bump of caution he lets the woman go first, and then twits her with the shortcomings of the building; he pooh-poohs

everything; he says, "Well, is this your Petty Pallay dee l'Art? I don't think much of it."

If it is the lady who is cautious she makes the man wish that he were dead. One such cautious creature I heard goading a man who had incautiously put his foot first into a building:

"And this is your Pallay dee Costoom, is it? [*Sniff.*] And these are your beauties, are they? [*Sniff.*] Well, if ever I saw such a homely lot! [*Sniff.*] There are at least a dozen girls in Smithtown who are better-looking. [*Sniff.*] And did you make me walk miles all the way up that hot and dusty row to see such a collection of frights?" [*Sniff, sniff.*]

I wondered if they were married.

If a native of the Paris quarters known as the Batignolles or Montmartre were to drop from a balloon into the Yosemite Valley, he would, as soon as he got his wind, proceed to arrange a *café chantant*. It would have a canvas background on which would be painted mighty ten-foot mountains; it would have an imitation waterfall, at whose base would boil great foaming waves of cotton wool; it would have giant trees cut out of zinc, propped up behind with sticks; and it

would have tables on the terrace in front, where you would see the Paris *Figaro* and the Paris *Gaulois*, and where peddlers would try to sell you the latest obscene Parisian postal cards. So with the Paris Exposition. It seemed to be an attempt to reproduce Paris in Paris. There was an entire building devoted to "La Ville de Paris," filled with portraits of Paris prefects and Paris deputies, relics of Paris revolutions, and photographs of Paris's former streets and squares. There was an entire quarter called "Old Paris," in which you saw the institutions of modern Paris as they looked in ancient Paris. The "Midway" part of the exposition was largely made up of reproductions of theatres and *cafés* of Paris—attractions of the Montmartre quarter, of the Latin quarter, and of the boulevards. The remaining shows were biographic and cinematoscopic representations of the streets of Paris, the squares of Paris, and the actors and actresses of Paris.

The exposition "theatres" which reproduced Montmartre's attractions came to grief early. Like Macduff, they were untimely plucked. The exposition visitors did not fancy the things which appealed to the lovers of Montmartre. That is not remarkable. It requires a peculiar frame of mind—vinous or alcoholic—to appreciate the

humors of Montmartre. I have never quite understood the taste of those Americans who go to hideous deadfalls like the Cabaret of the Black Cat, the Cabaret of the Galley Slave, or the Cabaret of the Grave Digger, to drink steam beer off coffin-lid tables, served by half-tipsy ruffians, attired as galley slaves or professional mourners. The paretic poets and alcoholic "humorists" of Montmartre who started the small theatres in the exposition all had to close their doors.

In theatricals, that which was most interesting at the exhibition was the museum of theatrical properties and souvenirs. Among other things it contained scene-plots of famous operas and plays. Some of them came, I think, from the museum of the Grand Opera. Some years ago the director of the Grand Opera library showed me through the museum. There were scene-plots in miniature of most of the operas produced there, such as "The Prophet," "The Huguenots," "William Tell," etc. The little proscениums were elaborately set with the various scenes painted in miniature by the scene-painters, and the little stages were covered with puppets in handsome costumes fashioned by the costumers of the opera. They are called *maquettes*. The models

at the exposition were similar to those in the opera museum, but more comprehensive. There were also relics of famous actors—for example, Talma as the Cid; Mademoiselle Mars, in her dressing-room filled with First Empire furniture given her by Bonaparte; the "make-up" toilet utensils of Mademoiselle Rachel; Frederick Lemaître's snuff-box; and a bust of Sardou modeled by Sarah Bernhardt.

The most successful of the exposition theatres were those devoted to the dance. The "Palace of the Dance" purported to reproduce national dances, but they were national dances denationalized and conventionalized by a French ballet-master. At the "Palace of Woman" historical dances were given, such as minuets, danced by court ladies before Marie Antoinette and Louis the Sixteenth to the music of ancient spinets and harpsichords. This was one of the best of the exposition side-shows, and one of the few worth visiting. Among the other theatres devoted to dancing there were the usual Oriental dancers. It is scarcely worth while enumerating the long list of the exposition side-shows. Many were very poor, and some were bald frauds. One of the most pretentious was the Palace of Optics. This show was almost puerile. A large proportion of the

side-shows were ordinary panoramas, variously called "mareorama," "stereorama," "cineorama," and "diorama." They were sometimes called "animated voyages," and one gave a panorama of a trip from Moscow to Pekin by rail. In this you were seated in a railway car, and a panorama rapidly rolled by you; a strip of canvas, with sand and gravel glued on, whirled past the side of the car. In the "mareorama" you crossed the Mediterranean to Algiers, passing a French naval squadron. You were apparently on the deck of a pitching and tossing ship; the wind whistled in the rigging, and there was a strong smell of tar. There were panoramas representing China, Japan, and other out-of-the-way corners of the world, all mediocre, and some of them very badly painted.

In the exposition grounds on every hand you saw wearied sight-seers resting on the few benches that a thrifty administration had placed at their command, and others watching and waiting. Hundreds of green-painted iron chairs stood invitingly empty, but the economical sight-seers refrained from taking them. It cost ten centimes to sit in a chair without arms, and fifteen centimes

to sit in one with arms. Hence, most of the sight-seers waited for empty benches. A pleasing spectacle was the rage of the *restaurateurs* who gazed on the feeding crowds in front of their gorgeous establishments. The populace would seat themselves, open their paper bags and boxes, and proceed to eat their frugal luncheons of bread and cheese, *charcuterie* and sausages, washed down with red wine and eke with beer. The *restaurateurs* tore their hair as they sorrowfully regarded their empty tables. They did very little business, and many of them were forced to close their doors. This was gratifying to every person who entered their portals, for they were more accomplished robbers than the restaurant men of Paris proper, and that is saying a great deal.

Many visitors were surprised at the utter lack of interest in the Paris Exposition on the part of its high officials. The close attention paid by the directors of the Chicago Fair was absent at Paris. The continual succession of festivals, special days—"Chicago Day," "New York Day"—so notable at Chicago, had no parallel at Paris. It seemed remarkable that the French officials did not stimulate interest by such methods. They did not attempt to do so until near the closing days of the exposition. The explanation is that

the Paris fair was paid for before its doors were opened.

This indifference led to a lack of interest on the part of the public. Large crowds of people must be *specially* amused — it is not sufficient to turn them into a great show and tell them to amuse themselves. Crowds do not know how to amuse themselves. Many individuals lack that knowledge. As a result, the attendance was poor. Some sixty-five millions of tickets were issued, and at the end of four months over fifty millions were unused. More than 300,000 visitors a day were expected, yet during the first few months the average was about 100,000 admissions a day, 40,000 of which were free — exhibitors, employees, etc. When the exposition was drawing toward its close, in November, there were millions of unsold tickets. Then the exposition officials began giving a series of festivals, in a desperate attempt to work off the tickets. The tickets were stamped "one franc," but two months after the opening they were selling for half that, or fifty centimes; later they fell to fifteen centimes, or three cents apiece. But the government was secure, as the tickets were unloaded on banks and financial syndicates, which peddled them out to ticket-bureaus, which peddled them out to ticket-

peddlers, who peddled them out to the public. The scheme, like that of 1889, carried with it an issuance of government bonds, the numbers on which were good for lottery prizes. A sheet of twenty tickets was called a "bond," and many families bought them for the lottery attachments, thus securing their admissions in advance. The financial institutions handling this enormous scheme were the Crédit Lyonnais, the Crédit Foncier, the Bank of France, the Comptoir National, the Crédit Industriel, and the Société Générale.

The bonds and tickets were eagerly snapped up, and the exposition was practically paid for before it had begun. There was, of course, a heavy loss, but it did not fall upon the state. It was so divided up among millions of people that the loss to each was small.

One of the results of the cheapness of the exposition tickets was the cheapness of the exposition crowds. The difference between the visitors at Chicago and Paris was remarkable. It was the difference between fifty cents and five cents. Paris is an enormous city; in its population there are hundreds of thousands shading off from the poor to the very poor, the pauper, the beggar, the vagrant, and the

criminal classes. A ticket at five cents was within the reach of many of these. On Sundays, on *fête* days, and even on week days, the number of shabby and even ragged visitors was very large. This was particularly noticeable on the French national holiday, when the admission was only one ticket. There were very few visitors at the Chicago Fair who were not at least respectably dressed, and most of the visitors were well dressed. In my mind's eye I seem to see now about 100,000 young women at the Chicago Fair all in sailor hats, light shirtwaists, four-in-hand ties, Eton jackets, blue-serge skirts, and new tan shoes, accompanied by 100,000 young men in buzz-saw straw hats, blue-serge sack suits, four-in-hand ties, neat shirts, natty belts, and new tan shoes. They looked very much alike, it is true. Young Woman No. 1 looked exactly like Young Woman No. 99,999. But they certainly looked well, and they were a pleasant sight to gaze upon. Not so the slinking, shabby wretches, the frowsy ruffians, the blear-eyed drabs and vicious trollops that one saw by the scores of thousands at the Paris fair. They came from parts of Paris that tourists rarely visit. I used to wish that they had stayed there. They were not nice to look at nor to rub against.

The vast crowds of semi-beggars at the fair plied their trade there unmolested; in the streets of Paris they would have been arrested. Many of them were criminals as well as beggars, and combined a little pocket-picking with beggary. "Beware of pickpockets," in all languages, was the most frequent sign you saw at the fair.

The beggary began outside the exposition in the shape of ticket-peddlers; old men, little children, women with unweaned babies, hard-faced young girls, and tough-looking young men—such were the people engaged in ticket-hawking. They clung closely to your side, if you were walking, and earwigged you; if children, they hung to your garments, pestered you, and got in front of you; if you were in a carriage, the men jumped on the steps, and poisoned you with their villainous breath, as they importuned you to buy. Some were ruffianly, and strove to intimidate foreigners into buying. The old women and children whimpered and wheedled. Around the entrances you were attacked by new hordes of hawkers, not only ticket-peddlers, but venders of maps and souvenirs. When you had run the gauntlet of outside beggars, you had to meet a fresh army inside. You paid to get into the exposition; you paid to get into the quarter

called "Old Paris"; you paid to get into a theatre in "Old Paris"; you paid to get into a *café* attached to the theatre in "Old Paris"; you paid for your beverage in the *café;* you paid the waiter for bringing it to you; you paid the orchestra for regaling you with bad Hungarian *czardas;* you paid at the door when you went out, for your umbrella or your cane, which you were almost forced to leave at the "vestiaire." If you went into a swell restaurant in the exposition the head-waiter would take the order—tip. A second waiter would lay the cover—tip. A third waiter would bring the food—tip. The *sommelier* would take the wine order—tip. And again on going out you were forced to give up a check for your wrap or your umbrella—tip.

These were the authorized beggars. Once outside the *cafés* and theatre doors, you found the irregular beggars. You could not speak to an attendant or ask your way without being importuned for alms. The Paris Exposition was indeed a mighty Beggars' Fair.

"The Sainte-Chapelle, in Paris."

OF EATING AND DRINKING

AMONG the many legends told of authors and publishers there is an ancient one concerning punctuation. It is the story of the author who grew so exasperated at the printers' persistent refusal to insert his needless commas and superfluous semicolons that he placed a chapter at the end of his book, telling the reader to pick and choose therefrom, and punctuate the volume to suit himself. This chapter consisted entirely of commas, colons, semicolons, interrogation points, dots, and dashes.

Correspondingly, I determined to place in a chapter by itself the various passages about eating and drinking which seem inseparable from any talk about travel. Thus he who does not care to eat may skip, while he who eats may read.

Most Americans going abroad have to pass through New York. Therefore its hotels are well-known—too well-known to make necessary any extended reference to them here. I may

say briefly that its best hotels are surpassed by none of which I have any knowledge. The first-class hotels, while high-priced, give you the worth of your money. In the cold season they are heated; in summer electric fans and pumps force artificially cooled air into the buildings; the windows are canopied; the bath-rooms are good; there is hot water night and day; the plumbing is modern; there are mail chutes, telephones, and telesemes; they are well ventilated; there are numerous swift elevators; the service is good; there is plenty of clean ice, made from distilled water; cold things are served cold, and hot things hot — in short, the restaurants are admirable. Neither London nor Paris compares with New York in hotels. As for restaurants, Paris has fine ones, but I think New York's two leading restaurants are as good as any in the world. The less pretentious hotels and restaurants are also good, and there are prices for all purses. Still, New York is at best an expensive city.

While the New York hotels give you high living for high prices, it is not so with all American hotels. Some of the big watering-place hotels are very poor. For some reason, Americans seem resigned to bad service at summer hotels. But it would seem to be no better at

the great winter resorts. For in winter many thousands of Northerners seek the great hotels of the southern coast, from St. Augustine to New Orleans.

Three of the Florida hotels, the Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar, and the Cordova, are very beautiful buildings. They are all in the Hispano-Mauresque style of architecture, with which we in California are familiar through our old Spanish Mission buildings and their modern prototypes, as seen at Palo Alto. But our colonial Spanish architecture in California was from the crude plans of the Spanish friars, wrought into shape by the clumsy hands of their Indian neophytes. It has an air of strength and solidity rather than of grace. In the Spanish buildings of St. Augustine the architects have succeeded in wedding the grace of the Moorish with the strength of the Spanish school. The Ponce de Leon is a stately pile, with many minaret-like towers, domes, and chimneys rising from its red-tiled roof. It has a large *patio*, or courtyard, with a noble gateway. The Alcazar façade is distinguished by the two square bell-towers, familiar to us in our California Mission buildings. The Cordova has both round and square towers, and is a marvel of elaborate Mauresque ornamentation.

These hotels are built of a concrete made of fossil shells found in vast quantities around St. Augustine. The Spaniards used for building purposes a stone called "coquina," formed of these same fossil shells, which the ages had molded into a kind of natural concrete. Some of the old Spanish buildings in St. Augustine were built of this coquina stone. The concrete used in these hotels resembles it in a measure, and is the most architecturally effective artificial stone I have ever seen. It is a delicate bluish-gray in color, and it fits into the tints of sky and sea and sandy soil most admirably. The cool, gray walls and rich, red-tiled roofs together produce an effect which is most grateful to the eye. How different from the great, staring, wooden caravansaries of the United States generally! Their sole redeeming point is that they often burn down. But the Ponce de Leon cannot burn down. It is almost a monolith. Its walls are solid rock.

I wish I could speak as highly of the running of these Florida hotels as of their architecture. But I can not. They are expensive and pretentious. The servants are ignorant negroes. The service is inefficient. The food is often not good, and when it is good it is badly cooked, and when

it is properly cooked it is served cold. The Ponce de Leon used to advertise that its *chef* was "late of the Brunswick and formerly of Delmonico's." This was doubtless true. But were the immortal Chef Joseph himself to cook at the Ponce, what would it avail him if his most admirable *plats* were served cold? To dine at the Ponce means to sit down in a gorgeous rotunda with a domed ceiling; to have beautiful mural decorations and stained-glass windows confronting you; to see the Spanish-Mauresque plan of the architects wrought out in a hundred cunning ways; to read punning Spanish proverbs in gilded Runic letters upon ceiling and walls; to see the coats of arms of Ponce de Leon and other Spanish explorers faithfully reproduced by skilled artificers; to note the escutcheons of ancient Spanish cities like Toledo and Valladolid interwoven with the mural decorations; to hear a fine stringed band discoursing sweet music for an hour—and to have cold soup, cold fish, cold entrées, cold joint, and cold vegetables brought to you upon cold plates by a thick-skulled, prognathous-jawed African who used to be a cotton-steamer roustabout.

I was surprised at the poor service in these fine hotels. The people who go there are well-to-do—necessarily so, as the prices are not low. Why

they should pay high prices for poor service by clumsy negroes I can not comprehend. It does not require a great intellect to be a waiter, but it is too much for the African.

Why do the Northern people at these Florida hotels tolerate these wretched darkies? The race is unfit for any duty requiring attentiveness, which is the chief requisite in a house-servant. On the other hand, they are so fantastic, and so self-conscious that they are continually posing and peacocking for the benefit of the hotel guests and themselves. There is always in the forefront of the mob of waiters a head-waiter, who has all the characteristics of a drum-major, without being as useful. So vainglorious is the race that if you request the head-waiter to have something done he will imperatively order his assistant to do it, who will order a waiter to do it, who will order a waiter's waiter to do it, who will order a scullion to do it, who will probably leave it undone. And all of these African freaks order one another around in tones of command which would be amusing to any one but a hungry man waiting for his dinner. And in the midst of the crash and clatter of plates, of heavily shod waiters' hoofs upon the sounding floors, of crockery falling from waiters' bungling fingers, and of orders

yelled to the cooks from the closing kitchen-door, there rises the sound of inter-African conversation. As they meet they exchange scraps of gossip, kitchen jests, reminiscences of the night before, and the unfortunate guests must perforce eat their dinners to an *obligato* of gabbling darkies—sometimes of squabbling darkies. And all this in high-priced, pretentious hotels. Doctors say that conversation at table aids digestion. But I greatly prefer silence to Senegambian conversaziones.

The Florida hotels are dear and bad. They are all on the *table-d'hôte* plan, and all of the large hotels have practically a minimum rate of six dollars a day for room and board. This at the Ponce gives you a small room without a bath. For a small room with a bath they charge the modest sum of ten dollars a day, and from that up to fifteen and twenty dollars a day. It is to the Ponce de Leon that the old jest can be best applied. A visitor there ruefully remarked that he had been sent to Florida for change and rest, but the landlord got nearly all his change, and the waiters got the rest.

At these hotels service and cookery are both poor. Compare their rates with those prevailing at similar resorts in some good foreign hotels. Take a short-season summer hotel—the Schwei-

zerhof at Lucerne, for example. It is a handsome building with lifts, electric-lighting, and all conveniences, an excellent restaurant, both *table d'hôte* and *à la carte*, and admirably kept. The minimum rates there are about as follows:

Room	6 francs
Light	50 centimes
Bath	1 franc
Attendance	1 franc
Breakfast	2 francs
Meat breakfast or *déjeûner*	5 francs
Dinner	7 francs
Total	22 francs 50 centimes

This is about four dollars and twenty-seven cents—say one-third less than the Florida hotels. Take another: The leading hotel of San Remo, a short-season winter resort, is the Hotel d'Angleterre. The minimum rates there are about as follows:

Room	6 lire
Bath	1 lira
Light	½ lira
Attendance	1 lira
Breakfast	1½ lire
Meat breakfast or *déjeûner*	3½ lire
Dinner	6 lire
Total	19½ lire

This is about three dollars and sixty cents—a little more than half the cost of the Florida hotel. Or take another winter resort where the season is shorter than at San Remo, or any point on the Riviera. Let us select one in Egypt, where living is universally admitted to be very expensive. At Shepheard's Hotel, in Cairo, the minimum prices are about as follows:

Room	40 piastres
Light	3 piastres
Bath	5 piastres
Breakfast	10 piastres
Luncheon	20 piastres
Dinner	30 piastres
Total	108 piastres

This is about five dollars and forty cents—again less than the tariff of the Florida hotel. Yet no one can deny that the Cairo hotels are the most luxurious in the world.

I expressly refrain from comparing the rates at these Florida hotels with those in large cities. In small resorts like St. Augustine there is merely a nominal charge for ground-rent or interest on value of land. This item is a large one in New York, Paris, and London. Hence the comparisons are confined to similar resorts.

Some years ago there appeared in Paris a very clever and amusing book by Edouard Laboulaye, entitled "Paris en Amérique." Laboulaye was one of the few French writers who knew his America well. As a result, his book was bright and witty, and free from those astounding blunders with which the traveled Gaul usually spangles his pages. Laboulaye's book is a whimsical fantasy, and he touches upon but does not seriously discuss France's sometime sovereignty on this continent. How little trace her civilization has left! All of Canada once was French; French trappers and French missionaries explored around the Great Lakes what is now our Middle-West; France owned the vast territory which came to us from Bonaparte under the name of the Louisiana Purchase. Yet of the French occupancy scarcely a sign remains. A few French names like Detroit, Des Moines, and Terre Haute, so changed in pronunciation that a Frenchman would not know them, are about all that are left in the great Mississippi Valley. Quebec is probably the most Gallic city on the continent — you can find there cabmen who speak no English — but Montreal is fast losing the traces of its French ancestry. There are French newspapers in Canada, it is true, but so

are there in New York; so are there in San Francisco — at one time there were three; and so are there in New Orleans.

A recent visit to this latter city made patent to my mind the evanescence of French civilization on this continent. It is about ten years since I was last in the Crescent City. Even in that time the changes in the French quarter have been great. Then French signs were over nearly all the shops. The shop-keepers all spoke French, and some few of them spoke no English. In the quarter, French was spoken around you on every hand. Now the French signs are in the minority, the shop-keepers all speak English, and of the old French quarter nothing remains but the smells.

New Orleans once was famous for its French restaurants. Even these are changed. Ten years ago there were several excellent ones. The two leading ones were Moreau's, on Canal Street, and Antoine's, in the French quarter. I still have a tender recollection of certain repasts at Moreau's wherein figured Bayou Cook oysters, gumbo, red-snapper, and canvasback, washed down with wine, not of the country, but of the Golden Hill. Alas, like the tender recollections of Miss Irene McGillicuddy, these are but recollections now. A colored fellow-citizen informed me, as I sought

for it on Canal Street, "Moreau has went out of business, sah."

Moreau's in its time was not unlike the San Francisco restaurant known as Marchand's—the old Marchand's, not the new. Moreau's was very unpretentious in its service, its napery, its china, glass, and silver—if it ever had any silver. There were no carpets in the main dining-room; there was only sand upon the floor. But the cookery was something to remember. So was it with the old Marchand's. Marchand was once *chef* at the old Union Club of San Francisco. He left there to start a *rôtisserie*—for in the olden, golden days of San Francisco's French restaurants they were not mere restaurants, they were *rôtisseries*. No dark mysteries were concocted in back kitchens. The recondite croquettes and doubtful salmis which come up from the dank cellar-kitchens of so many Paris restaurants were unknown in the San Francisco *rôtisseries*. The kitchen of the *rôtisserie* was in front, and you passed through batteries of ranges, rows of shining copper saucepans, and files of white-capped cooks to reach your table. Upon the ranges seethed and simmered delicious ragoûts. There was one *plat* in the old Marchand days that took forty-eight hours to cook. It gently

simmered in a stone jar at the back of the range, and was served only twice a week. It was probably Tripes in the mode of Caen. But it may have been another dish resembling it, the substratum of which was calves' head melting in a rich jelly — a dish peculiar to the Provençal regions of France.

Speaking of that, in one of the old San Francisco French restaurants there used to be a *chef* who was a genuine Marseillais, who hailed from the Cannebière, and who cooked a *bouillabaisse* which made salt tears from the eyes of expatriated Gascons fall into their soup-plates.

But I digress. Passing through the rows of shining copper saucepans and shining copper-nosed cooks, one passed also the *rôti*, for at the *rôtisseries* they used to roast. Before open fires on spits there slowly revolved sirloins of beef, saddles of mutton, browning turkeys, celery-fed canvasbacks. Now the noble art of roasting is gone, and baked meats indifferently furnish forth our tables.

To the epicure there is a vast difference between the savor of meat and game which has been roasted and that which has been baked. In the old Union Club of San Francisco after the spit had ceased to turn, the writer once made this

assertion, and it was questioned. A dinner was wagered, and to settle the matter a dozen ducks were served, six cooked on a spit and six cooked in an oven. The doubters admitted at once the superiority of roasting to baking. Probably it was the last time that the spit revolved in the Union Club kitchen.

But to return to New Orleans and its changes. Ten years ago there were two leading hotels there—the St. Charles and the Hotel Royal. The St. Charles was then in an old public building, with a gigantic marble colonnade extending along its front. The story ran that it was once a slave market. But that is a familiar story in the South. The St. Charles in those days was as uncomfortable as a hotel in an old public building could be. The new St. Charles is a handsome seven-story brick building, with all the modern hotel conveniences, with the exception of food well cooked and served. The *cuisine* is not distinctly bad, but neither is it distinctly good. It is just the regulation hotel fare. No trace of the old French cookery for which New Orleans was once renowned is to be found at the St. Charles. Perhaps it never was to be found there.

Ten years ago the Hotel Royal was a rival of

the St. Charles. Now, apparently, it is closed — or I heard nothing of it. I was once surprised to find in the Hotel Royal an elaborately frescoed ceiling, said to be from the brush of Canova, the Italian sculptor, executed in the early part of the present century. It seems odd that Canova should have been forced to decorate hotel ceilings for a livelihood — the famous Canova who modeled the recumbent Venus in the Borghese Palace at Rome, for which nude study the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte posed. It is related that an acid dowager, on seeing the lovely marble, primly remarked to the princess: "Your highness, how could you ever have posed in that condition?" "Why not?" asked Pauline, in surprise; "there was a fire in the room."

Not far from the Hotel Royal, in the French quarter, stood Antoine's. Ten years ago it was an excellent French restaurant. There was no style about it, it is true—the table service was coarse, but clean, and the floor, like Moreau's, was sanded. But the food was excellent. There was a most appetizing mixture of French with what I may call "Creole cookery," for lack of a better phrase—various kinds of gumbos unknown in the colder climes of the North, where we have

only a base mucilaginous imitation known as "chicken gumbo."

Let not the term "Creole" be misunderstood. Many people fancy that the word has something to do with negro blood. Error. "Creole" comes from the Spanish word *Criolla*, "child." The Creoles claim descent from the children of the original French and Spanish colonists. It is true that there were so-called "Creole negroes," but they were slaves of the old Creole families, and the epithet was used in the same sense as "Creole chickens," "Creole coffee," or "Creole cookery."

But the glory has departed from Antoine's. It is a fairly good restaurant — things are not bad — but its cookery has lost its distinctive flavor. There is no longer anything Gallic about it. It is just like any other restaurant.

Other French restaurants in New Orleans make pretensions to being first-class, but they are baseless. Cookery and service are both bad. They would not rank in San Francisco with the third-class *gargotes* found in the Latin quarter, which give a dinner of six courses, wine included, for twenty-five cents. At most of them, things are cold, flabby, sloppy — sloppy, flabby, and cold. In fact, everything is cold but the ice.

It is a curious fact that in New Orleans the prices have apparently risen as the cookery has deteriorated. In the Crescent City restaurants prices are nearly up to the New York level, while the cookery and the service are infinitely inferior.

The San Francisco French restaurants have also greatly changed in the course of years. At one time there were half a dozen first-class restaurants or *rôtisseries* there, where an excellent meal was served with a pint of red wine for a dollar and a quarter. This would include a choice of several clear and thick soups; a choice of any fish in the market except pompano — and even that before it became scarce; a choice of several entrées, including chicken in various styles; a choice of roasts and game, including mallard, widgeon, or teal duck in the season, and even canvasback before it became so high-priced; a choice of two vegetables; an *entremets*, such as an *omelette au confiture;* dessert, fruit, cheese, biscuits, etc., and black coffee — all for a dollar and a quarter. Such a meal as this in New York would cost five times as much — though, of course, with much better service. There were cheaper French restaurants where a more modest meal was served for fifty cents with a pint of

wine. But how the first-class restaurants could serve such a meal as they did for such a price was a marvel. There was nothing like it anywhere. Italy is a cheap country, but even in Italy a good *table-d'hôte* dinner will cost you five lire—about a dollar—without wine.

Occasionally excellent wines were to be found in some of the old French restaurants of San Francisco. There was no particular ostentation about it. Sometimes the proprietors would pick up a small lot of Burgundy or Bordeaux from some out-of-the-way place. For example, there was once a large consignment of Bordeaux in cases shipped to a wine merchant in San Francisco. The bottles had square glass stoppers instead of corks. This was the idea of some smart person in the Medoc district. But his scheme was a failure. Only one stopper-key came with each case. If you lost the key you lost the case, because you could not open the bottles except with a hatchet. The result was that no dealers bought the wine. It remained for years unsalable on the hands of the importers. Finally a prudent French restaurant man bought a little of it as an experiment, and some prudent customers of his having tasted it—it was nectar—immediately went off and bought all the

rest. Tradition tells us that when Banker Pioche, of the famous pioneer firm of Pioche, Bayerque & Co., died, he left a choice cellar. One of the minor San Francisco restaurants bought up most of the dead *gourmet's* choice wines, and did a thriving business—until the wine was gone, when trade fell off.

For years there has been a *grand vin* on sale in one of the San Francisco French restaurants without any flourish of trumpets. There happened to be a party dining there one evening. The conversation turned on the dreadful rubbish that is sold in this country as French *grands vins*. For example, you can buy what purports to be a bottle of Chateau-Lafite in almost any American hotel. Yet for many years there was not a bottle of Lafite in trade channels. The Rothschilds, who own the vineyard, used its output in making presents to prince-consorts, prime ministers, and gentlemen-ushers of the back stairs. It lubricated the ways for launching government loans. And then the Rothschilds drank a good deal of it themselves. The family is large and thirsty, and apparently can afford to drink costly wines.

One of the guests remarked that Chateau-Margaux was also difficult to obtain with its title

clear. Another guest said that the Vicomte Aguado, owner of the Margaux vineyard, had been in the same regiment with him in the French army, and that he would ask Aguado to ship small consignments of the wine direct from the vineyard to this restaurant. So said, so done. Aguado complied. The wine used to be sold there at five dollars the quart. Doubtless many a bookmaker, drinking his noisy pint of champagne with all its pomp and circumstance of effervescence, cracked ice, and wine-cooler, looked with ill-concealed disdain on the quiet persons near him drinking "red ink" out of a bottle without any label. For the Margaux bottles bore no ticket, and were marked only by the arms of Aguado sealed upon the cork.

The leading French restaurants of San Francisco are now much better housed than they were ten years ago. But while their equipments and appointments are superior, their *cuisine* has not improved. Like that of New Orleans, it has deteriorated. At one time the French restaurants of San Francisco and New Orleans were famous throughout the United States for their cookery. But now they have taken second place, and are surpassed by some club and hotel restaurants.

To those who know Washington as it was years ago, it must seem extraordinary how the old hotels ever could have accommodated the crowds. Even in the last ten or twelve years numerous modern hotels have been erected — lofty and spacious buildings like the Shoreham, the Raleigh, and others. I do not suppose the population of Washington has increased more than thirty per cent. since Grover Cleveland's first term, but the hotels — of all kinds — have increased about a hundred per cent., and yet in the season they all seem to be full. In December, when Congress is in session, it is difficult to get even an inferior room at any of the leading hotels, and people are turned away.

In the old days people went to ancient hotels like the Ebbitt, the Arlington, and others of that ilk; they ate dinner in the middle of the day, and supper in the evening; they partook uncomplainingly of poor food badly cooked and served on the American plan. The one oasis in the desert of Washington's bad cookery was John Chamberlin's. There you could get something decent to eat, although the charges were not moderate. I still remember an immodest bill for a very modest breakfast there:

Boiled salt mackerel . . . . . One dollar
Cup of coffee . . . . . Thirty cents
Pot of cream . . . . . Ten cents
Baked potato . . . . . Ten cents

I stood all the rest, but my gorge rose at the price of the potato. I protested, and the negro head-waiter at once reduced the charge. Chamberlin must have had a sliding scale. I never saw any prices on the bill of fare there then. In that respect it was like those swell *cafés* in Paris, such as the Lion d'Or, where it is considered unseemly to put prices on the bill, and vulgar for the guests to ask them. However, Chamberlin's was very good, even if it was high-priced. The difference between it and some of the modern Washington hotels is that they are high-priced and not good.

The restaurants of Washington are also poor. But that is inevitable where the servants are negroes. The Southern tradition of the "ole mammy" and the "ole uncle" dies hard. If you follow up the "ole mammy cook" through the South, you never find her. She is like the place where the meteor fell — always in the next county.

It is true that there are white cooks and waiters in Washington — plenty of them. But the

slipshod traditions and methods of negro service have affected them. The trail of the African is over them all. I confess freely that I do not like the "ole mammy" zone of the United States from a gastronomic point of view.

In the older Washington hotels I have seen strangers appearing in the dining-room at seven o'clock, in conventional dinner dress, seating themselves with unaffected wonder at tables covered with red damask, and gazing in amazement at the curious viands which used to make up a Washington supper — among them hot biscuits and preserves.

In Paris many of the restaurants are stuffy and unventilated, and all of the kitchens are in the cellar. In London the restaurants are even stuffier and less ventilated, and in many of them the restaurant itself is in the cellar, as well as the kitchen. But in London several of the most popular play-houses are far below the level of the street. The new grill-room of the Grand Hotel is down in the cellar. It is not one of the most luxurious of London eating-houses, but it is a much frequented place in the heart of the West End. Few of the restaurants of London, by the

way, compare with those of New York and Paris. In fact, I may say none. The restaurants of the Hotel Cecil and Hotel Savoy are only fair. The Berkeley, which was a rather good restaurant some years ago, is now fashionable and bad; they give you a great deal of silverware, brass candelabra, wax candles with pink petticoats on them, and very poor food. Probably the best restaurant in London is the one called the "Prince's Restaurant." It is admirably appointed, and richly furnished in a dark style like the old Delmonico's. One side and one end look out on a pretty garden; there are potted plants ranged round the room, and there is a gallery at one end for musicians. It has an excellent *maître d'hôtel*, and good waiters, but the food is mediocre. That seems to be the trouble with London restaurants. What they lack reminds one of that old story of Texas. A native was praising that State to General Sherman, who did not think much of it. "But," said the Texan, "all that Texas lacks is water and good society." "Yes," replied General Sherman, "that is all hell lacks." All that the London restaurants lack is good food, good cookery, and good service to be first-class.

Prince's restaurant, however, is one of the few places in London where one can be well served.

The waiters are excellent. The *maître d'hôtel* speaks to them in German, they reply in French, and converse with one another in Italian. From this I infer that they are Swiss, and probably came from the Canton of Ticino. The late George Augustus Sala some years ago told an anecdote at a dinner given to him by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Talking of polyglot people, Sala said that he once fell into conversation with a gentleman in a Russian railway carriage. The stranger spoke Russian with a German accent; so Sala changed to German. The stranger's German had a French accent; so Sala changed to French. The stranger's French, like that of Chaucer's Abbess, had such a strong English accent, that Sala began talking English. The stranger's English was tinged with a strong Irish brogue. Sala's *vis-à-vis* turned out to be an Irishman. The story was not new when Sala told it, and had been told by another writer as having happened to his hero. But probably Sala had told it so often that he had come to believe it had happened to him.

The London hotels, unlike those in New York, make no provision for hot weather. In mid-summer they are like ovens. The Cecil is on the Thames Embankment; it runs through to

the Strand; it has a large court-yard; the Embankment Gardens are at its river portal; from its windows there are magnificent views; one sees Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Martin's in the Fields, Westminster, Waterloo, London, and the Tower Bridges, the Tower, Lambeth Palace, and the whole sweep of the Surrey side of the river. But despite its admirable site, its arrangements for comfort during the heated term are rudimentary. The ends of the passages, hallways, and corridors, instead of being open to the outer air, are stopped up with servants' rooms, housemaids' closets, and such offices, so that there is no ventilation. In the interior of the great building the air is stagnant and stifling. Compare this with the airy, well-ventilated condition of the great hotels in New York. Yet the Cecil is one of the newest hotels in London. It claims to be the most luxurious there. Claridge's, however, is more fashionable and higher-priced.

If the atmospheric conditions are so bad in these new London hotels, what must they be in the old ones? For there are a number of antediluvian hotels in London in such aristocratic quarters as Jermyn, Dover, and Albemarle Streets. They are most of them like Brown's

Hotel — old dwelling-houses remodeled. They are venerable rattletraps, sometimes consisting of two or three houses, with the floors on different levels, and with holes cut through the walls for doors. There are no lobbies, no offices, no waiting-rooms, no reception-rooms, no billiard-rooms — nothing except narrow passageways, through which flit flabby-faced lackeys, clad in shabby evening-suits. These establishments have brought discomfort to its highest point. They are frequented by country gentlemen, ruddy-faced squires, who go there because their grandfathers did, and know of no other hotels. Some of our deluded American anglomaniacs go there because they think it is swell. The act carries its own punishment.

Here is a trifle showing the ways of a first-class hotel in London. At the Cecil, one sweltering midsummer afternoon, I ordered a glass of iced milk; when brought I found that it was sour, and told the waiter so.

"Very sorry, sir," replied the waiter, apologetically, "but the milk is all that way. Several other gentlemen 'ave complained already, sir. You 'ad better take 'ot milk, sir."

"Hot milk," I cried—"hot milk on a day like this?"

"The 'ot milk," replied the waiter, "'ave been a-settin' on the fire all day, sir, and 'ave not 'ad a chance to sour, sir."

So economical was this hotel of its ice, that the insufficient milk supply had to be kept on the fire to prevent it from turning sour!

The London idea of ice is peculiar. In some of the tea-rooms and places of that description, if you want a drink of ice-water, they charge you three half-pence for the ice. Their economy in ice does not extend merely to milk. Several times I had meat served to me in the condition which some people call "high," and which I call "tainted." But I have never been able to feed on the lower animals after they have begun turning into ptomaines.

Talking of meat, it is difficult to get good beef in the London restaurants. What an American calls a good steak it is impossible to procure, and the roast beef is far inferior to ours. Doubtless some may think me presumptuous in saying there is better beef anywhere than the "roast beef of Old England." Not so. The "roast beef of Old England" is a myth—a fairy tale. As Sir Boyle Roche might say, "They have n't any there, and what they have is bad."

There is a famous eating-house in London—

Simpson's in the Strand — whither anglomaniac Americans repair for beef. It is a not very clean place, divided into boxes like horse-stalls, in front of which hang dingy curtains. Upon the tables are table-cloths, with maps of Europe in cold gravy, and large leathern bills of fare frequently smeared with butter. You seat yourself in one of these horse-stalls, rap on the table, and a grimy waiter asks "What will you please to 'ave, sir?" The awe-stricken American replies in hushed tones that he will have some of the "roast beef of Old England." The grimy waiter howls something, and a rumbling is heard. Propelled through the place comes a table on wheels, which stops at the entrance to your horse-stall. Upon it is a large and mangled rib-roast of beef in a covered chafing-dish. It may have been originally roasted, but has simmered long. It is not inviting. Behind it stands a person in a dirty white cap and a dirtier white apron, who lifts the cover, hews off two slabs, dishes you some of the sediment, and rolls his beef sarcophagus away. This is the roast beef of Old England as served at Simpson's in the Strand.

It is only fair to add that there are other choice viands at Simpson's. You can also obtain there boiled turbot, with the only English sauce,

melted butter; boiled beef, with vegetables; boiled salt beef; and boiled leg of mutton. All these delicacies are trundled about on tables bearing chafing-dishes, and when the lids are lifted—which they often are—a rich and mingled perfume of roast beef, boiled beef, boiled mutton, and boiled fish permeates the air. It is much like the odors which rise from the basement of a cheap boarding-house on corned-beef day.

From these guarded remarks it is evident that I do not like the roast beef of Old England, as served at Simpson's—nor, for that matter, anywhere else in London. I look upon that great city as a gastronomic Sahara. There are only two or three oases in it. One is Prince's restaurant. Another is the Café Royal, a pretentious restaurant, but only fairly good.

It would be impossible to write of the Paris hotels, restaurants, and cafés in a few pages. It would take volumes. There is every kind of hotel there, from the modest third-rate houses on back streets to the palaces on the grand boulevard or the Champs-Elysées. There are restaurants where you can dine for ten cents, and there are restaurants where they charge you ten cents

to sit down; that is the first item on your bill, and the only moderate one. There are restaurants where the bills of fare are priceless, and in which you never know what you are going to pay. There are the cheap "bouillons," where there are dishes from two cents up, served in such microscopic portions that you eat some seven or eight courses, pay about a dollar and a half, and go away hungry. There are *table-d'hôte* restaurants at fixed prices, where you can gorge like Gargantua for about fifty cents. There are *cafés* where you can get a cup of good black coffee for five cents, served by an attentive waiter who is grateful for a one-cent tip; and there are *cafés* in the Bois where you can get a cup of bad black coffee for twenty-five cents, served to you by an insolent rascal who looks superciliously at a ten-cent tip.

The leading Paris restaurants are probably as perfect as they can be in cookery, appointments, and service. Their prices are very high, and are not always fixed. They are interesting places to visit occasionally, as one sees there the lions of the "tout Paris"—the latest Anonyma, the latest fortunate youth who is spending his own or his wife's millions, the latest duelist who has just pinked his man, the king who is visiting

Paris *incognito*, the lady who is with the king, and who is visiting Paris *incognita*. But for a steady diet, and having a decent regard for one's purse, digestion, and morals, there are better ordinaries to frequent than the "grand restaurants" of Paris.

Hotels and hotel managers are continually changing in Europe. A year-old guide-book is often out of date. Furthermore, prices in Europe seem to be slowly on the up grade. In 1895 the Quirinale Hotel in Rome charged five francs for their *table-d'hôte* dinner; they charged in 1900, six.

The *table d'hôte* is not an ideal system. It endeavors to give the number and variety of dishes which will please the greatest number and variety of people at a fixed price and at a fixed hour. There is nearly always beef or mutton on the bill, and nearly always fowl, so that if you do not care for made dishes and sweets you can at least make out a dinner. If you do care for made dishes and sweets you will find a plenty at the *table d'hôte*. But you must be on time. They will not serve you the *table d'hôte* at the fixed price after the fixed hour. In some places

they charge an extra franc if you are fifteen minutes late. This marvelously stimulates the punctuality of the guests. It is highly amusing to watch a crowd of well-dressed people sprinting for the *table d'hôte* at fourteen minutes past seven in order to save a franc. In other places they charge *à-la-carte* prices for the *table d'hôte* served fifteen minutes past the hour. By the *carte* the six-franc dinner costs about sixteen francs, which produces a dull, heavy feeling unfavorable to perfect digestion.

The "American plan" is to serve a fixed-price dinner, but not at a fixed hour. The result is distressing. A dinner ready at six is served at any time up to eight. No dinner could stand this test—not even the best. If the American dinner is good at six o'clock, it is bad at half-past six, and at seven it is awful. It is odd that the American people, with their strong good sense, should not see and remedy this cardinal error in their hotel service. In a good European hotel a good *table-d'hôte* dinner is served cheaply, promptly, and well. Everything is hot, there is an abundance, there is a variety, the cookery is good, and the waiters serve swiftly and noiselessly. As a rule, it takes about an hour to serve a dinner of seven or eight courses; then,

if the guests desire to dawdle after their dinner, there are "winter gardens," smoking-rooms, etc., provided, where they can take their after-dinner coffee and spend as much time as they please.

I do not by any means consider the *table-d'hôte* dinner an ideal one. But the European plan is at least an attempt to serve it at its best. The American plan is an attempt to serve it at its worst—and a successful one. Personally, I think the ideal way to dine is to order your own dinner, select the dishes, the manner of cooking, and the hour at which it shall be served. But both in American and European hotels this method is expensive. It is no cheaper in Europe than in America, and in some places it is dearer.

The horrors of undesirable propinquity at European *tables d'hôte*, the neighborhood of hairy Germans who comb their whiskers at table, the facing of garlicky Latins surrounded by an aureola of breath, the affliction of sallow Italian tenors who warble operatic airs between the courses—all these may be avoided by having the *table-d'hôte* dinner served at a separate table. This you can generally have done for an extra charge of about a franc per person. Thus you not only avoid disagreeable neighbors, but you also get the first hack at the dishes. This privi-

lege is especially dear to the veteran *table-d'hôte habitué;* with an automatic, shuttle-like movement he can help himself to all of the white meat on a dish of fowl, and leave nothing for the others but drumsticks and backbones.

At Naples there is a new establishment, the Hotel de Londres — an excellent one, by the way — where they serve the *table-d'hôte* meal at separate tables without extra charge. At that hotel the charge for dinner was four and a half lire — about eighty-three cents. Here is a specimen bill of fare:

Fusaro oysters on the shell.
Consommé Savoy.
Mullet, Hollandaise sauce, new potatoes.
Roast beef, garni (with garniture of vegetables).
Sweetbreads à la Milanaise.
Artichokes, Parmesan.
Young turkey, à la Broche.
Salad.
Ice Cream, Neapolitaine.
Plum cake.
Assorted cakes and sweet biscuits.
Oranges, apples, pears, figs, dates, nuts, and raisins.

Contrasted with this is a specimen six-franc dinner; that of the Hotel Quirinale at Rome. The Quirinale is a first-class hotel, one of the

best in Rome. It has a large and handsome *table-d'hôte* dining-room, in a gallery of which an orchestra plays through the dinner hour. The Quirinale has an excellent restaurant, which is not cheap. There is also a large "winter garden," smoking-rooms, reading-rooms, billiard-room, and writing-rooms for the guests. The *table-d'hôte* dinner served here costs six lire—about one dollar and eleven cents—and this is a specimen bill of fare:

Consommé à la royale.
Boiled turbot, sauce Hollandaise, pommes duchesse.
Chicken sauté, à la Marengo, cooked with small ecrevisses.
Spinach with ham.
Roast beef, garnished with vegetables.
Young duck, à la Périgord.
Salade.
Ice-cream, Pistache.
Sponge cake.
Oranges, apples, pears, figs, raisins, dates, nuts, and assorted cakes and sweet biscuits.

The foregoing is a six-franc dinner in a first-class Roman hotel. But Rome is a much cheaper city than the other capitals—Vienna, Paris, Berlin, or London. The rates in the smaller Roman hotels are lower than these, and in the smaller Italian cities lower than those of Rome.

The Roman *café*-restaurants are cheaper than the hotel-restaurants frequented by English and Americans. There are three kinds of them. At the *ristorantes* meals are served at all hours to order, generally with a fixed-price dinner and luncheon also. At the *caffès* wines, liqueurs, malt liquors, tea, coffee, milk, and chocolate are served, together with simple cold luncheons, such as ham, cold chicken, sandwiches, boiled eggs; this they call the *buffet-freddo*, or cold buffet. A third class is the *pasticheria* or *gelatteria*, where pastry and ices *(gelatti)* are served, together with tea, coffee, chocolate, and frequently wines, cordials, and liqueurs (the Italians drink almost no ardent liquor). These establishments shade off gradually into one another, and it is hard to tell where a restaurant leaves off and a *café* begins.

Of the first, or restaurant grade, the best are: in Rome, the Caffè Roma; in Naples, the Caffè Gambrinus; in Genoa, the Caffè Milano; in Florence, the Caffè Doney. The Gambrinus, in Naples, is situated on the corner of the Chiaia and the Piazza San Ferdinando, the very heart of the city; one may dine there very pleasantly in the windows looking out upon the fine carriage parade—for the Neapolitans drive until dark and dine late.

In Rome the Caffè Roma is on the Largo al Corso, next to the Church of San Carlo—also in the heart of the city. The *cafés* I have mentioned in Genoa and Florence are also on the leading streets. A sample bill from one will give the average prices of all. Here is a *table-d'hôte* luncheon at the Caffè Roma:

Antipasto, or hors-d'œuvres, including sardines, sliced mortadella sausage, cold ham, radishes, and butter.

Macaroni, omelette, or risotto.

A choice of several *plati di giorno*, such as veal cutlets, chops, steaks, chicken sauté, etc., garnished with vegetables.

Cheese, gorgonzola and gruyere.

Oranges, apples, pears, figs, dates, nuts, coffee.

For this luncheon, served at the best restaurant in Rome, the price is three and a half lire, or about sixty-four cents. A specimen luncheon, ordered *à la carte* at the same place, is as follows:

	Lire	*Centesimi*
Consommé with an egg		75
Tenderloin steak	1	50
Half a chicken	1	50
Risotto		50
Coffee		50
Total	4	25

Or about seventy-eight cents. These are the prices in the best restaurants in Rome—that is, not including hotel restaurants.

Another typical establishment is the Caffè Nazionale in the Corso in Rome, always called the Caffè Aragno, from the name of the proprietor. This is a large and handsomely fitted up establishment—more of a *café* than a restaurant. It is on the wide part of the Corso, near the Piazza Colonna, and therefore has some sidewalk space for tables and chairs. From midday to midnight these outdoor tables are crowded—as for that matter, so is the interior of the spacious *café*. While a majority of its patrons are men, probably one-fourth are women, particularly at the afternoon tea hour. But at almost any hour the Aragno is filled with a polyglot throng watching the brilliant equipages roll by on the Corso.

The men drink principally vermouth, cordials, and sugared water. The Italian women drink what their husbands do. The German women drink Vienna and Munich beer. The American and English women drink tea. The women go to the buffet and pick out their own pastry and sweets, of which there is an infinite variety. It is rather amusing to see an American woman "sampling" a variety of sweets, finally selecting those

she wants, preparing to pay her bill, and finding that the polite clerk has charged her two cents for every "sample." It vastly disgusts her. But after she has been abroad a while she gets used to it. If in Europe you get anything for nothing, I don't know what it is.

The prices of the Caffè Aragno, taken from its very extensive list, may prove interesting. Here are some selections with prices in American money:

CAFFETERIA	*Cents*
Coffee	05
Coffee with milk	07
Coffee with an egg	08
Coffee with bread	10
Chocolate plain	10
Chocolate made with milk	08
Tea plain	10
Tea with milk	12
Tea with bread	15
Cup of hot milk	06
Butter	04
Cream	02
Vienna roll	01
BUFFET	
Cold ham	12
Small meat patty	06
Sandwiches	03

Cold roast beef 20
Cold roast veal 20
Two eggs cooked with butter 10
Two boiled eggs 08
French sardines 10
Assorted fruit 10
Cheese 06
Dried fruit 08

ICES

Ice-cream, whole portion 12
Ice-cream, half portion 06
Water-ice *(granita)*, different flavors, whole portion 08
Water-ice, half portion 05

With about twenty other ices, water-ices, and combinations of syrups for which there are no English equivalents.

WINES

Madeira, per glass 08
Medoc, per glass 06
Marsala, per glass 05
Old Chianti, per glass 06
French champagne, per glass 20

LIQUEURS

Vermouth, per glass 04
Anisette, per glass 05
Benedictine, per glass 10

Absinthe, per glass	05
Chartreuse, per glass	12
Curaçao, per glass	10
Kirschwasser, per glass	06
Hennessy cognac, per glass	16
Three-star Martel cognac, per glass	16
Punch, "Old mild Americano," per glass	20

With any of these beverages a glass of seltzer or soda-water is served for an extra charge of one cent.

This *café* is largely frequented by strangers as well as by the Romans, for one finds there the leading journals of Italy, Austro-Hungary, Germany, Spain, and Great Britain. There are three English papers — the London *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Illustrated Graphic*. I saw no American journals on file there.

The hotels of Cairo are among the best in the world. Shepheard's, the Continental, the New, the Ghizereh Palace, the Savoy, and Mena House at the Pyramids are the leading ones. They are run on both the European and American plan — *en pension*, as they call the latter over there. They are large, handsome buildings, with spacious corridors, and with luxuriously furnished

smoking, writing, reading, tea, and billiard rooms. Gorgeous rugs from Persian and Arabian looms, rich Oriental bronzes and brasses, elaborately carved wooden Mushrabiyeh work — beautiful objects like these surround you on every hand. Even the bedroom floors and the staircases are covered with Persian rugs. Through the richly furnished corridors flit silent servants — white-clad, turbaned, slippered, cringing Orientals, who almost anticipate your every wish. But the servants are not all Orientals. The cooks are, of course, Europeans, for the *cuisine* is French. The table-waiters, the hall-waiters, and the chamber-maids are also European. The service in these hotels is excellent. So is the food, and so is the cookery.

In addition to the elaborate *table-d'hôte* meals, most of the fashionable hotels have grill-rooms. Here you may see pleasant little parties who do not like the formality of the *table d'hôte*, although the women all wear evening-gowns and the men are also conventionally dressed. It is the formality of manner doubtless, rather than the formality of dress, at the *table d'hôte* to which they object, for these handsomely gowned ladies do not scruple to toss off a little glass of cognac and smoke a cigarette after dinner in the grill-room. About

some of the parties at these Cairo hotels there is a tinge of "sportiness."

The grill-room at Shepheard's is notable not only for its "sporty" parties, but for its cookery. It is excellent. Everything they set before you is of the best. The hot plate there is not unknown, as it is in so many hotels. And their steaks and chops are super-excellent. You can get at Shepheard's grill an excellent porterhouse steak—something, by the way, almost unknown abroad. Even in England it is almost impossible to get a porterhouse steak—they cut up the beeves differently there. And Shepheard's rump steaks are delicious. In fact, the beef there is the finest I ever ate. Barring Cairo, the finest beef I have found in the world has been in Chicago. Chicago is the great beef center in the United States, and the hotels there used to have the choice of the choicest beef. Over thousands of miles of Western pasture stolid steers plodded and grazed; the smartest steer got the best grass; the smartest buyer got the best steers; the smartest town had the best buyers; the best beeves went to Chicago; and the best Chicago hotels got the best beef of the best beeves. I still remember the savory steaks and roast beef of the old Richelieu there—now, alas, closed.

Not only is Shepheard's grill-room excellent, but its grill is a type of the whole hotel. The first-class Cairo hotels all seem to be as good as Shepheard's. But all of them are high-priced. Cairo is a very expensive city.

While I speak so highly of Shepheard's, I may add that the English aristocracy and the "smart set" seem very largely to have left it for the Savoy, the Continental, and the Ghizereh Palace. This latter is across the Nile, some little distance out of Cairo. It was a palace specially arranged and decorated by the late Khedive Ismaïl to entertain his royal guests at the opening of the Suez Canal, among them the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the Empress Eugénie of France, and the Prince of Wales.

It is not surprising that so many of the London smart set frequent Cairo. I think they go there to get something to eat. The Cairo hotels are much better than the best London hotels—which, in my opinion, are poor. Even the newer London hotels, like the Savoy and the Cecil, have restaurants which are none too good. I am aware that this will be considered heterodox, but I stick to it, notwithstanding. I have eaten some very bad dinners at the Savoy. I think it was Talleyrand who left England declaring in

disgust that the English had forty religions and only one sauce.

The taunt is true to-day. They still have only one sauce — melted butter. But there may be a few more religions now.

THE PASSION PLAY

IT would be waste of space to tell of Oberammergau. It has been so much written about that little remains to tell. Every one has heard or read descriptions of the village. Still, one may perhaps indulge in comment on the play. It lasts from eight o'clock in the morning till five in the evening—a long play to sit through, to write about, or to review.

Perhaps it would be well, in writing of Oberammergau, to compile a list of what not to write about—as, for example:

Of the origin of the Passion Play.

Of the history of the Passion Play.

Of the performers in the Passion Play.

Of the lives of the performers in the Passion Play.

Of the village of Oberammergau.

Of its uninteresting whitewashed houses, with their iron roofs.

Of the enormous, ugly building, with iron girders, like a railway station, which is the "new theatre."

Of the crowded hotels at Munich and Innsbruck.

Of the carriage trip from Oberau to Oberammergau.

Of the electric-tram trip between Murnau and Oberammergau.

Of the new hotel, the Wittelsbacherhof, with its uniformed porter and its brass-buttoned bell-boys.

Of the inns or beer-houses, with their tobacco-reeking tap-rooms.

Of the crowded trains between Munich and Oberammergau.

Of the people with first-class tickets who were forced to travel third.

Of what they threatened to do about it.

Of what they did not do.

Of the German-speaking Americans who could not understand the Ammergauers' German.

Of the "picturesque Tyrolean mountaineers" whom some people saw in the streets.

Of the "funny-looking men with feathers in their hats" whom some other people saw.

Of the fire-company marching through the streets, headed by the Passion Play Brass Band.

Of the long procession of cows one saw filing through the village every evening.

Of the shrines that line the roads around Oberammergau.

Of the difficulty of getting seats to see the play.

Of the people who neglected to bring rugs and wraps, and "simply froze."

Of the people who ate incessantly out of lunch-baskets.

Of what queer things foreigners take out of lunch-baskets.

Of the multiformity, mystery, and intricacy of the German sausage.

Of how the cold hard-boiled egg makes the whole world kin.

Of the queer effects produced by the chorus when shouting scraps of Scripture.

Of their resemblance to some American college yells.

Of the staring posters of the tourist agencies.

Of the people who came via Innsbruck and saw the famous Maximilian tomb.

Of those who came the same way and did not see it.

Of those who did not see it and said they did not think much of the Maximilian tomb anyway.

Of the egotism of travelers who have seen things that other travelers have not seen.

Of the travelers who say they have seen things when they have not.

Of travelers' lies generally, and whether they are white lies.

Of the long-haired Passion players one saw walking about the streets.

Of the gaping tourist men who followed them.

Of the silly tourist women who ogled and flattered the Passion players.

Of the silly Passion players who were spoiled by the silly tourist women.

Of the pestiferous guides and touts for Munich hotels.

Of the biograph machines and their crews planted on commanding positions.

Of the wise tourist virgins who had their lamps well filled, their lodgings secured, and who floated around smiling.

Of the foolish tourist virgins who had neglected to fill their lamps, who had a worried expression, and who did n't know where they were going to sleep.

Of the people who could not manage the German feather-beds.

Of the fact that there were eleven thousand

American tourists booked in 1900 as against two thousand English.

Of the probability that the Americans are more pious than the English.

Of the possibility that they are only more curious.

Of the people that one saw in the audience in tears.

Of their diversity in age, condition, and sex.

Of the weeping English tourists in noisy tweeds and violent shirts.

Of the weeping German tourists who blew their noses without the use of a handkerchief.

Of the American maidens who wept and chewed gum synchronously.

Of the possible sympathetic connection between the salivary and lachrymal glands.

Of their probable non-relation, as ptyalin is alkaline and tears saline.

Of suddenly waking up and looking at the play again.

Of the people who "wondered whether the crucifixion scene would be unpleasant."

Of the striking nature of the tableaux.

Of the inartistic effect of the actors' loud shouting.

Of its necessity by reason of the open-air stage.

Of the curiosity of the audience over the way in which the blood gushed from the side of the Crucified One.

Of the fact that it flowed out of the spear-head.

Of the gratification of the audience in discovering that fact.

Of their further discovery that the Christus wore a steel corset under his flesh-colored tights.

Of the imitation cock which crowed over Peter's denial of our Lord.

Of the genuine village cocks which cheerily answered him.

Of the thieves who hung on the right and left of the Lord.

Of their descent from the cross.

Of their dreadful death at the hands of a Roman soldier by having their bones broken with stuffed clubs.

Here is a specimen of the many queer tourists who went to Oberammergau: I met in Munich a man who had been recommended to the "Hotel den zu Vier Jahreszeiten." He had the name so written on a card. He had left his hotel for a walk. He could not find it again.

He could not pronounce the name of his hotel. The passing Müncheners could not read it on his card, for it was written in English script instead of German cursive. His hotel omnibus was passing him in the street continually, but he did not recognize it, for on the right side was the sign "Four Seasons Hotel," and on the left "Hotel des Quatre Saisons," while the German name was on the *back* of the 'bus, where he did not look. Had he not met an American Good Samaritan, he would have been arrested—for in Germany it is a misdemeanor to get lost, and it is a criminal offense not to know where you live —*Es verboten*. Yet this tourist was one of the many who pass judgment on a play whose players use a Bavarian dialect that many Germans cannot understand.

What will be the fate of any man who ventures to say that the Passion Play at Oberammergau is not all the tourists say it is? What the fate of him who asks awkward questions?

"'Hush,' said Mr. Pickwick; 'don't ask any questions. It 's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do.'

"'But suppose there are two mobs?' suggested Mr. Snodgrass.

"'Shout with the largest,' said Mr. Pickwick.

"Volumes could not have said more."

No one can doubt the soundness of Mr. Pickwick's worldly wisdom, as set forth in the foregoing extract. It is always easier to agree with everybody—when you can. Sometimes it is difficult to find out what everybody thinks. But find out what most people think, and then agree. To disagree implies superiority. People think (and say) that you are affecting a higher wisdom. To disagree is to be lonesome. It is better to agree, to be commonplace, and to be happy. Mr. Pickwick was right.

But the foregoing lines from the "Pickwick Papers" recall another passage in one of Dickens's books—some one who "always wanted to know, you know." Was it the Young Gentleman in the Circumlocution Office? Or was it Rosa Dartle? Like him or her, I want to know, you know. I want to know whether the Passion Play at Oberammergau is really the dramatic, the artistic event that everybody says it is. I am the more disposed to doubt it because its audiences are mostly tourists, and, to my thinking, tourists lack independence of judgment.

One of the curious phases of this traveling age is the disposition of travelers to hoodwink themselves. By this I mean the propensity of tourists to throw dust in their own eyes, to sneeze when art critics take snuff, to gush to order, to admire by rule, to rave by rote, to fall into ecstasies over the proper thing—in short, to "jolly" themselves, to use the slang phrase. If you take some of these soulful tourists into a strange gallery and show them a picture in the school of Rembrandt, telling them it is from the master's brush, they will rave over Rembrandt. When you (accidentally) discover that you have made a mistake—that it is by one of Rembrandt's followers—that the "genuine" Rembrandt is in the next room—then they will rave over the picture in the next room. They remind me of the actor "Billy" Florence, who, when called before the curtain, used to make an "old home" speech in each new town. Before a Connecticut audience one night he was extending his heartfelt thanks, and with tears in his voice said: "I can never forget that the happiest days of my life—my boyhood's days—were passed here in Hartford." A man in the front row interrupted, and said: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "I meant New Haven," said Florence, gravely.

The soulful tourist will correct himself with as little discomfiture as did Florence, and with as brazen an ease will direct the nozzle of his emotional hose at New Haven instead of Hartford, and besprinkle it with tears.

May I be pardoned, therefore, if I question the sincerity of some of the tourists who unqualifiedly rave over Oberammergau? — question the wisdom of those who rave sincerely? — question the claims of the Oberammergau peasants to be raved over?

To save space, let me coin a couple of words, and call the gushers the "Oberammergushers," the gushees the "Oberammergauers."

It is the thing to think the Oberammergauers artistic and the Passion Play soulful; therefore all tourists declare they are soulful and artistic.

But why should these Bavarian villagers be considered artistic? Why should their crude and mediæval Passion Play be deemed soulful? The players are peasants — dull peasants — dull Teutonic peasants. Were English peasants to-day to produce the mediæval "Gammer Gurton's Needle," mother of English plays, would their effort be "artistic"? No. Why, then, should Bavarian peasants successfully present a play which would test the abilities

of skilled actors? Acting is an art, like any other. How can these peasants excel in an art which they have never learned? Why should Anton Lang, potter, without an actor's training, succeed in acting Jesus Christ? Why should Sebastian Bauer, wood-carver, without an actor's training, succeed in acting Pontius Pilate? Could Joseph Jefferson, without a potter's training, succeed in making Anton Lang's pots? Could Henry Irving, without a carver's training, succeed in making Sebastian Bauer's wooden angels?

All intelligent people—except amateur actors—will agree that the acting of untrained actors is very bad. Who ever saw a genuinely good amateur performance? Maugre the galvanic smiles with which hapless guests greet drawing-room comedies, every one knows in his secret soul that they are awful. The worst barn-storming company that ever stormed barns is better than the best of amateurs.

Are these ignorant peasants brighter than the well-educated and highly polished people who fail so lamentably in drawing-room performances? And if so, why? It may be contended that they are "nearer to nature." That would only make them awkward and shy. Can a plow-boy play a

plow-boy as well as an actor can? Can a clod-hopper successfully delineate a lout? The stage peasant is always more picturesque than the real thing.

It was the beautiful *ballerina* Fanny Ellsler who, masquerading as a milkmaid, won the heart of the gloomy Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son. Had Metternich hired a genuine Schönnbrunn milkmaid instead of an actress, his trick would have failed. Genuine milkmaids, to be good milkers, must have large, red hands, and they often have bad tempers and use bad language from contact with obstinate cows that persist in switching their tails and tipping over the milk-pail.

The Oberammergushers contend that the Oberammergauers possess a special gift of cleverness. But why should they? There is no smarter set of country people than those who dwell in the rural districts of the United States. They are not so smart in the gainful sense—that is, not so mercenary—as are most European country people. I hope they never may become so. But in other respects they are fully as keen-witted as Swiss villagers or Normandy farmers, and they are much more intelligent, broader, and better educated. I say this despite the excel-

lent schools in Switzerland and North Germany. Our American common schools may have faults. But few European common-school systems surpass them. Take some hundreds of the graduates of the American public schools, keen-witted, bright young men and women, with the facility of speech which comes from the "composition writing" and "declamation" taught in the American schools. Give them an ambitious histrionic performance to cope with. Let us not say the Passion of Christ, for it is foreign to their ideas, and to many of Protestant training its stage representation would be repulsive. Take any other great human drama—say, the Reign of Terror, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Fall of Troy. What sort of a fist would they make of putting such a play upon the stage? One smiles at the mere idea. Yet these Americans would be superior in every way to the Bavarians.

To those who say that the peasants have, in the interval between their decennial performances, training enough to make their scenes into a play, to make their tableaux into a drama, and to make themselves into actors, the answer is that no such training ever accomplishes those ends. It is not rehearsing, but actual *playing*—

upon a stage, and before audiences—that turns raw material into plays, and raw men and women into actors and actresses. No man, however expert, can tell the fate of an untried actor or an unplayed play. Millions have been spent to produce new plays by skilled playwrights, which plays saw the footlights only to meet disaster. Sardou and Dumas—veterans both—have both produced *fiascos* between their most successful plays. Dress-rehearsals settle nothing. They are what the peasants have. Dramatic schools, lyceums, teachers of acting—most of what they teach has to be unlearned when the novice faces the footlights.

The contention of the Oberammergushers is that the lack of histrionic ability in these peasants is made up by their simple piety. Simple piety is perhaps a potent thing. Like faith, it may move mountains, but it will not move audiences—that is, not metropolitan audiences. The tourist audiences one sees at Oberammergau may be moved by this mixture of piety, bad acting, and maudlinism. That is what they are there for—to "jolly" themselves into the belief that they are witnessing a great dramatic representation and artistic acting. But the gatherings of jaded worldlings and hurried workers that make

up metropolitan audiences do not indulge in self-deception. They will not be "jollied." They want their money's worth. They are keen critics, enthusiastic admirers, merciless judges. They would hoot the bad acting of the peasants unless it was so bad as to be funny. And it is not that. It is only dull. At Oberammergau in 1900 the only one whose acting was so bad as to be ludicrous was the young woman who played Mary.

Alienists and other skeptic specialists say that "fervent piety" is a form of mild mania. If the religious fervor of these peasants be madness, there is certainly method in their madness. In 1890 they took in three-quarters of a million marks as gate-money for their performance—for piety. They gave a quarter of a million marks in salaries to performers—for piety. Some fifty thousand marks went to house-owners for rooms rented—for piety. Each of the following funds received ten thousand marks—hospital, drainage, public fountains, paving, fire-engines, paupers, soldiers, parish church, singing lessons, agriculture, carving-school—all for piety. Among the performers, the man who played Jesus Christ received two thousand marks—for piety. The leader of the band thirteen hundred marks—for piety. Even the six-year-old children in the

tableaux received forty marks each—for piety. There is nothing like making children pious when they are young. A little Oberammergau angel who gets forty marks for being pious when he is six years old may grow up to be a Caiaphas and get four hundred marks for being pious when he is sixty.

Anton Lang, the man who played Jesus Christ, in addition to receiving two thousand marks for his play-acting, made several thousand marks by the sale of his photographs, autographs, and poems.

The "fervent piety" of the villagers seems to an unprejudiced person to be highly commercialized. Everything is for sale. Every bed in the village is for hire. The last drop of milk is "stripped" from the cows' udders—for piety. Before the eggs are hatched, they are carefully counted—for piety. The villagers even spy upon the cackling parturient hen—for piety. If you have a camera you may not use it, as the concession for photographing has been sold—for piety. If you wish to have stenographic notes taken of the play, you are stopped, as the right of republication has been sold—for piety. You could probably hire a halo—for a pious price. And as for the homely, simple, unspoiled villagers,

they strike me as being more practical than pious. The villagers may have been simple, fervent, and ingenuous creatures in the old days, but they are not now. The tourist agencies have spoiled that. When you can hire in London Pontius Pilate's great-grandmother's best front bedroom for twenty marks per day it removes the glamour.

Those who babble of the simple villagers, of their being children of nature, and of their intuitive ability as actors and actresses, will find it difficult to explain why the simple villagers should hire skilled stage-managers and professional costumers to help them. Yet the reason is not difficult to find. It is easy so to drill ignorant people as to make them march and group themselves in effective tableaux. It is easy to design handsome costumes, and so to arrange their wearers on the stage as to make the color-masses unique and effective. In short, any kind of human beings can be utilized as stage-supers, banner-bearers, and clothes-racks. But when it comes to utilizing them for histrionic purposes, it requires human beings with some brains and a talent for acting.

As for the Oberammergushers who talk of the idyllic simplicity of the old days, the religious fervor, the primitive piety of the peasants, and

all that sort of theologic legend, one may be pardoned for taking it with a great deal of salt. Up to a very recent period the devil was the principal character in the Passion Play, and its greatest scene was that in which he tore open the bowels of the suicide, Judas Iscariot, and produced long strings of sausages, which he distributed to the roaring audience of pious peasants.

One evening in New York, some years ago, I was in the club-house of The Players, and happened to be one of a circle the centre of which was Edwin Booth. It was shortly after Booth had purchased that building on Gramercy Square and donated it to The Players, reserving apartments in it for himself. At that time Booth and Barrett had been making a tour of the country, playing Shakespearean *rôles* together. The tour financially was very successful. Booth was a great actor. Barrett was not great, but he was a fair actor and an excellent business man. He did much toward rehabilitating Booth's fallen fortunes. It is probable that the existence of The Player's Club to-day is indirectly due to Barrett's clever management of Booth as a star.

However that may be, a warm friendship

existed between the two men. There was apparently no professional jealousy. But there could have been none. Barrett was an eminently just man—a rare quality in actors—and knew that Booth was infinitely his superior. Barrett was more than willing to serve as a foil to Booth's genius, to play the secondary *rôles*, which he did admirably, and look out for the box-office, which he did even more admirably.

On this particular evening Booth was, as I said, the centre of the circle. But he was a silent centre. At best he was monosyllabic. Booth was a shy man, and could not be induced to talk in a circle of any size. How he may have been in the privacy of a small and intimate circle, I do not know. Barrett was a good talker, and acted as a "feeder" to Booth, as the stage slang goes. But the dialogue between them consisted principally in Barrett saying that he "believed Mr. Booth thought so and so," and then saying deferentially, "Is that not so, Edwin?" To which Booth would reply, "Yes, Lawrence," or else would silently bow.

The talk that evening turned upon Edwin Forrest and other robust tragedians of the old school; of tearing a passion to tatters; of the repressed or so-called Union Square School of

that day; of Clara Morris and her fits of hysterics in emotional *rôles;* of intensity and emotionalism on the stage; and, lastly, of whether the actor should himself feel the emotion which he is attempting to portray.

Although knowing nothing of the stage, except from the orchestra side of the footlights, I ventured to advance some views in the matter—with less diffidence because they were not mine. They were the theories which Diderot, critic, dramatist, and encyclopedist, sets forth in his famous "Paradoxe sur le Comédien." Briefly to summarize them—I am writing from memory—they are somewhat like this: Acting is an art, like any other. The artist who is producing the highest type of his art-work should be at the highest pitch of his art-faculty. The highest pitch of the creative art-faculty is not produced by self-shared or reflex emotion, but the reverse. The artist who strives to produce a certain emotion must not himself be affected by his own effort. To produce the highest type of emotional simulacrum, his mind must be clarified, tense, and free from any of the disturbing effects of that emotion. If he yield to its effects his mind loses its clarity, and he ceases to judge accurately of artistic values. The clearness of

his mental vision is disturbed by metaphorical tears, if that which he is representing be pathetic. It is a species of artistic auto-toxication. When the metaphorical tears become actual ones, and the artist, like Narcissus, becomes so enamored of his own creation that he weeps over its intense pathos, artistic auto-toxication becomes maudlinism. This is the extreme. But there are many stages on the hither side of maudlinism, when the artist's sense of values is affected by emotionalism. To produce the highest type of his artwork, therefore, the artist's mind must be clear, calm, well-balanced, unconfused, and unaffected by emotion. When he begins to be affected by his own delineation, from that moment his work begins to deteriorate. This is true of all artists —notably true of the histrionic artist who simulates human emotion in the flesh.

These Diderot theories attracted not a little attention. They became the main topic of the conversation for the rest of the evening, and were discussed with great vigor. Naturally the views were varying. Booth listened with close attention, but expressed no opinion, much to my regret, as I had deliberately introduced the topic for the purpose of drawing him out. I had long looked upon him as the greatest artist on the

English-speaking stage; I had always believed that his was the high type of art which approaches its task with calmness and coolness, and which delineates emotion without pretending to be affected by it. I was disappointed that he expressed no opinion.

But at last he spoke. It was in reply to a direct question from Barrett. We all listened with keen interest. Booth spoke in low tones, and very briefly. This substantially is what he said:

"There can be no question that the Diderot theory is sound. To accomplish his best work, the actor, like any other artist, must have his mind clear and free from any overmastering emotion. True, there is a certain exhilaration which every artist feels when he knows that he is doing his best work. But he does not feel the emotion which he is attempting to portray."

Although several of the men present were actors, none of them seemed to have heard of Diderot's theory before, with the exception of Barrett. He told me that he had the book in his library, but frankly admitted he had never read it. Next day he sent me a handsome edition of Diderot's "Paradoxe"—a tall copy, printed in Elzevir and bound in vellum—with

a pleasant note, begging me to keep it as a souvenir of the conversation the night before. I have it now.

I was not in that club again for a long time, and when next I crossed its threshold it was to find the club-house hung with black. Edwin Booth had passed away the night before, and his gentle presence was henceforth to be among The Players in the spirit only.

It was the eve of the funeral. A hush brooded over the luxurious club-house. The chair in which Booth had sat on the evening of this conversation — his accustomed seat — was draped in mourning. The few members who were there conversed in undertones. We walked through the rooms, confronted at every hand by some souvenir of the dead man. Here it was Collier's large and imposing picture of Booth in the *rôle* of Richelieu, as he stands with uplifted finger threatening Baradas with the curse of Rome. There it was a spirited black-and-white by Thure de Thulstrup — a group in the grill-room of The Players, with portraits of Booth, Jefferson, Barrett, Florence, James Lewis, and others. Next it was his silver cup hanging on its peg in the grill-room, with his name beneath.

In the library there was upon the wall some-

thing before which hung a decorous curtain. One of our party drew it aside. It was a collection of death-masks. The freshest-looking were those of Dion Boucicault and Lawrence Barrett.

The same thought occurred to all of us—not many days would pass before that of Booth would figure there as well.

His body was lying in an upper room, laid out for burial. We were asked if we wished to see it. We declined.

Personally I did not wish to see him dead. I preferred to remember him as he was in life. So we went out of the Players' Club into the warm June night, and stopping as we walked by Gramercy Park, we looked up at the floor where the dead actor lay. The little park is away from the roar and turmoil of New York—it was as quiet as a village. There was nothing to disturb the rest of the great actor, as he lay there sleeping under the silent stars.

I have often thought of the conversation that night in The Players—more often since the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Probably what recalls it is the contrast between the opinions expressed on acting by actors—among them

Booth, one of the greatest of actors—and the opinions expressed by tourists about the Passion Play. The tourists include young women of eighteen or thereabouts, whose matured opinions on any subject are naturally of value; their younger brothers—hobbledehoys of sixteen, say, who decide all grave questions instanter; faded mothers of fifty-odd, who secretly disapprove of all plays except "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis," and the circus; gray-whiskered fathers of nearly threescore, who have retired from business, who know naught except business, who never went to the theatre except to see Brass Monkeys or Parlor Matches, and who generally went to sleep there even then. American tourists in large majority are made up of the foregoing types. And it is odd how closely the foreign tourists resemble them in the types, if not in the individuals.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that actors should not share the views of the tourist audiences about the Passion Play. With the exception of the tableaux, it is, they say, crude and inartistic. If I were a very religious person, I would go further and say that it seems coarse and blasphemous. The tableaux are remarkable, but that is due to the Munich stage-managers and costumers. The peasants serve no higher

purpose in the tableaux than would so many mules. Perhaps, however, they stand better.

I have already said that actors can play peasants better than peasants can. I will go further —irreligious actors can play a religious drama better than religious peasants can. I saw the Passion Play when it was put upon the American stage by Salmi Morse years ago. James O'Neill, a good actor and a good Roman Catholic, played the Christ. He played the difficult *rôle* reverently and well — far better, in my opinion, than any peasant could — even Josef Mayer. So with the other actors in the professional rendering of the Passion Play—whatever their private lives or their religions, they played their *rôles* much better than the pious peasants. Let the cobbler stick to his last.

With the memories of the last time I saw Booth revived by this train of thought — the Passion Play — the crude workmanship of the peasant player-folk — the recollection of the discussion over actors and acting at The Players — the superiority of the professional players to the untrained ones — the Christ as played by James O'Neill, actor, and by Anton Lang, potter — this train of thought suggested to me the idea: How would Edwin Booth have played the Christus?

As there rose up before me the recollection of his magnetic person, his handsome, haunting face, his melancholy eyes, I could not help but think that in his early manhood no one could have played the Saviour better than Edwin Booth, player.

THE THRIFTY SWISS

ONE of the most amusing of Alphonse Daudet's books is "Tartarin on the Alps." Tartarin is the typical southern Gaul. He comes from Tarascon, a little place which Daudet's playful pen has made famous, although its inhabitants by no means relish their peculiar fame. When the trains of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean line stop at this station and the trainmen bawl "Tarascon!" heads pop out of windows like Punch-and-Judy shows, and doors slam open all along the train. Every countenance wears a broad grin. For every traveler on the train knows that this was the home of Daudet's Tartarin, of Tartarin of Tarascon.

Tartarin is depicted by Daudet as being a lion-killer. He returns from Algeria, bringing with him some moth-eaten lion-skins which he has purchased, and thereafter poses before his Tarasconnais fellow-townsmen as a lion-slayer, a Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord. Such is

his local fame that he is elected president of the Alpine Club of Tarascon, which daring band at stated times climbs a little hillock in the suburbs, and periodically plants thereon the banner of the club. But a base jealousy seethes in the heart of Costacalde, Tarascon's gunsmith. He even ventures to decry Tartarin to Tartarin's bosom friend, Bezuquet, Tarascon's apothecary. He drops the poison of doubt in his townsmen's minds. He brews suspicions of Tartarin's lion-killing. He distills venomous sneers concerning his exploits.

Tartarin by these doubts concerning his apocryphal exploits is wounded to the core. He determines to go secretly to Switzerland, and to plant the banner of the Tarascon Alpine Club upon the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau. He is taken to Switzerland by express train, and alights at the door of a magnificent modern hotel, with electric lights, lifts, and waiters in swallow-tail coats. Here his impedimenta of alpenstocks, snow-spectacles, spiked shoes, and life-lines excite some amusement not unmixed with wonder. The wonder is reciprocal. Tartarin is amazed at finding modern improvements and electric lights where he had expected to find naught but avalanches and glaciers. But to him there suddenly

appears Bompard. "Té! Tartarin!" "Té! Bompard!" They fall into one another's arms. Bompard is also a son of the sunny south. Like Tartarin, he is given to lying about his own exploits. Like him, too, he is credulous. Each believes the other. Tartarin believes that Bompard has climbed mountains. Bompard believes that Tartarin has slain lions.

They dine together. They drink together. They tell stories together. Tartarin is amazed at Bompard's exploits in the high Alps, until Bompard, swearing him to secrecy, confides to him that Switzerland is artificial; that the whole country is exploited by an enormous syndicate; that it runs the hotels; that it runs the railways; that it constructs the funicular and electric trams up the mountain peaks; that it works the avalanches; that the demolitions of villages are pre-arranged; that the inhabitants are warned to vacate their homes in time; that the gayly dressed peasant-girls by the road-side are actresses; that the mountaineers who sound the "Ranz des Vaches" are hired for the purpose; that the dreadful accidents which terrify the world are part of the syndicate's advertising scheme; that, in short, all Switzerland is a gigantic fake.

"But," interrupts the breathless Tartarin,

"when mountain-climbers fall into bottomless abysses, what happens to them?"

"Mattresses," replies Bompard, oracularly; "there are mattresses at the bottom on which they fall. Then the syndicate pays them a handsome salary to leave Switzerland for a term of years. Let us drink."

They drink.

It would be useless to give here the end of Daudet's narrative—to tell how Tartarin chartered guides to climb the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc; of how he dragged with him the reluctant Bompard; of how Tartarin terrified the guides by his daring and his indifference to danger; of how he amazed them by winking and joking when they had escaped some deadly peril; of how a cry of terror, a sudden tightening of the life-lines, and a fall, told Tartarin that there was indeed danger in the higher Alps; of how, when all was well again, the guides found Tartarin and Bompard had been on opposite sides of a backbone of ice, and also found that the life-line uniting them was cleanly cut—on both sides of the ridge.

Bompard had been willing to let his friend Tartarin be dashed to death rather than die himself.

Tartarin had resolved to save his own life, even

if, in so doing, he would forever lose his friend Bompard.

Daudet's whimsical sketch points a moral as well as adorns a tale. It is that the Swiss have thoroughly and elaborately utilized Switzerland. While they have not turned it into a gigantic pantomime-show, with trap-doors and property precipices, as the clever Frenchman implies, they have done something akin yet different. They have improved it like a Japanese landscape-garden. They have turned everything in their little land to material account. If the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, He has at least given man the usufruct of it. The usufructuary should therefore make it as useful as he can. This the Swiss have done.

In Switzerland as elsewhere the land is tilled where it is tillable; but where it is not tillable, it is made otherwise useful. In other countries great mountain ranges capped with perennial snows are abandoned by man to the elements. But in Switzerland the natives have made their magnificent mountains so accessible, so easy to climb, and so comfortable to visit, or even to live upon, that the little land is ever filled with strangers. During the season of 1900 some twenty-five millions of visitors registered in the

"The Rigi, the oldest mountain-railway in Switzerland."

Swiss hotels. This I saw in the " Report of the Proceedings of the Swiss Innkeepers' Association." Of course, this does not mean that any such number of tourists visited Switzerland in that year, for the same tourists registered over and over again at different hotels. There is no way of ascertaining the number of actual tourists. But twenty-five millions of hotel registrations will give some idea of the number.

I have said that Switzerland makes wild lands profitable which in other countries pay nothing. So she does. She makes rivers of ancient ice and seas of modern ice bring her in a profit. People pay her millions yearly for seeing the sun rise and set—or, rather, for not seeing it rise and set, for when they have ascended the mountains for that purpose it nearly always rains. It has been said that the sea yields more food to man, acre for acre, than the land. It would be interesting to ascertain the gains of Switzerland from her rugged mountains, her glaciers, and her pocket valleys, and to compare them with the gains from level arable land, acre for acre—like the San Joaquin Valley, for example. The comparison would be a difficult one to make, but I believe that the arable land would suffer.

Switzerland has not left her wild mountains as

God made them. Having the usufruct of them, she has tried to tame them for the use of man. She has constructed magnificent roads over lofty mountain passes — roads of so easy a gradient that a pair of horses can draw a fair load up the hill at an easy trot. She has builded these mountain roads so substantially that the road-beds seem like parts of the very mountain rock. She has constructed stone parapets for hundreds of miles along the outer edges of these mountain roads. She has spanned yawning chasms with magnificent stone and iron bridges, which, seen from afar, sometimes look like cobwebs and sometimes look like lace. She has harnessed the torrents which pour down the flanks of her mountains, and from them has generated vast volumes of electric energy for light, and heat, and power. She has built funicular railways up the sides of her mountains, and she hauls loads of human beings to the tops of lofty peaks by the power generated from the mountains' own streams. She has built hundreds of miles of combination railways — funicular, cog-wheel, and frictional — and has wound ribbons of rails around and over mountain ranges, where only an American buckboard might be expected to go. She has erected mammoth hotels, with every modern

"The Territet-Glion railway up the Rochers de Naye."

comfort, upon her lake shores and on her mountain peaks. She has accomplished engineering feats in railway construction which make even American engineers marvel. And she has honeycombed her mammoth mountains, and pierced the Alps with mighty tunnels which are the wonder of mankind.

People who have not visited Switzerland of late years would be surprised at the restless enterprise of the Swiss. They are forever building mountain railways. It is but a few years since I was last in Switzerland, yet several new roads have been constructed since then. One of the latest is the Gunnegrat railway, which was completed in 1898. It is the highest mountain railway in Europe. It is a rack-and-pinion electric line, and runs nearly to the top of the Gunnegrat, which is 10,290 feet high. The road is over six miles long, and has a maximum gradient of twenty per cent. There are two modern hotels on the mountain above Zermatt.

Another mountain railway of comparatively recent construction is the Territet-Glion funicular road. It starts from the town of Glion on Lake Leman (the Lake of Geneva), and climbs to the top of the mountain known as the Rochers de Naye. Half-way up the mountain, at an altitude

of thirty-three hundred feet, is a hotel and collection of houses known as Caux. At the top of the mountain is another comfortable hotel. This mountain is not so well known as the Rigi, near Lucerne, but the panorama from its peak is one of the finest in Switzerland. It commands the Bernese Alps, with the Matterhorn, Eiger, Jungfrau, Mönch, and Finsteraarhorn; the Aiguille Verte and the Aiguille d'Argentière in Savoy; the Alps of the Canton of Vaud, the highest peak of which is the Tour d'Aï; a part of the Valois, with the Grand Combin and the Dent du Midi; and the whole of the Lake of Geneva.

At the base of this mountain lies one of the most interesting "settlements" in Switzerland. I use this term for the country collectively known as "Montreux," as the towns and villages are so numerous that they are practically continuous. Vevey is perhaps the principal town, the scene of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloise." Then, along the curving lake shore, come Clarens, Vernex, Territet, Bonport, Planchamp, Charnex, Glion, Colonges, and Veyteaux—the district of Montreux extending as far as the famous Castle of Chillon.

It is needless to speak here of the Rigi and Pilatus railways, for they are the oldest among the

"The famous Castle of Chillon."

mountain roads of Switzerland. The Vitznau line of the Rigi was finished years ago.

The Kaltbad-Scheidig is another and later railway which climbs the Rigi.

The Arth-Rigi railway is one which starts from Arth on the lake of Zug. Most travelers climb the mountain by the railways running up from the lake of Lucerne.

The Pilatus railway starts from Alpnachstad and climbs the Pilatus by a gradient of 38.

From Kehrseiten, on Lake Lucerne, a railway runs up the Burgenstock.

A railway runs up the Stanserhorn 6,230 feet, 330 feet higher than the Rigi.

A railway runs up the Gutsch mountain near Lucerne.

In 1899, a railway was run up the Gurten peak near Berne.

This is an incomplete list of Swiss mountain railways—in fact, it would be difficult to make a complete list. New lines are continually being projected. Old travelers are surprised to find so many new mountain railways when they revisit Switzerland. These roads are not confined to Switzerland proper, for you find them also in Savoy, near the Swiss frontier. There is a fine funicular railway which climbs Mount Revard

near Aix-les-Bains; it was built only two years ago.

Even now the Swiss are pushing railways up the mountain peaks and boring tunnels through the mountain ranges in every direction. During the summer of 1900, several hundred men were working on a railway up the Valley of Chamounix; work there will be resumed at the close of the long and bitter Alpine winter. In another year it will be possible to go from Geneva by rail almost to the Mer de Glace and the foot of Mont Blanc—if that mammoth mountain can be said to have a foot. This road is another of the combination cog-wheel roads now so common in Switzerland.

Some readers may think that these many mountain railways are trumpery affairs. If they think so, let them examine the roads. They will find that their construction has involved much engineering skill and large sums of money.

Not content with mountain railways, Switzerland is still boring her mountain walls. There are now three tunnels through the Alps: The Arlberg, six and one-quarter miles long; the Mont Cenis, seven and one-half miles long; and the St. Gothard, nine and one-quarter miles long. All of these are to be eclipsed by the great

"A railway to Chamounix, at the foot of Mont Blanc."

Simplon tunnel, which was begun in 1898. On this tunnel about 5,000 workingmen are at present engaged. It is to be twelve and one-half miles long, and will be completed in 1903. Its cost is estimated at 70,000,000 francs. It is about 2,200 feet above the sea and some 7,000 feet below the peak of the mountain under which it runs—the Wassenhorn. There is a parallel tunnel being bored, on which the railway tracks will not be laid for the present. I saw in a Swiss paper that there are in this parallel tunnel, at regular intervals on the Swiss side of the frontier, chambers containing dynamite, with electric connections for exploding the charges. These chambers, according to the Swiss journal, were for the purpose of collapsing the tunnel in the event of an Italian invasion of Switzerland.

The city of Geneva has often been described, yet many writers fail to mention its great waterworks and plant for generating electric power—the "Forces Motrices du Rhone." There are few large cities in the world so fortunate as to possess a great water-power at their very doors. Geneva is so situated. The Rhone, issuing from the Lake of Geneva, passes directly through the

city. Not many years ago the municipality constructed enormous water-works, supplying not only water but electric power. The buildings containing the enormous turbines and dynamos are among the sights of Geneva. These and the other works further down-stream generate some 20,000 horse-power at a nominal charge per horse-power per year. Think of the power of 20,000 horses used in any California city! There is no coal in California. Steam-power must be generated at so high a cost for coal that many kinds of manufacturing are impossible. While California has no city situated as is Geneva upon a great river like the Rhone, she has great rivers and hundreds of thousands of horse-power in her mountain streams. Some day this power, now unharnessed, will be utilized, when California shall have become as fully awake to her great resources as is the little republic of Switzerland.

Geneva has an extensive system of narrow-gauge steam tramways *(chemins de fer à voie étroite)*, which is rapidly being converted into an electric system. These roads run in every direction—from Geneva to Ferney, where is the quaint villa of Voltaire; to Pregny, where one finds the imposing Rothschild *château;* across the French frontier to St. Julien; to the Salêve, a picturesque

mountain, with a magnificent view of Mont Blanc, the Lake, the Jura, the cantons of Geneva and Vaud, and a part of France; to Vésenaz, with the Villa Diodati, where Byron wrote "Manfred"—in a word, to at least a score of places within and without Geneva's confines.

One of these tramways runs to a place much frequented by the Genevese—the Bois de la Batie. We one day hired a cabman to drive us through this wood, which the ingenuous Genevese call the "Bois de Boulogne of Geneva." It is not a magnificent forest, although much admired by the natives. From an elevated spot in this little park one may see the junction of the Rhone and the Arve. Where it emerges from the lake the Rhone is clear, having the steel-blue color of the lake water. The Arve, on the other hand, is a muddy, brownish gray. Where it runs into the Rhone the line of demarkation between the two rivers is very plain, and the two streams run side by side for miles without mingling.

I directed our cabman to take us to the spot in the park whence one could see the junction "*des deux fleuves*," or streams. He politely corrected me. "Pardon, monsieur," said he; "but the Arve is not a *fleuve*, it is a *rivière*; the Rhone is a *fleuve*." Geneva is the Boston of

Europe; her matrons gossip of Greek roots; her very babes prattle in hexameters—or rather alexandrines. Still, I do not see how my learned cabman, or any other graduate of any one of the six thousand schools of Switzerland, could in one word speak of the meeting of a "fleuve" and a "rivière" in any other way. The greater includes the less. The Genevese are said to pride themselves on speaking better French than the Parisians. I can readily believe it after this experience with my pedagogic cabman. It would be almost as surprising to have a Boston Jehu tell you not to split your infinitives, or for a London cabby to warn a Scotchman not to confuse "will" and "shall."

As the convention for the amelioration of the horrors of war was held at Geneva, the Red Cross flag was adopted in honor of Switzerland. It is a reversal of the flag of Switzerland—a white cross on a red field. To a heedless observer, however, the two flags look very much alike. Wherever you see fleets of pleasure-boats on the Swiss lakes you see the flags of every nation under the sun—even the Swiss flag. For the Swiss, while more than willing to please strangers by flying foreign flags on Swiss hotels and steamers, also please themselves by flying their own. On the

Grand Quay at Geneva I heard a young woman remark one day: "How curious that you see the Red Cross flag everywhere in Switzerland!" It was indeed curious—that is, curious that she should make the remark, for it was not the Red Cross flag that she saw, but a white-cross flag. Her remark was not unlike that of the man who, when he saw the play of "Hamlet" for the first time, said that it lacked originality, "it was so full of quotations."

Switzerland runs like clockwork. Her hotel-keepers close down their establishments on a certain day, when the season wanes. They take account of stock, pack away immovables, pack up some movables, and ship their servants to the south. There, on a certain day, they open their winter hotels—on the French or Italian Riviera, in Florence, Venice, Naples, or Rome. When the winter season is over, they ship their servants back to Switzerland, and on a certain day the wheels begin running again. As a result, the Swiss hotels are very well run, but sometimes their dates fall a little too early or too late for tourists. In the summer of 1900 the Paris Exposition, the Passion Play, and the weather affected

the dates of the roaming bands which in modern times have succeeded to the pilgrims of old. Human beings in their wandering instinct are not unlike the birds of passage, whose flights from north to south are ruled by the weather. But clockwork runs in hot and cold seasons, in fair weather and foul. If certain Swiss hotels are scheduled to open on July 1st, they open the doors on that day. There may be no guests to whom to open the doors. They open just the same. The hotel on July 1st may be empty, and on July 25th turning people away.

One of the most frequented places in Switzerland is Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva. It is particularly affected by the English, and has been an English resort for a couple of centuries. In fact, one finds there a tablet to Edmund Ludlow, one of the Stuart regicides, who was forced to fly from England after the Restoration. Even in those days Switzerland was a haven of refuge. It was probably the only place in Europe which Ludlow could find that was not too hot to hold him. He lived and died in Vevey. The place is beautifully situated on the lake, with an amphitheatre of mountains encircling it on the north; thus the cold north winds are rarely felt there. Across the lake are the Alps of French Savoy, to

the right the Jura range, and to the left the Valley of the Rhone, framed by the Vaudois Alps. Vevey has many hotels, and the leading one probably is the Grand Hotel. This is a large and handsome building, situated on the shores of the lake, and surrounded by such extensive gardens that they justly merit the title of "Vevey Park." The hotel has its own pier, at which the lake steamers land. It has a jetty and a small artificial harbor for pleasure-boats. It has all kinds of boats, from a steam-yacht to a skiff. It has all sorts of amusements, including tennis-courts, and it has extensive stables for horse-vehicles and automobiles. In short, it offers every attraction that well-kept modern hotels can give in a country as highly specialized as is Switzerland. If Switzerland runs like clockwork, each of these big Swiss hotels runs like a watch.

We reached the Grand Hotel of Vevey on the second of July, the day after it opened. The smart omnibus was at the station, with its driver and conductor in gorgeous liveries. We were driven up an avenue of tall trees through the large park to the carriage portal. As our vehicle approached, a bell rang, and the retinue came out to receive us. It was headed by the manager in a frock-coat, the *maître d'hôtel* in a swallow-tail coat,

the head-porter in a field-marshal's uniform, the lesser porters in jackets and brass-bound caps, the waiters in conventional waiter garb, and numbers of boys in buttons. A wave of bows ran down this long line as we were ushered into the fine hotel. We found no difficulty in obtaining rooms to our liking, although the manager, through professional habit, would hesitate over each room number. We were shown through the "grand salon," taken up in the lift, and our footfalls echoed along the empty corridors as we were shown to our rooms by obsequious lackeys. From around corners and out of doorways peered the white-capped heads of waiting-maids. There was an air of expectancy about them all. What could it mean?

After we had removed the dust of travel we descended and passed again through the "grand salon." It was empty. We went out upon the spacious terrace. Empty. We wandered through the long avenues in the garden. Empty. We went down to the lake shore. The fine steam-yacht lay at its anchor. It was empty. Gayly painted skiffs and shallops — with names like "Bessie" and "Emma" painted on them, I observed, instead of Swiss diminutives — rocked on the blue waves of the lake and pulled at their

painters. They were empty. We went to the lawn-tennis courts, to the swimming-bath, to the billiard-rooms, to the gymnasium. All empty. We went back to the hotel and entered the grand dining-room. With the exception of the lines of idle waiters, that was empty, too. The great hotel was like one of the palaces in Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," where everything had been brought to a standstill by some powerful magician.

The *maître d'hôtel* approached us to take the order for our dinner. I said to him:

"How many people are stopping in the hotel?"

He paused, made a slight swallowing motion, and replied:

"Seventeen, monsieur."

Something clicked in his throat. It was the falsehood he was swallowing. Poor man! Hotel loyalty made him lie.

Before the fish was served we heard sounds of music. It was an orchestra in the "grand salon." Throughout dinner we were favored with the latest melodies by this orchestra, and after dinner we repaired to the *salon*, where coffee was served. There we saw the remainder of the seventeen guests. He was seated at a small table, smoking

a cigar with great gravity, while in front of him, with equal gravity, were twelve musicians furnishing him with sweet music, as per advertisement. The orchestra had been ordered for the first of July, and according to Swiss clockwork methods it would have played on the first of July if there had been an avalanche.

I have rarely seen anything quite so curious as the spectacle of this solitary American tourist seated in the "grand salon" of the Grand Hotel at Vevey, smoking a cigar to the music of a full string band, while around him slowly revolved the wheels of a great hotel.

Among the objections which some superæsthetic people have to Switzerland are its large modern hotels as well as its mountain railways. These objections seem to me to be unsound. True, the Swiss have run railways up many of their mountains, and they have put fine hotels at the terminus of each of these mountain railways. But there is no cantonal or federal law obliging æsthetic tourists to stop at these hotels or to travel on these railways. If they do not like the railways they may travel by the diligence, or stage-coach, or hire carriages. If they do not

like the carriage-hire—and very likely they will not—they may walk. If any æsthetic tourist objects to the railway up the Rigi-Kulm, he may climb the mountain on foot. If he objects to the sight of the Hotel Rigi on the Rigi-Kulm, he may walk up the other side. The walking is said to be quite good on that side, and the view is believed to be even finer.

I have frequently suggested these expedients to æsthetic tourists, but they generally make no reply, and look at me with a sour expression. Sometimes it makes them quite cross.

As for the unæsthetic modern hotels, there are plenty of the other kind in Switzerland. The æsthetic tourist who objects to electric lights and lifts can go to the small hotels, where he will have the dim, funereal light of smoky coal-oil lamps and be obliged to walk upstairs. These are cheaper than the modern hotels and more picturesque.

There is a still lower grade of inn, much cheaper, and possibly more romantic. These places are frequented by cowherds, tramps, and insects. Æsthetic tourists can find them with little difficulty. Matthew Arnold, the Apostle of Sweetness and Light, was one of the æsthetic tourists who objected to modern conveniences in

Switzerland. Unlike Ruskin—who railed at railways on grounds of æstheticism, but who traveled by them on grounds of convenience—Arnold was consistent. He occasionally took walking-tours through Switzerland, and stopped at these peasant beer-houses. I could not help but smile once, in reading Arnold's letters, when I found in an epistle to his wife a graphic description of the Apostle of Sweetness and Light waking up in the night, lighting a candle, and instituting a diligent search in the grimy bedclothes for the *cimex lectularius*.

As for the æsthetic tourists who not only object to Swiss hotels and railways but even to their fellow-tourists, to bands of "Cookies," and to the sight of red-bound guide-books, they can easily avoid them by shunning the highways of travel and going to less frequented parts of Switzerland. Small as the little republic is, there are many places there unknown to tourists. Victor Tissot, the entertaining French traveler, has written a vivacious volume called "Unknown Switzerland." From it the lover of solitude may learn that there are hundreds of other places in Switzerland beside Lucerne, Geneva, the Bernese Oberland, and the Engadine.

But the superæsthetic tourists who object to

Swiss railways and hotels are few in number. Switzerland is a playground for the world, and travelers come to the little federation from every corner of the globe. Ninety-nine per cent. of them are pleased with the excellent transportation and comfortable hotels. The superæsthetic tourists who object to improving the face of nature are probably not more than one per cent.

These curious critics have some cousins in California. For many years there has been talk of utilizing the water-power in the Yosemite for running funicular railways up the mountain-sides and operating an electric rack-and-pinion railway over the mountains and into the valley. Yet whenever this project is discussed there arises a cry of "Vandalism." Why vandalism? Is it vandalism to render it possible for thousands of people to visit the valley who otherwise never could reach there? Is it vandalism to render the ascent of the mountain trails easy where now it is difficult? Is it vandalism to render the scaling of the mountains possible to the weak, the elderly, and the timid, where now it is impossible? In twenty years, from the 'sixties to the 'eighties, the number of tourists entering the valley increased only from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred. Were it possible for people to visit

the valley with a certain degree of cheapness and ease, the visitors would be numbered by scores of thousands where now they are numbered by scores of hundreds. Europe does not call it vandalism to run railways up the Swiss mountains; why then would it be vandalism to run them up the mountains of California?

To dwell upon California's scenery is needless. All the world knows of her Yosemite Valley, her groves of big trees, her petrified forests, and her magnificent lakes. But not every one knows that there is in California an Alpine region of which Switzerland would have no need to be ashamed. Not to mention her other mountain ranges, there is in the Sierra Nevada, between 35 and 38 degrees latitude, an area of several hundred square miles with an elevation exceeding 8,000 feet. In this California-Switzerland there are over one hundred peaks exceeding 10,000 feet in height. The best known of these are: Mount Lassen, over 10,000 feet; Mount Silliman, nearly 12,000 feet; Mount Brewer, nearly 14,000 feet; Mount Lyell, over 13,000 feet; Mount Dana, over 13,000 feet; Mount Tyndall, over 14,000 feet; Mount Whitney, nearly 15,000 feet.

There are many other peaks in this region which would be mighty mountains in other parts

of the world, but which here are lost in the profusion of peaks, so that they are not even named. There are several about as high as Mount Shasta, but that mountain, with its nearly 14,500 feet, owing to its solitary position, looks infinitely more imposing than mountains like Mount Tyndall. One of these peaks, Mount Whitney, is practically as high as Mont Blanc, the highest peak in the Alps. Mount Whitney is surrounded by many other lofty peaks, and therefore is not, like Mount Shasta, distinguishable from many distant points. Mount Shasta is 7,000 feet higher than any elevation within many miles of it. Mont Blanc is visible from Switzerland, Italy, and France. But Mount Whitney, in the California Alps, is jostled by so many rival peaks that a stranger can hardly pick it out from among the others.

How many people visit these Alpine regions of California? Only a few hundreds a year. Even Californians neglect them, and visit other parts of the world which have been made more accessible. Were some of the Swiss "vandalism" to be applied to California, she would have hundreds of thousands of visitors yearly. True, Switzerland is surrounded by the swarming millions of Europe. But California has the

seventy-five millions of the United States to draw upon.

Let not a returning Californian be deemed disloyal if he speaks in these terms of his native State. It is no slander upon California to say that she needs more steam railways, more electric railways, more funicular railways, more mountain and seashore hotels, and last but not least, a railway into the Yosemite Valley.

There are some villages in the high Alps of Switzerland made up almost entirely of returned Swiss burghers who have accumulated modest competences in foreign lands. They spend the evening of their lives in these high altitudes because they passionately love even these bleak and cheerless mountain regions. Switzerland has a most inclement climate. Many tourists visit there and never see the sun. Travelers often remain for days storm-bound in their inns. When the steamers land at the piers on the Swiss lakes it is edifying to see dismal "pleasure-seekers" debarking wrapped in mackintoshes and streaming with rain; at times it is almost plaintive to see Somebody's Luggage dumped upon the pier by the oilskin-clad sailors—unclaimed luggage, American girls' summer trumpery, wicker telescope-baskets, for example, left on the de-

serted dock under a pouring, pitiless Swiss rain-storm.

Compare such weather as this—and it is the average weather of Switzerland—with the long rainless summers and mild winters of California. You can leave snow-clad Mount Lowe in mid-winter and go a score of miles to Santa Monica and enjoy a swim in the surf. You can camp in the lofty mountains of California for many weeks in summer without fearing a rain-storm. There is no season limit in California—the season is twelve months long. There is no vain search for climate in California—you can get any kind you want in about twenty-four hours. You can go from San Francisco in July with fog-horns booming, raw winds blowing, and the thermometer at fifty degrees, and in forty minutes cross the bay to Ross Valley, where there is bright sunshine and the thermometer at seventy-five. You can get the warm, dry air of the inland cities near the desert, like San Bernardino, the warm, humid air of the seaboard cities near the desert, like San Diego, or the cold, dry air of the high Sierra. You can find every kind of scenery, from the lofty peaks that soar up to the sky around Yosemite to the limitless leagues of level land in our great interior valleys. You can find

mighty rivers rolling placidly to the sea, like the Sacramento, and impetuous torrents that hurl themselves over rocky beds and rapids, like the Klamath and the Pit Rivers. You can find waterfalls descending from heights of nearly three thousand feet, making leaps of a thousand feet at a jump, like the Yosemite fall. You can find almost every kind of fish that swims, from the fresh-water black-bass and trout to the gigantic jewfish of the Pacific, fit rival to Florida's tarpon. You can find almost every kind of bird that flies, from a canvasback duck to a black swan. You can find deer, and brown bear, and black bear, and if you go far enough you may find a grizzly bear, and be sorry that you found him. You can find mountain lakes, like Tahoe—one of the most beautiful in the world, to which no Swiss lake is a peer. You can find forests of pine and redwood and the giant sequoias, beside which the scrubby dwarf forests of the Old World seem like children's toy tin trees. In short, the seeker for health, for sport, or for climate, can find more of it in California than almost anywhere in the world.

There are Californians who waver in their allegiance to the climate of California. Sometimes the climate of San Francisco has made me

cross. Sometimes I have thought that the winds in summer were too cold, that the fogs in summer were too thick. But whenever I have crossed the continent — when I have emerged from New York at ninety-five degrees, and entered Chicago at one hundred degrees — when I have been breathing the dust of alkali deserts and the fiery air of sagebrush plains — these are the times when I have always been buoyed up by the anticipation of inhaling the salt air of San Francisco Bay.

If ever a summer wanderer is glad to get back to his native land, it is I, returning to my native fog. Like that prodigal youth who returned to his home and filled himself with husks, so I always yearn in summer to return to mine, and fill myself up with fog. Not a thin, insignificant mist, but a fog — a thick fog — one of those rich pea-soup August fogs that blow in from the Pacific Ocean over San Francisco.

When I leave the heated capitals of other lands and get back to California uncooked, I always offer up a thank-offering to Santa Niebla, Our Lady of the Fogs. Out near the Presidio, where Don Joaquin de Arillaga, the old *comandante*, revisits the glimpses of the moon, clad in rusty armor, with his Spanish spindle-shanks

thrust into tall leathern boots—there some day I shall erect a chapel to Santa Niebla. And I have vowed to her as an ex-voto a silver fog-horn, which horn will be wound by the winds of the broad Pacific, and will ceaselessly sound through the centuries the litany of Our Lady of the Fogs.

Every Californian has good reason to be loyal to his native land. If even the Swiss villagers, born in the high Alps, long to return to their birthplace, how much the more does the exiled Californian yearn to return to the land which bore him. There are other, richer, and more populous lands, but to the Californian born, California is the only place in which to live. And to the returning Californian, particularly if he be native-born, the love of his birthplace is only intensified by visits to other lands.

Why do men so love their native soil? It is perhaps a phase of the human love for the mother. For we are compact of the soil. Out of the crumbling granite eroded from the ribs of California's Sierras by California's mountain streams —out of the earth washed into California's great valleys by her mighty rivers—out of this the sons of California are made, brain, and muscle, and bone. Why then should they not love their mother, even as the mountaineers of Montenegro,

of Switzerland, of Savoy, love their mountain birth-place? Why should not exiled Californians yearn to return? And we sons of California always do return; we are always brought back by the potent charm of our native land—back to the soil which gave us birth—and at the last back to Earth, the great mother, from whom we sprung, and on whose bosom we repose our tired bodies when our work is done.

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